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THE TIMES

SATURDAY OCTOBER 1 1988

70251
2766

(30p)

Gorbachov purges Kremlin foes

From A Correspondent in Moscow
and Mary Dejevsky in London

Mr Mikhail Gorbachov yesterday executed a swift and surgical purge of the Soviet leadership by removing his most senior political opponents.

He also cast aside the remaining members of the Kremlin old guard, clearing the way for his far-reaching reform of Soviet society.

The chief victims of the purge were the former Foreign Minister, Mr Andrei Gromyko, aged 79, who was retired from the Politburo, and will undoubtedly lose his figurehead post of President at today's Supreme Soviet meeting, and Mr Yegor Ligachov, aged 68, Mr Gorbachov's number two, who was regarded by reform-minded officials as the most highly-placed impediment to reform.

Mr Ligachov, who remains on the Politburo, becomes head of a new party commission on agri-

culture. The agriculture portfolio has accounted for the demise of several careers in the past.

Other victims were Mr Mikhail Solomentsev, aged 74, a member of the Politburo since 1983, who also chaired the Communist Party's influential control committee. That committee deals with internal party discipline and has been blamed for the delay in bringing many corrupt officials to trial.

Mr Solomentsev, like Mr Gromyko, was criticized by name at last June's special party conference for being too old, and too closely associated with the late Leonid Brezhnev, to remain in the leadership.

Mr Viktor Chebrikov, head of the KGB, and another Politburo member who has expressed misgivings about the pace of reform, was named head of a new commission on legal policy. His new post is likely to take him away from the KGB, a move which also



Mr Ligachov: Regarded as a serious impediment to reform, he could be formalized at today's Supreme Soviet.



Mr Gromyko: Suspect because of association with Brezhnev, Committee Secretary, was a senior foreign policy adviser to Mr Gorbachov. He is the only one of all those removed from the leadership who has sometimes been regarded as an ally of Mr Gorbachov.

Mr Pyotr Demichev and Mr Vladimir Dolgikh, both candidate members of the Politburo of long standing, and whose careers stagnated after the death of Brezhnev, have also been retired, as has Mr Anatoly Dobrynin, the former Soviet Ambassador to the United States who, in the post of Central

Wednesday, was called to discuss changes in the political structure of the party, a highly contentious subject which is believed to have sparked strong resistance within the leadership.

The short notice of the meeting and the urgent recall from foreign visits of three senior members of the leadership — the Foreign Minister, Mr Eduard Shevardnadze, the Defence Minister, General Dmitry Yazov, and the Army Chief-of-Staff, Marshal Sergei Akhromeyev, suggested that Mr Gorbachov needed all the support he could get.

Mr Ligachov was away from Moscow when the decision to hold the meeting was announced, and there was speculation that Mr Gorbachov wanted to exploit his absence to seize the initiative at a time when his reform programme appeared to be slowing down.

The Central Committee named four new members of the Politburo, including Mrs Aleksandra Biryukova, the first full woman member of the Politburo since Mrs Yekaterina Furtseva under

Khrushchev. The other new members are Mr Vadim Medvedev, who also heads a new commission on ideological matters — effectively supplanting Mr Ligachov in that sphere of activity; Mr Aleksander Vlasov — who, as Minister of Internal Security, heads the police; and Mr Anatoly Lukyanov.

All except Mr Vlasov were Mr Gorbachov's appointees to the Central Committee Secretariat — a body in which Mr Gorbachov's authority seemed to be stronger until now than in the Politburo.

The new Politburo and Secretariat now look indisputably dominated by Mr Gorbachov in a way that they have not been in the 3½ years he has been in power.

Although Mr Ligachov and Mr Chebrikov both remain in the Politburo, their likely removal today from the crucial areas of ideology and the KGB respectively give Mr Gorbachov the opportunity to revamp two areas scarcely touched by his twin policies of *perestroika* and *glasnost*. The changes also suggest that

Mr Gorbachov has finally gained sufficient authority to extract himself from a debt he incurred in his election to the leadership in 1985.

Towards the end of the special party conference in June, Mr Gorbachov was reminded by Mr Ligachov that "had it not been for myself, Gromyko, Solomentsev and Chebrikov", the outcome of the "crisis" of March 1985 (the death of Chernenko) could have been very different. The clear inference was that Mr Gorbachov owed his election to the votes of these four people, and that their views had to be taken into account when policies were formulated.

All of them had suggested in public statements that they were less enthusiastic about reform than Mr Gorbachov.

The next few months will show whether Mr Gorbachov, given a leadership team which is predominantly his own, is indeed a more radical reformer than he has hitherto shown himself to be.

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Inquest clears SAS killings

By Tony Dawe in Gibraltar

An inquest jury last night exonerated the SAS soldiers who shot dead three IRA terrorists in Gibraltar.

The jury returned a majority verdict at the end of the 19-day hearing that all three had been lawfully killed.

In doing so, the jury effectively rejected claims by Mr Patrick McGrory, the lawyer for the terrorists' families, that the SAS had been carrying out shoot-to-kill policy formulated at a high level.

The 11-man jury had been told earlier by Mr Felix Pizzarello, the Gibraltar Coroner, that there was little

evidence to support such a proposition.

Mairiad Farrell, Daniel McCann and Sean Savage were shot by the SAS last March. The soldiers believed the terrorists had planted a car bomb in the centre of Gibraltar.

The coroner had urged the jury to rule out an open verdict and to concentrate on either lawful or unlawful killing. He recalled them several hours after they retired to tell them he would accept a majority verdict of 9-2.

During the evidence it had heard that the whole thrust of the planning was to ensure

The summing-up..... 3

that in a subsequent trial of the three arrested IRA terrorists, it could be shown that the Gibraltar police were involved at every stage of the operation. This was seen to be crucial in preparing the evidence that would be put before a court.

Under Operation Flavius, the terrorists were to be apprehended by the SAS but armed Gibraltar Special Branch officers, who were never more than 20 metres away from the SAS, would have had the task of putting the handcuffs on and taking them away. The SAS men and the MIS watchers near by would then have just slipped away.

But the police siren, which was suddenly and unexpectedly switched on, wrecked the carefully laid plans. It made the terrorists turn round and forced the SAS men to shout a warning.

The police role was vital for one reason. As Detective Chief Inspector Joe Unger told the jury last week, neither the SAS nor the intelligence officers from MIS wanted to be in the position where they would have to give evidence in court.

"It was intended, to be a Gibraltar police coup," one source said. In the event, when everything went wrong, the Government had to face

the fact that a number of its most secret servants would probably have to appear at the inquest.

Mr Pizzarello told the jury there was little evidence to indicate any high level policy to shoot to kill the three IRA terrorists.

Mr Pizzarello said the proposition had been put forward on behalf of the terrorists' families that an intention was formed at a high level to kill the three suspects and that an operation to carry that out was mounted without telling the Gibraltar police.

The coroner told the jury that it must consider the proposition, however. "If I thought that in law there was no evidence at all to support that proposition, I would withdraw it from your consideration. But, in my view, little as it is, there is, and you must consider it."

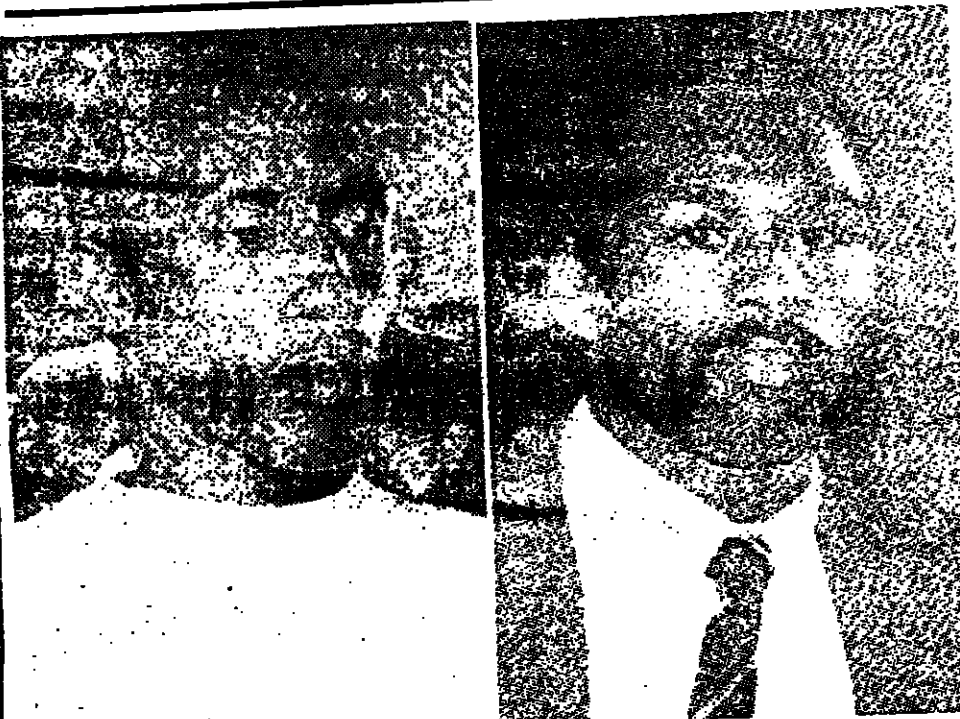
Mr Pizzarello spent only 67 minutes in summing up before asking the 11-man jury to retire to reach its verdict. He said the jury should consider whether the killing of Mairiad Farrell, Daniel McCann and Sean Savage was lawful or unlawful. He urged them to avoid a third possibility, namely an open verdict.

The background to the killings was outlined to the jury. The 11 men, including Civil Servants, shopkeepers and a dustman, were reminded that the British authorities had stated that they knew the IRA intended to plant a car bomb in Gibraltar at the point where the band and guard of the Royal Anglian Regiment assembled for a weekly parade.

The authorities had identified the three dangerous terrorists who would plant the bomb and believed it would be detonated by remote control.

Mr Pizzarello told the jury that it should reach a verdict of unlawful killing if it believed the soldiers were ordered to shoot the suspects to death and that there was a high level intent to kill them.

Christie cleared after admitting taking ginseng



Linford Christie, the sprinter, and Kerrith Brown, who is expected to lose his judo bronze medal, arriving at the IOC medical commission in Seoul. (Photographs: Ian Stewart)

Brown to lose Seoul bronze

From John Goodbody and Steven Downes, Seoul

The International Olympic Committee's medical commission last night recommended that Kerrith Brown, the British judo fighter who on Tuesday finished third in the lightweight division at the Olympic Games, should be stripped of his bronze medal for using the banned drug, furosemide.

Brown is the first Briton to lose a medal in such a manner.

Linford Christie, another Briton, had also given a positive drug test on Tuesday, after he had finished fourth in the 200 metres final, but the IOC medical commission last night cleared him while still considering the unusual cir-

cumstances of his case involving the use of a ginseng drink.

At a two-hour hearing before the IOC medical commission, Brown admitted he had taken the drug which, as well as being used as a diuretic to reduce weight, is also used

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as an anti-inflammatory, to reduce swelling. It is for the latter purpose that Brown obtained the drug while on a training visit to Japan in June.

The Bulgarian weightlifters Mitko Grablev and Angel Guenchev were stripped of gold medals last week for Continued on page 16, col 7

Britain restores full ties with Tehran

From Charles Bremner, New York

Britain and Iran yesterday agreed to reopen full diplomatic relations "on a basis of reciprocity and mutual respect".

Sir Geoffrey Howe announced the accord here after talks at the United Nations with Dr Ali Akbar Velayati, Iran's Foreign Minister, to review arrangements hampered earlier by British and Iranian officials in Geneva.

"Both sides have decided to resume full diplomatic representation on a basis of reciprocity and mutual respect," Sir Geoffrey said.

British officials made clear it could take some months before ambassadors returned to each other's capital, but lower-level diplomats were expected to be assigned swiftly. Representation had been reduced to one envoy on each side after the 1987 arrest of an Iranian diplomat on shop-lifting charges in Manchester.

Britain follows France, Italy and other allies which have moved to restore full links with Tehran since the Gulf ceasefire in August. The US has made clear, however, that it will not follow suit. The risk of giving Iran influence over the presidential election in under six weeks time would be too great.

Sir Geoffrey said both sides had undertaken to ensure the safety of the other's diplomats. Officials in Geneva have also

worked out a compromise on claims over damage to the Iranian Embassy in London and the British mission in Tehran.

Sir Geoffrey said he had pressed Dr Velayati for Iranian assistance in obtaining the release of Mr Terry Waite and other hostages in Lebanon, but added that there was no link between the hostages and the decision to restore ties.

Discovery crew sweat out cooler fault

From Christopher Thomas, Cape Canaveral



The five crew members of the shuttle Discovery began their first full day in space yesterday in uncomfortably warm temperatures because of a faulty cooling system.

Officials of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration said the astronauts were attempting to repair the fault, caused by ice collecting in the ducts of the system, but that the situation would present "no problem", if there were no other failures.

The astronauts were ordered to shed some of their clothes and drink plenty of fluids to avoid dehydration in

temperatures that reached up to 30°C. But Captain Frederick "Rick" Hauck, the commander, told mission control in Houston: "I think we are all pretty comfortable right now."

Mr Richard Truly, NASA's associate administrator, said that heat was being pushed through the system to try to dislodge the ice. Another possible solution would be to turn the shuttle, so the sun's heat would fall on the component.

The successful deployment of a giant communications satellite, 6½ hours after the launch, completed the main task of the mission. The rest of

the time will be spent conducting 11 relatively minor experiments and assessing design changes in Discovery since the 1986 Challenger disaster.

The 5,000lb satellite, similar to one that was on board Challenger, will be a crucial link in a system that will serve as a "switchboard" in the sky for scores of spacecraft swirling in orbit below it.

Discovery's crew yesterday paid tribute to the seven crew members of Challenger. The mood was sombre in Concord, New Hampshire, home of Christa McAuliffe, the teacher who was among those killed.

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Civil Servants walk out in protest at GCHQ decision

By Roland Rudd, Employment Affairs Reporter

Civil Servants throughout the country yesterday took industrial action in protest at the Government's decision to dismiss or transfer the last 18 trade unionists at its communication centre in Cheltenham.

The union members at the electronic surveillance centre had refused a Government demand to give up their membership by October 14.

The action came as the Labour Party announced that it would be questioning the Government's "disgraceful" threat to dismiss the trade unionists.

Mr Doug Hoyle, co-president of the white-collar Manufacturing, Science and Finance union, and MP for Warrington North, said: "Mrs Thatcher's fingerprints are smeared all over this."

"It is disgraceful and we will be raising this with the Prime Minister personally."

In Cardiff, 400 staff at Companies House refused to work in support of union members at GCHQ.

They were joined by some of the 4,000 Civil Servants at

the Driver and Vehicle Licensing Centre in Swansea after a lunchtime union meeting.

Many social security offices in Wales were also affected by protest action. Staff at Britannia House, Hull, walked out and more than 2,000 Civil Servants in the county held meetings to consider the situation.

Government departments in Coventry and Warwickshire were paralysed by strike action involving about 1,200 staff at benefit offices, Jobcentres, and social services departments.

Mr John Bodley, spokesman for the National Union of Civil and Public Servants, said the strike demonstrated the strength of feeling still felt among members about an issue which is now five years old.

He said the strikers would be back at their desks on Monday.

Civil Servants walked out of the Inland Revenue in Worthing, West Sussex, the Department of Employment in Caxton House, central London, and at Department

of Employment offices in south London.

Large parts of the Scottish Office, Manpower Services Commission and the Health and Safety Executive at Moorfoot, Sheffield, were affected by industrial action.

Mr Hoyle, who is chairman of Labour's parliamentary trade and industry committee, said: "This victimization of people because they are trade unionists is a public scandal and an interference with human rights."

"It is typical that the Government has perpetrated this when Parliament is in recess."

He then warned the Prime Minister: "But I can promise Mrs Thatcher that this issue will not go away."

The Foreign Office said 14 of 18 workers who defied the Government ban and stayed in the country must resign membership or be dismissed.

The other four union members have been offered alternative jobs elsewhere in the Civil Service.

But the 14, whose work is specialized to GCHQ with no equivalent post elsewhere, have until October 14 to respond.

Lord Young backs right to export cars



Lord Young, yesterday, in the first Bluebird produced for export at Sunderland

French object to EC support for Britain

From Michael Dynes, Brussels, and Daniel Ward

The European Commission was in turmoil yesterday after the French government lodged a bitter complaint with M Jacques Delors, the president of the European Commission, over its intention to support Britain in the dispute about exports of British-made Japanese cars to France.

M Roger Fauroux, the French Minister for Trade and Industry, objected to the Commission's unofficial allegation that any attempt by the French government to impose restrictions on exports of British-made Japanese cars would be in violation of the Treaty of Rome.

The Commission yesterday confirmed that it had received a formal letter of protest from Lord Young of Grafton, the Secretary of State for Trade and Industry, and has asked the French government to explain its position.

Yesterday, Lord Young visited Nissan's Sunderland car plant and work stopped so hundreds of young workers could watch him drive the first Bluebird car for export off the production line.

Lord Young said it was wrong for the French to count the UK Bluebirds as part of the country's restrictive quota

on the sales of Japanese cars in France. He stressed: "We play by the rules and we expect others to, as I am sure France will. The car has reached 60 per cent European origin qualifying it as a European car and should be accepted throughout the EEC."

Although the Commission was less than forthright in its condemnation of the French government's intentions, there was little doubt in Brussels that France would have to back down.

Observers believe the French government's plans to limit exports of the Nissan Bluebird saloon on the grounds that they fail to meet its 80 per cent local content requirement would be declared illegal by the European Court of Justice.

Nissan says that it has already achieved a 70 per cent local content, 10 per cent above EEC requirements, and will reach the 80 per cent figure by 1991.

France is also trying to incorporate Japanese cars manufactured in Britain into the three per cent ceiling tied by both France and Italy to their imports of cars from Japan.

The French government believes that Japan is trying to

exploit the creation of the European internal market and is using Britain as a Trojan horse in which to gain preferential access to the markets of other member states.

Lord Young has asked Lord Cockfield, the European Commissioner responsible for the internal market, to take up Britain's case against France. The Commission is now expected to hear both sides of the argument before making its decision.

Water 'fraud'

The EEC limit of 50 mg of nitrates per litre of drinking water is "a deliberate fraud" to enable governments to curb cereal production, a report in *Farmers Weekly* says. It identifies sites where restrictions may be placed on fertilizer use.

Family dies

A man is believed to have strangled his wife then, asphyxiated himself and their son at their home in Ryland Avenue, Poulton-le-Fylde, Lancashire, on Thursday night. A neighbour found the bodies of Shirley Messing, aged 28, her husband Brian, 44, and Mark, seven months.

Belfast may get new 'peace wall'

By Jamie Dettmer

A second "peace wall" separating the warring nationalist and "loyalist" communities of West Belfast is likely to be erected in the next few weeks.

Local councillors claimed yesterday that Northern Ireland ministers had accepted the need for a second security barrier after a number of petrol bombing and stoning incidents in recent months.

The new security barrier will be erected behind the existing 30ft "peace wall" dividing nationalist Bombay Street from neighbouring "loyalist" areas. Residents living in Bombay Street have been actively campaigning for months for the erection of a second barrier.

Earlier this week, Dr Cahal Daly, the Catholic Bishop of Down and Connor, lent his support for additional security measures in the area after the "loyalist" killing of Mr Gerard Slane, a local man.

Bombay Street has been in the front line of the "troubles." It runs along the seam between the Catholics Falls Road and a network of Protestant dominated streets.

Attacks are launched from both sides. The windows of the houses on either side of the divide are covered by wire mesh and grills. Many of the houses in Bombay Street have been broken or missing tiles in place of being rebuilt in the 1970s.

The first "Peace Line" was erected by British troops in September 1969. Sometimes known as the Orange-Green line, it was put up after weeks of rioting in the district. In 1982, the height of the security wall was raised after complaints of missile throwing.

Much of the violence in the area is orchestrated by the IRA and the Loyalist Ulster Volunteer Force. Sometimes incidents are used to set up ambushes.

A spokesman for the Northern Ireland Office declined to confirm the erection of a second "peace line." "The issue is being actively looked into," he said.

NEWS ROUNDUP

BBC prosecuted over legionella

The BBC is to be prosecuted under safety legislation after the outbreak of Legionnaire's disease at Broadcasting House earlier this year which led to three deaths among more than 50 confirmed cases.

The Health and Safety Executive confirmed yesterday that the corporation is accused of failing to ensure the safety of its staff and the safety of others. If convicted, the corporation would face a maximum fine of £200 per offence in a magistrates' court and unlimited penalties in a crown court. The executive has yet to decide on whether the case should be committed for crown court trial.

An inquest jury returned verdicts of accidental death on the three London men who died: Norman Foster, aged 53, a studio manager, of Hampstead; James Morgan, 63, a BBC warehouse foreman, of Finsbury Park; and Michael Mason, 61, a driver for the Inner London Education Authority, from Islington.

River search for boy

Townpeople joined police in a search yesterday for a boy aged two who wandered off while playing with his brother outside their home in Osborne Road, Bridgewater, Somerset. Ian Barrell was missing when his mother Deborah, aged 25, called the boys for tea on Thursday. He is feared to have fallen into the river Parrett or the docks near his home. One hundred and sixty officers, including divers and men from 11 task forces in Avon and Somerset and underwater units, searched the area with dogs. People were asked to check garden sheds and derelict buildings.

Tunnel police armed

About forty armed policemen will be among a special unit of 154 officers who will deal with policing problems created when the Channel Tunnel opens in 1993, according to a report presented to Kent police authority this week. French officers will be stationed in Britain at the terminal to handle immigration matters for passengers to France; an Kent officers will perform a similar role in France. The cost of policing the tunnel, about £5 million a year, will be met by Eurotunnel.

Detention criticized

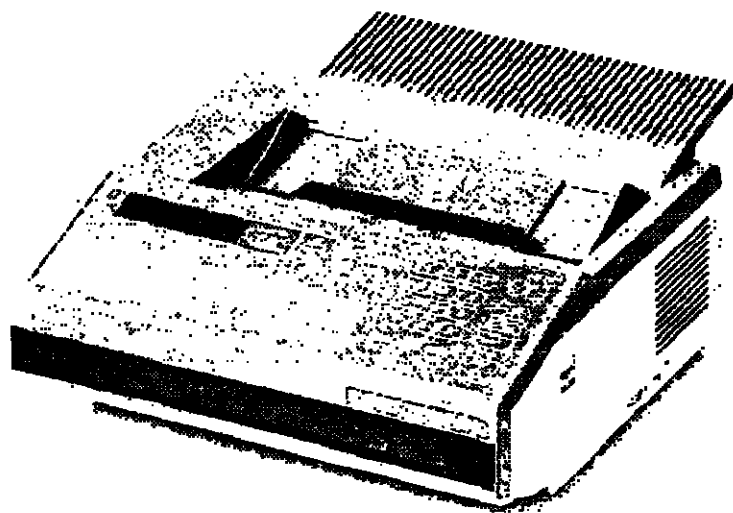
A new sentence available to courts from today has been criticized as "an indefensible piece of discrimination" by the National Association for the Care and Resettlement of Offenders because it applies to boys of 14 and girls of 15. Detention in a young offender institution, which replaces youth custody and detention centre sentences, is for male offenders aged 14 to 20 and females aged 15 to 20.

Miss Vivien Stern, Narco's director, said: "It is regrettable that the Government did not seize this opportunity to end the use of Prison Department custody for 14-year-old boys."

Escaper remanded

James Pius Clarke, an IRA Maze Prison escaper, was remanded in custody yesterday at Portlaoise district court. Clarke is the subject of an extradition request by the British Government. The full extradition case will be heard on October 10. The extradition case was postponed on Monday when Clarke's legal team walked out of the court after a fee dispute with the Irish attorney general. Clarke, aged 32, is wanted on 17 RUC warrants. He escaped from the Maze Prison five years ago while serving an 18-year sentence for attempting to murder an UDR soldier.

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'If he was shot in the head after being put out of action, that would be murder'

Coroner urges jury to avoid open verdict on IRA deaths

Jurors at the Gibraltar inquest into the SAS killing of three IRA terrorists were told yesterday by the coroner to avoid returning open verdicts.

Mr Felix Pizzarello, the coroner, also advised them to consider the shooting of Sean Savage as a distinct incident from the shooting of Mairéad Farrell and Daniel McCann.

He said that if they believed Savage was shot in the head while he lay on the ground, they must return a verdict of unlawful killing for him.

"If you were to find that he was shot on the ground in the head after being effectively put out of action, then that itself would be murder", he said.

Summing up on the 19th day of the inquest, Mr Pizzarello said strike marks found by Savage's head seemed to show that shots were fired when the head was at or near the ground.

The coroner told the 11-man jury that it was their duty to consider verdicts of either justifiable homicide or unlawful killing.

"If you are not satisfied beyond reasonable doubt that they (the SAS soldiers) killed unlawfully, you should bring verdicts of justifiable homicide."

He advised them to look carefully at discrepancies in the evidence and said timings were crucial.

The shootings took place in under three minutes, he said. He told the jurors to evaluate the period of time between the shooting of Farrell and McCann and the first shots being fired at Savage.

He told them to consider each witness and decide whether or not their evidence was credible, truthful and accurate.

There were elements of



GIBRALTAR INQUEST

secretary that might have made some witnesses uneasy.

Mr Pizzarello drew the jurors' attention to several key points.

The role of the police car in Smith Dorrien Avenue just before the first shots were fired.

The sequence of events after the police car's siren went off. Was it siren then shots, or shots then siren, the coroner asked.

The shooting of McCann and Farrell, of which the soldiers gave graphic accounts. Mr Pizzarello told the jurors to look at the evidence of Mr and Mrs Cecilia and of Mr and Mrs Proetta, who gave quite different accounts.

"Where does the hands in the air come from. Was it in surrender?" he asked.

The movements made by McCann and Farrell, especially Farrell's move towards her handbag.

"We know now what the soldiers didn't at the time — that Farrell and McCann didn't have weapons."

He advised the jury to look very carefully at the photographs taken by Mr Cecilia.

"I suggest that they were taken shortly after the shooting. My view is that the first five were taken before the bodies had been moved and probably before they had been searched. Note the position of the handbag, it seems to have been slung on the left side," he said.

The period of time which elapsed between the shooting of McCann and Farrell and the

first shots fired at Savage. Some of the witnesses said shots merged into each other, others said there was a pause.

Mr Pizzarello asked the jurors to consider whether there was a plot formed at high level to kill the three terrorists. He said the evidence to support a conspiracy theory: "Little as it is, it is there."

He put forward a proposition that a plan to kill the terrorists was formed at high level and the Gibraltar police were not told the truth about certain matters.

He asked the jurors to consider certain points about that proposition.

First, the operation had to have a head and if it was not the Gibraltar police commissioner it had to be a senior military member or the head of the advisory group. He asked whether Soldier E, the tactical commander of Soldiers A, B, C and D, was party to that.

The jurors had to decide if Soldier E could have been blinded by duty, respect and loyalty to his superiors to be either an unwitting partner or unwitting tool of them.

The plot proposition would continue with the commissioner being informed of the bomb threat from an IRA active service unit and being advised by the same people on how to deal with it.

Another factor they had to consider was that the SAS was chosen when there were already skilled soldiers on the Rock.

The coroner also asked the jurors to consider whether from the terrorists' actions in Gibraltar it was patent to the security forces that they were up to no good.

"All these matters are but straws, but they set the scene," he added.

He asked them to consider

two further points. Why surveillance officers on the border were looking for the terrorists under their real names when it was unreasonable to expect three terrorists to come in under those names. And whether the military delayed in informing the police commissioner that Savage had been identified.

He examined the evidence that Soldier G, the bomb disposal expert attached to the SAS, had concluded that the Renault was a car bomb. It was a hasty and wrong assessment, but was within the concept of a plot.

Two points had to be considered: why no attempt was made to remove or cut the aerial on the car and why the area was not cordoned off or the public at least prevented from passing by.

The arguments against the plot concept also had to be considered.

Could the commissioner really not have known? The evidence of Chief Insp Joe Ullger, of Gibraltar special branch, had to be considered as a whole. He had admitted to the inquest that there was a plan to allow the terrorists in, but insisted the aim was always to arrest them.

Evacuation of the suspected bomb area was a massive task. The terrorists chose the moment they entered Gibraltar.

As far as the court was concerned there was no evidence that the terrorists' movements after being sighted on March 4 in Malaga were known by the Spanish, Gibraltar or British authorities.

Earlier the coroner asked the jurors to consider whether Savage could have been arrested when he passed Soldiers A and B.

With hindsight it was a mistake not to do so because it



Mr Felix Pizzarello, the coroner, with his daughters Claire-Louise (left) and Anne-Marie, leaving home yesterday morning to attend the Gibraltar inquest (Photograph: Tim Bishop).

might have averted bloodshed. However, the jury had to consider whether in arresting Savage Soldiers A and B might have alerted McCann and Farrell, who they believed had a bomb, and whether that would have been dangerous.

He raised the point of why the soldiers admitted carrying so much ammunition and said Mr Patrick McGrory, the lawyer representing the families of the dead, had suggested that there was an intent to use force from the start.

He asked the jurors to

consider the behaviour of the terrorists. They entered surreptitiously into Gibraltar with forged passports.

"The three were obviously together, so why did they enter separately?" he asked.

If the evidence of watchers P and Q was believed, the three carried out all sorts of counter-surveillance.

They were up to no good and whether it was patent to the security forces."

The jury also had to consider Mr McGrory's point

about whether all the explosives found later in Malaga were intended for one bomb.

During his examination of the evidence about Savage's death, which he said presented a very difficult task to the jurors, Mr Pizzarello said they should consider what the truth was of Mr Kenneth Asquez's evidence.

Although his early statement to Thames Television had been discredited in court, they had to ask whether he had actually been telling the truth originally.

Reform of GCSE key to better results

By Douglas Broom, Education Reporter

The Government admitted yesterday that there was no immediate prospect of any improvement in the quality of examination results achieved by school pupils in England and Wales.

The Department of Education and Science said that without reforms to the GCSE examination — now the subject of a review by the Schools Examination and Assessment Council — "increases in the level of attainment cannot be expected".

The admission was contained in the department's formal response to a report of the Commons education, science and arts select committee, published earlier this year, which demanded an explanation for a levelling-off in examination results since 1983.

The report noted that although the percentage of pupils passing one or more subject at O Level or CSE and at A Level had risen steadily since the fifties, there had been no improvement since 1983.

About 90 per cent of 16-year-olds left school last year with one O Level or CSE pass and 20 per cent of all 18-year-olds obtained at least one A Level.

In response, the department says: "The apparent levelling off of increases in the levels of attainment is explained very largely, if not entirely, by statistical considerations."

"Continued increases in the level of attainment cannot be expected", it says, without an end to the system of awarding grades to similar percentages of pupils each year.

Under the system, known as "norm-referencing", most pupils get the average grade with smaller numbers getting those at the higher and lower ends of the scale. The effect is to ensure that roughly similar percentages of pupils get specific grades every year.

Plans to switch the GCSE over to a "criterion referencing" system, where pupils' grades are awarded purely on their performance, have taken longer to implement than was envisaged.

Under "criterion referencing", a pupil's work is measured against absolute standards, which never vary. Thus the percentage of candidates obtaining a certain grade can fluctuate to reflect the quality of work produced by pupils in any given year.

The government response says that as well as the reforms to GCSE, the introduction of the concept of "criterion referencing" into grading national tests for the new national curriculum will ensure that results accurately reflect what pupils can achieve.

Mr Peter Smith, joint general secretary of the Assistant Masters and Mistresses Association said that GCSE could have been "criterion referenced" from the start if the Government had heeded the unanimous advice of the teachers unions and allowed an extra year for its introduction.

Guildford bombing

Drug 'may have influenced confession'

By Stewart Tisdler, Crime Reporter

Carole Richardson, convicted with three others of the Guildford public house bombing in 1974, was treated by a police surgeon with drugs which could have influenced her confession, according to a book on the case of the Guildford Four, published yesterday.

Three young Belfast men and Miss Richardson, then aged 17, were convicted in 1975 after bomb attacks on the Horse and Groom, where five people died, and Seven Stars public houses at Guildford. Two of the men were also convicted of a bomb attack on the King's Arms, at Woolwich, which two died.

Evidence of the drug treatment has been given to Mr Douglas Hurd, the Home Secretary, who is reviewing

the case against the four after an inquiry last year by Avon and Somerset police. A decision on whether the case should be examined by the Court of Appeal or any other taken is expected this autumn.

Richardson was arrested on December 4, 1974, and spent five hours being questioned by police. The police doctor was called after Richardson, who had taken drugs at a party, became hysterical.

According to *Time Bomb*, written by two television journalists, the girl was given a shot of pethidine to relax her and left with some Tinal, a barbiturate she had been taking earlier with amphetamines.

Pethidine is described in medical literature as a narcotic. As Richardson relaxed under the drug, she started to talk about the Guildford bombing in a confused confes-

sion. This was reported to detectives who used her words the following day in seven hours of questioning when she made more confessions about the Guildford bombing. According to the book, the doctor reported the Tinal dose but overlooked the pethidine injection.

The use of the drug was not reported to the defence in the trial and the doctor was not called. His statement including the initial confession was read out. The case went to appeal after Richardson was sentenced without anyone knowing then of the drug.

The drug was discovered when Dr Kasimir Makos, a Surrey police surgeon now retired and living abroad, was contacted last year by Dr James MacKeith, a consultant psychiatrist making a study of Miss Richardson's case. Dr

Makos said he had merely been asked to treat the girl, not get evidence out of her.

According to the book, the girl became lucid and convincing after taking pethidine but the doctor felt she did not understand the gravity of the situation. He felt there "was something weird" in the confession and suggested the girl might have been playing some sort of game.

Yesterday, Ros Francy, co-author with Grant McKee, said at the launch of the book: "A shot of pethidine and you are floating, not very much in touch with reality."

The book also accuses the Crown of omitting evidence which linked the Guildford and Woolwich bombings with attacks by the Balcombe Street IRA gang which has always claimed responsibility for the attacks in Guildford and Woolwich.

Secrecy law reform

Editors seek changes

By Andrew Billen

The Association of British Editors yesterday called on the Government to make important modifications to its proposed changes in the Official Secrets Act, including allowing the defence of public interest in some circumstances.

In a letter to Mr Douglas Hurd, the Home Secretary, the association, which represents senior journalists in all branches of the media, says that without changes the new legislation will prove unworkable and could harm the press.

It is concerned by the exclusion of a provision for a legal defence of public interest in the White Paper on reforming Section Two of the Act.

"There remains the problem of wrong-doing in official bodies, which ought to be exposed, and the association urges the Government to allow some admissible defence

in such circumstances", it says.

The editors are also worried by the proposed changes covering international relations, interception and prior publication.

They say that foreign reporting could be harmed by the White Paper proposals to extend the official secrets legislation into international relations. One proposal would require reporters to assess whether the information they were reporting might have been passed from one government to another in confidence.

On telephone tapping, the association says that the practice should not receive specific attention in an official secrets Bill, which should confine itself to protecting classified information not the means by which it is communicated.

While accepting that there should be safeguards against the republication of foreign reports harmful to national security, the association says that ruling out the defence of prior publication could prove contrary to common sense.

In his letter to the Home Secretary, Mr James Bishop, the association's chairman, says: "It surely cannot be argued that the British people should be deprived permanently of information that has become freely available in the rest of the world, that can be heard on short wave radio, seen on satellite television and read in international newspapers."

In the past two years information contained in Mr Peter Wright's book on the secret services was published around the world but kept out of British newspapers after legal action by the Government.

Tenants backed by Prince

By Charles Knevet

Architecture Correspondent. The Prince of Wales has intervened in support of plans for alterations to a former Duchy of Cornwall housing estate in Kennington, south London, which are being opposed by English Heritage.

A £3 million refurbishment of Newquay House, a grade II listed block of 76 flats near the Oval cricket ground, could be delayed unless English Heritage drops its opposition.

Hunt Thompson Associates, community architects, want to remove brick and concrete balconies from the internal courtyard and replace some with new ones made from lightweight steel.

The block features in a BBC television documentary on architecture which has been made by the Prince, and which will be shown on October 28.

The Prince appointed the architects to undertake extensive repairs and alterations which meet the wishes of the tenants, and to act for them once the block had been sold to the London and Quadrant Housing Trust for about £1.5 million.

The Prince has been briefed on the situation and the Duchy has formally written to English Heritage expressing his dismay.

Both Save Britain's Heritage and the Thurdes Society have written to English Heritage in support of the architects' plans.

Yesterday Mr Ben Derbyshire, a partner in Hunt Thompson, said: "This is a case of slavish conservatism being diametrically opposed to the needs of the tenants. Our design is sympathetic to the block and to what the tenants want."

Heysel stadium riot Lawyer's anger at Belgians

By Ronald Faux

Sir Harry Livermore, the solicitor representing 15 of the Liverpool football fans accused of manslaughter after the Heysel stadium disaster, yesterday attacked the Belgian authorities for their handling of the case.

After a meeting with 10 of the accused, Sir Harry, from Liverpool, told a press conference he had advised them strongly to attend the hearing which opens in Brussels on October 17.

"They all say they will go for the first week and then reconsider the position", he said. They had been warned to stay out of trouble no matter how much they were provoked.

Sir Harry said he doubted there could be a fair trial. A former Belgian minister of justice had referred to the Liverpool fans as "criminals" and the Belgian press continued to describe them as "hooligans".

One French newspaper had

though it was known that a lot of Italians would be in Brussels for the trial. More than 1,000 civil claims have been lodged by injured Italians or by relatives of the 39 people who died.

Of the British fans, Sir described the tribunal as "an impossible prosecution" and Sir Harry quoted remarks said to have been made by Mr Verlynde, chairman of the tribunal judges, that he was "aghast" at the prospect of presiding over an impossible trial. The remark had been made to Mr Nathan Weinstein, a Brussels lawyer representing one of the British accused.

"I am not altogether surprised because I think the prosecution has a very difficult case to prove against my clients," Sir Harry said.

The Belgian track record so far, he added, had been poor and unfair in point of fact.

No assurances had been given about safety for the British defendants even

Harry said: "The Belgian authorities have not lifted a finger in order to provide accommodation."

"The British Embassy has sent a list of youth hostels where they could stay and that is better than sleeping in the streets."

"The trial is two weeks away and they have no idea what will happen."

Sir Harry thought the trial would drag on. If there were convictions there would be appeals and the appeal procedure would have to be exhausted in Belgium before the case went to Strasbourg. "I can see it dragging on for years," he said.

The Belgian authorities had promised a speedy trial which was obviously not going to materialise, he claimed.

They had also promised seven copies of the Belgian evidence, a promise that has been reneged on, said Sir Harry. There was, he said, a lack of cooperation from the Belgian authorities.

Plea for identity of Scotland

The Moderator of the Church of Scotland appealed to leaders of industry and commerce yesterday to make sure the country retained its identity and soul.

The Right Rev Professor James Whyte told a meeting of the Institute of Directors in Edinburgh yesterday that more and more decision making was being taken out of Scotland, which raised questions about its democracy.

He said: "It worries me that my country and its assets should be owned largely by those who live outside of Scotland, who know and care nothing about the people of Scotland or the good of Scotland."

"It happens to be the case also that the political decisions which affect Scotland, the people of Scotland, and the good of Scotland are taken outside of Scotland."

Amis attacks public subsidy of arts

By Andrew Billen, Arts Correspondent

Mr Kingsley Amis, the novelist, yesterday vociferously joined the right-wing Adam Smith Institute's campaign to end state subsidy of the arts.

Mr Amis, whose latest novel, *The Trouble with Girls*, has just been published, told an institute luncheon that subsidy was not only unfair and wasteful but damaged the arts directly.

Comparing the readability of unsubsidized novels with the unpopularity of subsidized modern music, he said public funding had kept art away from the public rather than drawing them together.

"By a familiar process it has damaged

the very people it was designed to benefit — not least the artist himself, anything that widens the gulf between him and the audience must be bad", he said.

For evidence he traced the history of jazz from being genuinely popular in the 1930s to becoming avant garde in the 1940s to its public subsidy in the 1960s.

"There are signs in this country, particularly in poetry and music, that what there was of modernism is over or would be but for the life-support machine provided by the Arts Council," he said. It was time, he said, to let the arts rely on people paying at the door.

"If we could get back to that situation,

writers and others might start trying to please instead of to impress or baffle or shock or win us round to socialism."

Mr Douglas Mason, the institute's domestic policy adviser, said that subsidies could be morally objectionable.

"How can the situation be justified where someone attending Covent Garden receives a subsidy for that one performance equal to the amount an unemployed individual has to live on for a week?" he asked.

The institute, which claims to be the most influential think tank on government policy, launched its attacks on state arts subsidy last year.

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Oil workers misled over Piper Alpha inquiry, says union

By Patrick O'Hanlon and Kerry Gill

Many of the 167 who lost their lives on Piper Alpha were the same workers who were misled by the report on the explosion on the same platform four years earlier, it was claimed yesterday.

Mr Roger Lyons, assistant general secretary of the Manufacturing, Science and Finance Union, which has 6,000 members working in the North Sea, said: "The 1984 report was kept from us for reasons of embarrassment. We asked the Department of Energy for a copy four years ago and were refused."

"Now we have the report, we can see why. It is a catalogue of incompetence at every stage and a scandal."

If the lessons of 1984 had been learned, the explosion in July and loss of life would not have occurred, Mr Lyons said.

The continued resistance of Mr Cecil Parkinson, Secretary of State for Energy, to an independent inspectorate and union safety representation offshore was a scandal, he said.

"He must stop playing politics with workers' lives", Mr Lyons said. "The memory of the 167 lives lost on Piper Alpha demands nothing less."

The union criticized the Department of Energy for not having made copies of both reports available in advance for its response.

The union also attacked the department for failing to guarantee the anonymity of workers who complained about safety.

"If workers raise their heads about the parapsychists they are shot down", Mr Lyons said. "It is a brave worker who complains."

One worker told how, after complaining to the Department of Energy's inspector, he was told to polish a door with wire wool in the hope that he would refuse and be dismissed. Another was told that his "days were numbered". Workers were being denied their rights and many oil

companies refused to allow balloting.

The union also questioned the "purely commercial" relationship between the certifying authorities — including Lloyd's Register of Shipping — which are employed by the oil companies to supply certificates that allow the operators to get insurance and a licence from the Department of Energy.

It also criticized the department's letter this week to the director general of UK Offshore Operators Association which "only reiterated existing advice which the department acknowledges failed to prevent the explosion".

The letter, described by one union official as "mind-boggling", advises the operators to ensure that lifeboats float and says that a fire will be extinguished if water is available.

Details of the secret report into the explosion on the Piper Alpha platform in 1984 show that safety regulations were broken in one instance and possibly breached in three others by its operators. Occidental, and that a more serious incident was narrowly avoided.

Although there were no serious injuries in the explosion, the report says that was "purely fortuitous" and that several personnel were actually donning protective clothing and on their way back to the site of the incident when the explosion occurred.

"If conditions and timing had been otherwise, a much graver incident could have occurred, therefore some of the company procedures and practices should be critically reviewed", the report says.

The incident on March 24, 1984, was caused by the rupture of a regeneration gas heater. The heater's shell overheated and failed and escaping gas was released into the gas conservation module and then exploded almost immediately. After the explosion at about 1pm, a fire continued to burn

ferociously — fanned by gale force winds — until it was brought under control a little over half an hour later. It was finally put out at 7.15 that evening.

The report concludes that a lack of awareness on the part of control room operators, gas conservation module operating personnel and their supervisors allowed a recorded change in operating conditions to go undetected for five days.

The report also points to a "questionable level of service" of the equipment shown by maintenance records and that it was not brought to the attention of a proper level of supervision.

"The requirements and implementation of the three-month and six-month preventative maintenance inspections were insufficient for the identification of this particular equipment malfunction."

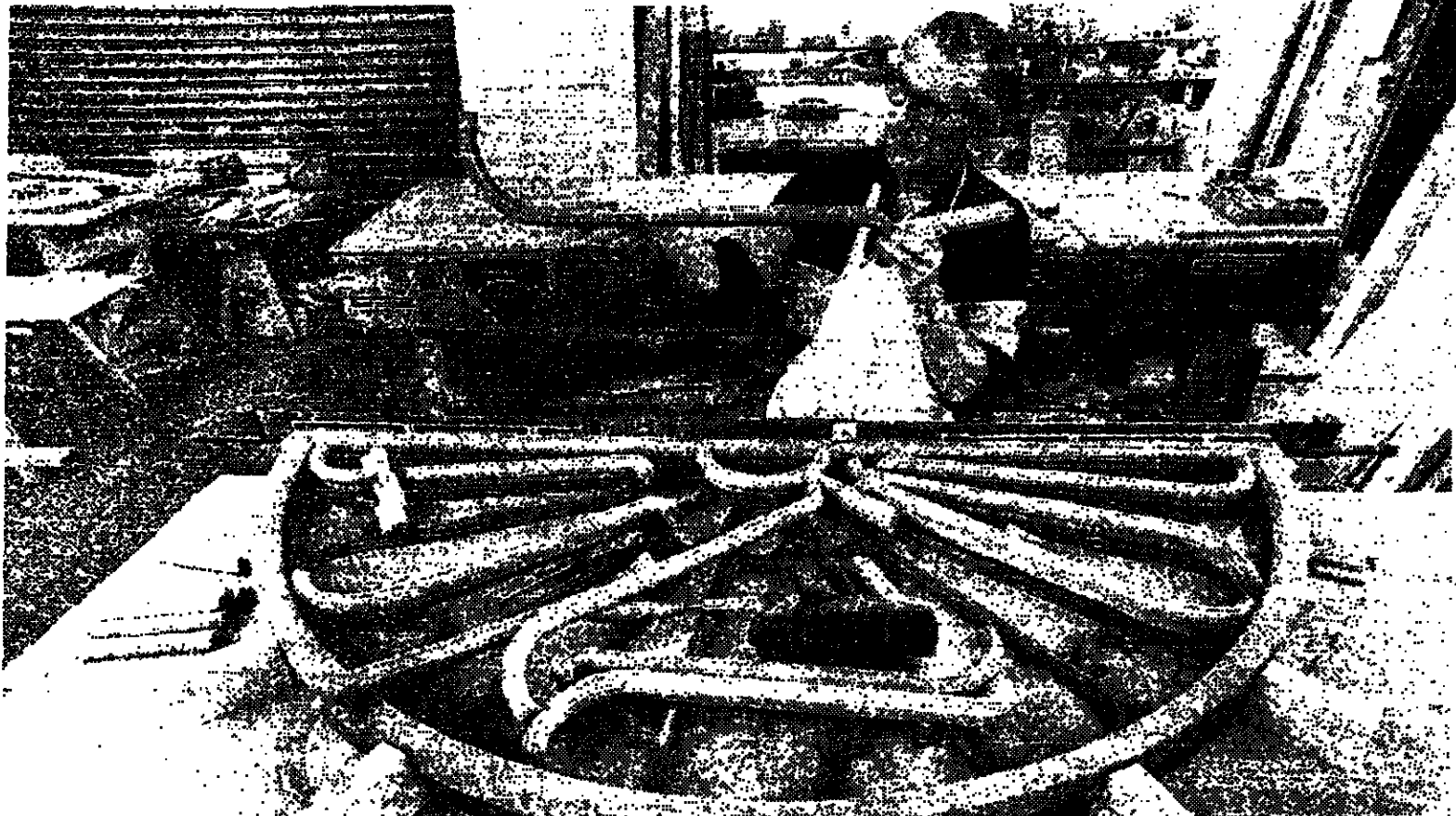
However, the report also concludes that there were no shortcomings in alarm and fire fighting equipment, although it was found that some personnel did not fully understand the alarm system.

The dangerous occurrence investigation report was carried out by Mr David Bainbridge, a senior mechanical inspector with the Department of Energy. In the report, Mr Bainbridge said he proposed that no proceedings should be taken against Occidental.

He said: "Had we decided to institute proceedings it would have been proper to conduct our own research rather than rely entirely on the research findings of Occidental. I therefore propose no further actions other than a letter to Occidental."

Occidental said that as the 1984 report may well form part of the evidence to Lord Cullen's inquiry into the catastrophe last July on Piper Alpha it was unable to comment in advance of the hearing.

Man who will restore Hampton Court



Mr Gilbert Ellis, aged 63, a craftsman, of James Loxley and Co, of Crawley, Sussex, working on a piece of semi-circular furniture from the Guards Club, London. On Monday, Longleys moves into Hampton Court Palace to set up a joinery workshop at the south end of the fire-damaged Fountain Court. All charred wood scraps were salvaged, some to be used in the work, others will go to museums. (Photograph: Nick Rogers).

Deaths on the A24

Drunken driver jailed for four years

An insurance salesman who was driving his Porsche at speeds of up to 100 mph after drinking more than twice the legal alcohol limit and crashed, killing three people, was jailed for four years at the Central Criminal Court yesterday.

Michael Boxell, aged 29, was "racing" along the A24 road at Dorking, Surrey, when he lost control and crashed into a Vauxhall Cavalier travelling in the opposite way. The crash killed a woman, her son aged seven weeks, and Boxell's brother, who was a passenger in his Porsche.

Boxell had attended his nephew's christening where he had drunk two pints of beer and two glasses of wine. He was driving north along the London to Worthing road "at very high speeds", racing with a Fiat Uno. Miss Susan Edwards, said for the prosecution.

Mrs Leslie Stanton, aged 29, was driving her family home to Southwater, West Sussex, at a moderate speed when Boxell's Porsche "began to wobble and then steered broadside across the road" into her car, Miss Edwards said.

Mrs Stanton died instantly. Her son, James, was thrown from his baby seat into the back of the car where he was later found on the floor.

"Efforts to save the baby appeared to have been in vain. He died at the roadside", Miss Edwards said.

Boxell's brother, Anthony, aged 30, of South Croxted Road, Dulwich, south-east London, also died instantly. Michael Boxell had two cracked ribs.

There were no mechanical faults in either car. Boxell "just seemed to lose control because of the excessive

speed", the court was told. Boxell, of Hawthorne Road, Wallington, south-west London, pleaded guilty to three charges of causing death by reckless driving and was also banned from driving for five years.

Miss Sheila Davies, for the defence, said: "It is inevitable that the sensational facts will be seized upon by the general public."

She said Boxell did not realise he was over the limit and had never driven after drinking before. He had no previous driving convictions.

"He was a responsible, hard working young man. I don't want the court to have the impression of a young tear-away. He accepts he was in excess of the speed limit. He has had to live for 18 months with the deaths of three people — one his brother."

sister, gave evidence and broke down in tears as she said: "I wish I had never let him drive. I would still have a brother and the Stantons would be alive."

Judge Denison, QC, said: "Whichever way one looks at this case there is only one way to describe it and that is tragic. It was an appalling piece of driving and as a result you have devastated two families, including your own."

"I know you are going to have to live with that for the rest of your life and I know that is the greatest punishment for you."

"The public demands, and in my view rightly demands, retribution for what you did. The maximum sentence for this offence is five years' imprisonment. It seems, taking everything into account, the appropriate sentence is four years."

Portfolio — PLUS NEW — Accumulator Vintage ideas

Mr Alan McCall, from Cranleigh, Surrey, has plenty of ideas about how he might spend the £4,000 Portfolio prize he won yesterday. "I have a vintage wine cellar which needs replenishing; there are lots of things to do in the house and I am planning a holiday for my wife's birthday next year."

Mr McCall, aged 51, has been playing Portfolio since the competition began.

Mail order vice films man jailed

Vice squad detectives uncovered a sordid pornography racket when they raided a house and seized more than 300 video films. Snaresbrook Crown Court, east London, was told yesterday.

The mail order service, which netted a gang thousands of pounds, included a film called *SS Experiment Camp*. It showed Jewish women being raped and tortured by a Nazi doctor in a concentration camp and then being operated on while still conscious, the court was told.

Judge Sanders said the pornography was the most explicit discovered in this country.

Terry Snooks, Emma Hyams, aged 20, his girl friend, and William Carlyle, aged 33, were arrested in the raid in Halley Road, Forest Gate, east London, where they lived.

Snooks was jailed for nine months and fined £2,000. Carlyle was fined £500. Hyams was put on probation for 12 months.

Data Act fine

G and P Joynson, of Oxford, was fined £700 by Oxford magistrates for illegally storing customers' names on its computer. The company, which distributes educational material, was one of the first to be prosecuted under the Data Protection Act, and denied the offence.

Court tussle

James Gilmour, aged 28, of Huntley Road, Fairfield, who was jailed for 15 years at Liverpool Crown Court yesterday for armed robbery at a post office, mimicked firing a revolver as the judge as he was being sentenced. Gilmour was dragged away fighting.

Enter Ernie 3

A jazz band greeted the unveiling in Blackpool yesterday of the latest Premium Bond equipment — Ernie Three, or Electronic Random Number Indicator Equipment. It replaces a slower Ernie 2 after 16 years.

Greater care for dying children urged

By Thomson Prentice, Science Correspondent

Health authorities are being urged to improve services for the care of dying children in a project launched yesterday with the support of the Prince of Wales.

Every year about 5,400 children face death from incurable diseases or degenerative conditions, but many of them and their families do not receive the professional help they need, according to a working party.

The group, set up by the National Association of Health Authorities, the King's Fund and the British Paediatric Association, has produced guidelines to try to overcome the problems.

In a foreword to the guide-

lines, the Prince of Wales says: "The need for a particular effort in the heart-rending task of caring for dying children and their families is obvious when one reads the simple, but very moving, accounts of actual family experiences contained in this publication."

The case histories he refers to include that of the parents of a boy, aged 11, diagnosed as having a degenerative brain condition.

The guidelines quote the parents as saying: "There seemed to be no link-up between hospital, school and district nurses and we felt very alone. They want you to keep your child at home, but they are not willing to give help.

Now it is all over we feel very bitter."

Professor Colin Normand, chairman of the working party which prepared the guidelines, yesterday said: "It is essential that all health authorities have a strategy to provide sensitive and appropriate services."

"We have to enter a humble partnership with the families who are the chief carers for the dying child."

Professor Eric Wilkes of Sheffield University, co-chairman of the group, said: "We tend to let families that we think can cope get on with it, until they crack up, then we come in and take over. We have to do much more to help them and we have to learn

from the experiences of parents."

The guidelines do not refer specifically to children dying from Aids, but health authorities are told to prepare for many such cases.

"The future incidence is unknown, but authorities should be prepared to expand their services to include support for such families, keeping in mind the likelihood of the parents' death."

"The risk of alienation will be high and the need for support therefore great."

Care Of Dying Children And Their Families (NAHA, Garth House, 47 Edgborough Park Road, Birmingham B15 2RS, £4.50 for NAHA members, £6.00 for non-members).

M-way repair curbs eased

By Rodney Cowton, Transport Correspondent

The Department of Transport is lifting its moratorium on key repairs to motorways and trunk roads, which has been in force for the past three months.

In March, the department announced a programme costing £142 million to be spent during the next 12 months on motorways and trunk roads.

After three months, it became clear that the whole road programme was in danger of over-running its budget, and Mr Paul Channon, Secretary of State for Transport, announced that he would have to review the renewals programme.

Since then, at what would normally be the height of the

roadworks season, there has been a moratorium on the placing of big maintenance contracts.

In August, sources in the roads industry estimated that there were 34 projects, worth more than £70 million, which they would have expected to be in progress but for which contracts had been delayed.

That caused difficulties to the industry because it gears its capacity to the Department of Transport's planned programme. Workers were laid off and there were reports of civil engineers being sent on courses at universities.

However, the department said yesterday that it was now planning to let some further contracts for structural

maintenance work. But "at this stage we cannot predict how many or at what cost."

The programme would be kept under review.

The extent to which the lost ground can be recovered will depend to a large extent on how much the department feels it can afford, and on weather conditions.

Mr Robert Philipson, of the British Aggregate Construction Materials Industries, welcomed the lifting of the moratorium. He hoped the department would be able to plan the programme in such a way as to be able to achieve its target of catching up on a backlog of repairs on motorways and trunk roads by 1992.

Birth date draws poll tax protest

By Kerry Gill

A Scottish mathematics teacher faces a £50 fine for refusing to give her date of birth as well as her age to a local community charge registration officer.

Mrs Shirley Bertie, who has no objection to anyone knowing she is 52, and completed that section of the registration form.

She claimed that also filling in her exact date of birth was unnecessary and refused to back down despite registration office reminders and several calls to her house at Hawick by poll tax canvassers.

The form must by law be filled in correctly and handed to Border Regional Council. Mrs Bertie, who intends paying poll tax, could face a further £200 fine for every three weeks she continues to refuse the form request.

Mr John Miller, community charge registration officer in the Borders, said the law made it clear the date of birth should be included, not simply the person's age.

Mrs Bertie said it was worth every penny of the £50 to publicise officialdom at its most obtuse.

The penalty never arrived. Mr Miller, like other registration officers, made it his first priority to get as many registration forms, properly completed, in by today.

For him, the story has a happy ending. At the foot of an article in *The Scotsman* about Mrs Bertie's case was the elusive date of birth. February 10, 1936. Mr Miller simply filled in her registration form.

"My inquiries are now completed," he said.

Hurricane Helene heads for Scotland

By Kerry Gill

Hurricane Helene is expected to bring severe gales to parts of Scotland this weekend as it heads for Iceland. There are fears that in some places, the wind could reach 100 mph.

The storm in the south of England is likely to hit north and west parts of Scotland today, peaking towards the evening. The Western Isles will probably suffer most.

Climatologists say it is unusual for a hurricane from the tropics to travel so far north, but Iceland will probably receive a severe battering on Sunday before Helene dies.

The hurricane started as a tropical storm west of Africa earlier this week. It veered north, apparently fed by the Gulf Stream and prevailing westerly winds. By noon yesterday, Helene, 700 miles away, was in mid-Atlantic between Ireland and Newfoundland. Although its winds

were gusting up to 70 miles per hour, the storm does not have the strength of Hurricane Gilbert, which devastated the Caribbean and Mexico and is already beginning to lose its strength.

Hurricanes develop as a result of high sea surface temperatures in equatorial regions.

Professor Keith Smith, professor of environmental science at Edinburgh University, said it was unusual to find hurricanes travelling as far north as Helene.

Television chiefs are hoping to persuade celebrities to take part in a four-hour charity show to help victims of Hurricane Gilbert in Jamaica. *Smile Jamaica*, which aims to raise thousands of pounds for the 500,000 left homeless by the hurricane, will be screened in three parts on Channel 4 and ITV on October 16.

Weather report, page 16

Rape case student 'planned to flee'

By Michael Horsnell

A Jordanian student accused of raping a girl aged 14 in the Babes in the Wood trial allegedly confessed to police that he had planned to flee the country.

In police interviews read to the jury at the Central Criminal Court, Wael Mbayawi Kabariti, aged 21, admitted he wrote a farewell note to his English girl friend.

Det Inspector Larry Covington told the court that Mr Kabariti planned to fly to his family home in Jordan the day that he was actually arrested in January.

The note was written on the back of a letter he had received from Barclays Bank and was to be left behind for his friend, Miss Julie Fletcher, who was on holiday in Spain.

Mr Kabariti told the detective that he had decided to go because he was afraid police would not believe his denial that he had raped the girl if he

were to surrender. He planned to sell his television set and stereo to help to pay for his air ticket to Amman.

Mr Kabariti was arrested on January 9, three days after the alleged rapes. The court has been told that she had got lost in London after travelling from her home in County Durham without her parents' knowledge to see actor Peter Howitt, on whom she had a crush, appear in the pantomime, *Babes in the Wood*, at the London Palladium.

She was allegedly picked up by the defendant in tears in Oxford Street and he then took her back to his girl friend's flat in Deptford, south-east London, where he raped her.

The hearing continues on Monday.

Sponsored birdwatch aims to save rare species

By Kerry Gill

The Royal Society for the Protection of Birds is to launch a 24-hour sponsored birdwatch across Britain today to raise money to protect rare breeding birds such as kites, eagles and ospreys under threat from egg stealers and from changes in agricultural use.

Thousands of ornithologists and members of the public will be encouraged to take part in the birdwatch over the weekend and to obtain sponsorship for every bird seen or heard. Next year, the RSPB expects more than 1,000 cases of birds being persecuted by a variety of means ranging from either shooting or

poisoning to simply losing their traditional feeding grounds through afforestation and increased grazing by sheep.

Among threatened species are golden eagles, red kites and ospreys, which are prone to being poisoned or having their nests raided for eggs. Many nests are guarded for up to 24 hours a day by wardens with electronic equipment, but it can cost the society £25 a day to look after a golden eagle. There are now at least 52 pairs of ospreys breeding in Scotland and there are hopes that they will soon start nesting in England.

Nevertheless, the main threat to the

birds is from egg thieves, in spite of fines which can be as much as £1,000. Another hazard is poison used by farmers to get rid of vermin. Eagles often die after eating contaminated meat laid to trap crows on agricultural land. A golden eagle was recently found dead on Tayside, poisoned by the narcotic alphachlorose, almost certainly laid as bait to kill carrion crows.

Mr Frank Hamilton, director of the RSPB in Scotland, said many hillsides were being planted with conifers and birds of prey were losing their natural feeding grounds.

"In Scotland, there is a tendency to

plant on lower slopes leaving high ground free. This is fine for eagles in the summer months, but in winter, eagles used to the lower ground for feeding cannot survive."

In Wales, red kites lose their natural feeding grounds because of forestry and changes in agricultural use, particularly the increased in sheep grazing.

This breeding season, however, is believed to have been the best for 50 years in Wales for red kites and the society hopes the bird can be encouraged to return to Scotland, where it has been absent for at least 300 years.

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Changing the world one child at a time

09/10/1988

Engineers open way for 'super-union' merger to go ahead

By Roland Rudd, Employment Affairs Reporter

Mr Bill Jordan, president of the engineers' union, cleared the way for the creation of a right-led "super union" yesterday when he put forward proposals to end the deadlock over a merger with the electricians.

The two unions were planning to merge by March next year but negotiations floundered recently over the issue of elections. The Amalgamated Engineering Union executive said that it wanted all officials in the new union to be elected while the Electrical, Electronic, Telecommunications and Plumbing Union wanted them to be appointed.

Mr Jordan, one of the most enthusiastic proponents of a merger, disclosed yesterday that a compromise to appoint and elect officials, had been accepted by Mr Eric Hammond, EETPU general secretary.

Under the proposed scheme officials would either be appointed and then forced to seek election, or would face an immediate election with the chance of being appointed for a further term of office.

Mr Jordan said: "The attraction of such a compromise is that every official in the new union would still have to face the membership in an election."

An amalgamation between the electricians and the engineers would radically alter the structure of the TUC.

A new union with more than a million members on the right of the movement

would provide a balance to the leftward leadership of the Transport and General Workers Union, the TUC's biggest affiliate. It could also be a means of bringing the expelled electricians back into the TUC fold.

Mr Hammond has made it clear that the new union would maintain the two single-union, strike-free deals which are in breach of the TUC disputes committee. However, the TUC could not afford to expect a new merged union of 1.1 million members and would be likely to alter its rules to allow the electricians to keep their agreements.

At the present stage of negotiations Mr Jordan believes a compromise, whereby the new union's executive appointed elected officials for a second term, would be the option most favoured by representatives of the two unions.

"If the official did a good job he would then no longer be forced to go through the ordeal of what the overwhelming majority of full-time union officials refuse to go through," he said.

The filling of senior posts in the new union is another source of contention.

Up until this week Mr Gavin Laird, AEU general secretary, was expected to retire leaving the way open for Mr Hammond to become general secretary of the new union, while Mr Jordan retained the presidency. Under the latest proposal the new

union would have two general secretaries in the form of Mr Laird and Mr Hammond.

Both the electricians' and engineers' sub-committees negotiating merger will discuss the latest proposals next week. Mr Jordan and Mr Hammond are planning a series of meetings at the Labour Party Conference in Blackpool.

Labour's ailing left-wing newspaper *Tribune* will be relaunched next February, thanks to union support.

The unions, led by the Transport and General Workers, have pledged thousands of pounds to the independent weekly over the next five years.

They also intend to promote it to a wider audience.

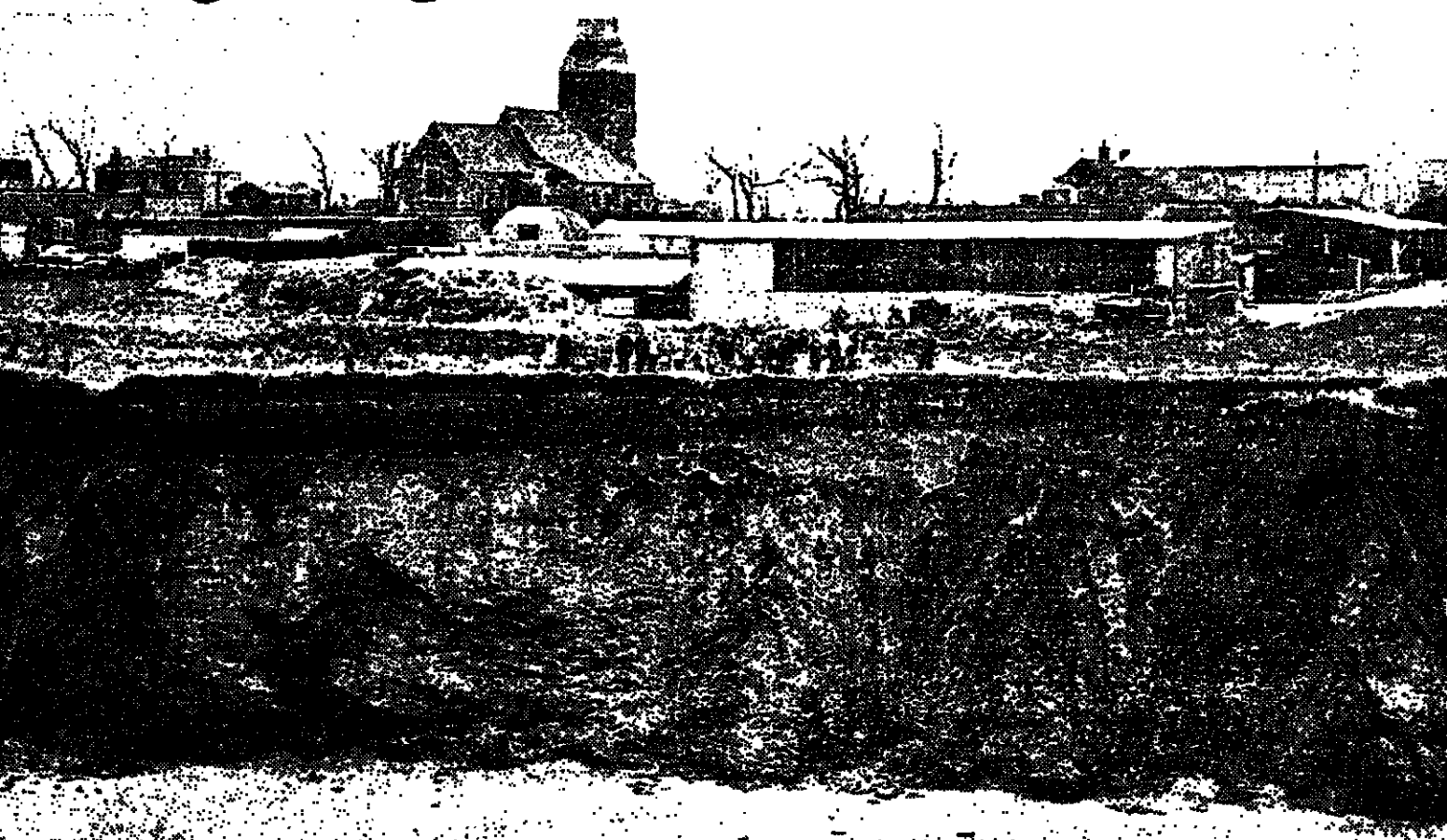
Mr Phil Kelly, *Tribune* editor, yesterday said: "For the first time we have the resources to make the paper more attractive. If we get it wrong now we will have only ourselves to blame."

The TGWU has already agreed to contribute £50,000 to the paper's revival. Others pledging support include the NUR railwaymen's union, the Fire Brigades Union and the National Communications Union.

Mr Ron Todd, general secretary of the TGWU, said various publications associated with the Labour Party had been lost.

"When it came to *Tribune* we were determined to secure its long-term financial position," he said.

Villagers fight waves at their doorstep



On the edge of disaster: Mappleton, where houses shudder at high tide as land crumbles into the sea (Photograph: Chris Harris).

By Peter Davenport

Mrs Dorothy Meggitt has always felt close to the sea; these days, however, that proximity is getting a little too close for comfort.

When she and her husband, Jack, moved to their cottage in Cliff Lane in the village of Mappleton on the Holderness coast 33 years ago, they were a quarter mile away from the waves.

Today their front door is precisely 250 ft from the waterline. It is not that the cottage has moved, rather that the stretch of the east coast on which they live is continually eroding, eaten away by the power of the North Sea.

"First you notice the crack in the day and then the earth begins to slide

away into the sea. It is worst when there is a high tide because then you can feel the whole house shudder", Mrs Meggitt, a parish councillor and organizer of the pressure group, Mappleton Against Coastal Erosion, said.

The situation is worse for her near neighbours, Mr Geoffrey Porter and his wife, Karen, who are abandoning their wooden, cliff-top home for the more cramped, but comparatively more secure, quarters of a caravan in the back garden.

"The Ponderosa", as the rickety bungalow is known, has been their home for 16 years but the constant battering of the sea has brought it within 25 ft of the cliff edge and, reluctantly, the Porters have decided

that is simply too close for comfort.

The problems of coastal erosion however are not confined to Mappleton, its 105 residents, 31 houses, five farms, a post office and church. It is threatening the entire Holderness coastline.

Dr John Pethick, lecturer in geography at Hull University, is working on research for the Anglian Water Authority. He says there are three options to combat the inevitable rise in sea levels: to raise the man-made sea defences all along the coast, to build barrages on all main estuaries or to artificially stimulate natural measures, such as the growth of salt marshes, to cope with the higher seas.

Records show that 29 villages have been wiped off the map by the sea in

the past 1,000 years in the 40-mile stretch of coast between Flamborough Head and Spurn Point. The fears that Mappleton was about to become the thirtieth watery victim spurred the local authority, Holderness Borough Council, into action.

It hopes to persuade the Government to allow work to begin next spring on a £1 million scheme to build a 325-yard granite breakwater with timber groynes which will build up the height of the beach and weaken the power of the waves.

The Holderness Coast Protection Project, a group supported by the three main councils in the area, is coming to the end of a four-year, £350,000 study on erosion.

Drunk-driving death crash cases to be checked

By Ruth Gledhill

The Crown Prosecution Service is to re-examine dozens of drunk driving cases resulting in a death but where offenders were dealt with by a fine or a driving ban.

The Attorney General's office has promised that the service will re-examine the cases "as soon as they are identified". It will again study police files on more than 30 people whose drunk driving caused a death.

Many were convicted only of careless driving or driving with excess alcohol.

The disclosure comes after a court case earlier this week where a drunken driver was jailed after a private prosecution was brought by the victim's parents.

The Attorney General's office promised that the Crown Prosecution Service is willing to re-examine the cases. The promise came in a letter to a former police detective superintendent, Mr Graham Buxton, who heads the Campaign Against Drunk Driving (CADD).

Mr Buxton, the former deputy head of West Mercia CID, says he has obtained the files on hundreds of drunk driving cases and is preparing to send the 30 strongest to the Attorney General.

His organization, co-founded by Mr Buxton after his daughter was killed by a drunken driver, is also demanding a public inquiry into the way charges are brought against drunk drivers.

It would like to see more prosecutions for causing death by reckless driving, which can result in a five-year prison sentence.

Yesterday, Mr and Mrs Robert and Carol Awcock were celebrating after a 27-month battle for justice after the death of their son Mark, aged 23.

He was knocked down by a car driven by Philip Wade, a builder, who was nearly twice over the legal alcohol limit when he was arrested three hours later.

Wade was previously fined £700 and banned for three years for failing to stop after an accident and for drink driving.

The Awcocks lodged a private prosecution and initially asked for a committal in a magistrates' court for causing death by reckless driving but were refused. Encouraged by their solicitor, they went to a judge on a bill of indictment, and the judge allowed the case to go to trial.

"The penalty in a lot of cases is something like a week's wages. The law is silly and stupid and it is about time the situation was changed", Mr Awcock, a plumbing and heating engineer, said.

"Drivers choose to drink, they choose to drive."

"Why should a mother and father have to fight for justice when a man kills their son through drinking and driving?"

"There are far too many cases where drunken drivers kill."

Two more private prosecutions are pending.

Mr Buxton said last night: "I am absolutely staggered by the failure to bring some of these defendants to justice. Some of these people could be faced with prison."

"But what we are really aiming for is a public inquiry to look at how the system of justice as it is deals with or fails to deal with unlawful killers on the roads."

The Attorney General's office said: "The CPS has offered to re-examine those cases which CADD is prepared to identify."

It emphasized that that did not necessarily mean it would change its mind about the action taken.

NEXT WEEK IN THE TIMES

The world: whose oyster will it be?

● By next week most of the 2.5 million students in Britain's colleges and universities will be back at their studies — or beginning them. But what kind of jobs will be waiting for them at the end of the course?



JOBS FOR THE 1990s

may disappear; new ones may be created.

Where will they be? What will they pay?

● How will oil prices affect the job market? Will the leisure industry boom or contract? Should career plans be firm or flexible?

● Next week, in a series no student should miss, *The Times* examines the employment patterns of the future. **Jobs for the 1990s** starts on Monday.

Tenants face £4 rent rise

Council house rents in Scotland could rise by an average of £1.64 a week next year, but in some areas the increase could be as much as £4.

After meeting Lord James Douglas-Hamilton, Under Secretary of State for Housing at the Scottish Office, Mr Robert Lee, chairman of the Housing Committee of the Convention of Scottish Local Authorities, said: "Tenants are being hammered yet again by rent increases which again this year are twice the rate of inflation."

Lord James said the Housing Support Grant was likely to be increased by £5 million in the next financial year and in setting the level of the grant, the Government would allow authorities to increase their spending on management and maintenance by 8.5 per cent. That would make the average rent in Scotland £17.87 a week, compared with the present £18.78 south of the Border.

Lord James admitted that in some areas the increase could be higher, but he pointed out that housing benefit would be increased to help the poorer tenants.

The minister also announced that he was allowing authorities to spend about £3 million from their general funds to restrict rent increases.

Channel swim death

Trainer to return to France

By David Cross, Susan MacDonald and Mac Margolis

The Brazilian coach who has been blamed for the death of Senhora Renata Agondi, the long-distance swimmer, during her attempt to cross the Channel, is to return to France next week to be cross-examined by a French magistrate.

Senhora Judith Russo will be joined in Boulogne by Mr Colin Cook, captain of the 30 ft trawler *Hilda May*, Mr Graham Featherbe, his mate, both from Folkestone, and Mr Mark Lewis, the official observer for the Channel Swimming Association.

They say that they pleaded in vain with Senhora Russo to end the swim when her charge was in obvious distress. The swimmer, aged 25, was dead when she was pulled from the water a few miles from the French coast on August 23.

Senhora Russo has been charged by the French authorities with "failing to assist a person in danger". If convicted she could be imprisoned for up to five years.

Mr Cook said last night that he and Mr Featherbe would do all they could to help M Vogel Weith, who is in charge of the case, with his inquiries. "I have been going over and over in my mind what else we could have done to save Senhora Agondi but her trainer just took no notice of our pleas", he said.

Mr Lewis, an economics student at Hampden Sydney College, Virginia, in the United States, said: "There is no doubt in my mind that all three of us were trying to persuade the coach to take her out of the water but she took no notice."

They insist that the swimmer was exhausted, disoriented and swimming in circles with erratic strokes during the final stages of the crossing.

Senhora Russo, who spent several days in prison in France before being released on 300,000 French francs (about £28,000) bail and allowed to return home to Brazil, will tell M Weith at the private preliminary hearings that she acted entirely properly during the swim.

At an earlier hearing in Boulogne, Senhora Russo denied that she was responsible for the death. She blamed the crew of the *Hilda May* for ignoring her appeals to stay close to the swimmer during the final critical minutes of the swim.

Next week's hearings will pave the way for M Weith to draw up a full report on the case for a so-called correctional tribunal at which three magistrates will decide whether Senhora Russo is guilty, and if so, what her

sentence should be. That process is likely to take two months.

Meanwhile, the Channel Swimming Association, which has launched an inquiry into the tragedy, said yesterday that it was awaiting the results of the post-mortem examination before deciding how its rules for swimmers should be tightened.

Dr Christopher Stockdale, the association's medical officer, said that its investigation had focused on two new requirements.

Those would specify that swimmers from hot climates should undergo a cold water trial before setting off and would lay down ground rules for calling off a cross-Channel attempt if a swimmer was in trouble.

"One idea which we are considering is for swimmers and coaches to sign a document stating that the pilot of the boat has the ultimate right to stop a swim", he added.

"In addition, swimmers from warm countries may well have to swim for five or six hours in Dover harbour under the scrutiny of one of our committee members before we will allow them to qualify for a cross-Channel swim."

"We must get some sort of plan mapped out before next year's swimming season".

Breakthrough for commuter airships

By Harvey Elliott, Air Correspondent

Britain's cities and airports could soon be linked by a network of commuter airship services.

A London-based engineer claims to have overcome the difficulty of handling a small airship in strong winds with a revolving turntable landing site and a "roll-on roll-off" container to carry up to 70 passengers.

One of the first routes which could be served by the new system, he claims, is the Gatwick to Heathrow air link, operated by British Caledonian with a Sikorsky helicopter until it was banned three years ago for being too noisy.

Mr Farouk Hussain has spent four years designing the Advanced Technology Airship System which could turn flights round in 140 seconds and would be cheaper than a bus journey between the two main London airports.

Small airships have until now been

unable to operate in high winds because of the difficulty in mooring and disembarking passengers. Mr Hussain's design, which he is discussing with British Airways, the Department of Transport and several American companies, employs a turntable which would be aligned to the wind.

Up to 70 passengers would board a container which would then be loaded on to the airship gondola after the incoming passenger container had been detached.

The airship, of a type already in use in many parts of the world, would fly at 86 miles an hour at 1,000 feet from small sites close to city centres or moored in rivers.

● Virgin Atlantic, long regarded as the "back packers" airline, is poised to become the first airline to offer a seat-back video system for all passengers and telephones for every first class passenger.

The airline is to spend more than £3 million on a five-inch video screen and stereo system which will be fitted into every seat in the fleet.

It will provide 10 channels of entertainment and documentaries, local language broadcasts, rock videos, news, sport and feature films. Eventually, satellite TV systems will be included to give passengers live information and new programmes during the journey.

Virgin, trying to capture the business market, is extending the number of seats in its upper class from 18 to 74 on the New York service.

Passengers in all classes will also be able to order drinks, meals and duty-free goods electronically from their seats and work is going on to perfect a special games table which will provide a dozen silent electronic games, including chess and backgammon.

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Hungary's liberal reforms chip away at grip of party

From Sallie Ecroyd, Budapest

As Hungary moves ahead with its economic and political reforms, a meeting of the Communist Party Central Committee this week bore witness to a rising disquiet about whether the party could retain control.

"A more liberal, open and democratic life is in the process of development," Mr Janos Lukacs, the party affairs secretary, told the meeting. "The possibility of expressing alternative thought has become a part of everyday life."

But other speakers raised fears about the new unofficial organizations that have gained confidence in declaring demands for democracy, radical political changes, and in some cases a multi-party system.

They held open meetings in big halls instead of small cells, announced plans to publish their own magazines, and take to the streets calling for everything from referendums on controversial issues to the rehabilitation of the victims of the 1956 uprising.

It was the Stalinist leader Matyas Rakosi, who used the notorious "salami tactics" of slicing away at his opponents' position to entrench the party in power after it won just 17 per cent of the vote in what was probably Hungary's only free election in 1945.

Some party members must now be asking if they are becoming the victims of "counter-salami tactics", whittling away party authority.

The more extreme conservative feeling and threat of a backlash was summed up by a letter from a local Budapest party branch read to the committee. It spoke of social confusion and defensive organizations that have gained confidence in declaring demands for democracy, radical political changes, and in some cases a multi-party system.

"Why does the party not mobilize the communist masses against those who fish in troubled waters?" it asked. "The destruction of the party should not be allowed."

Observers see the reading of the letter as evidence of a division over the reforms within the highest level of leadership. It was presided by Mr Janos Berez, the hardline ideology secretary, and was

immediately challenged by Mr Gyula Horn, the reform-minded foreign affairs secretary. Why had that letter been singled out, he wanted to know, when several others urged further reform?

Popular wisdom about such divisions was seized on last week in an article in the first edition of *Reform* magazine about Mr Berez and the Politburo's most outspoken reformist, Mr Imre Pozsgay, the Minister of State. "Is it true that Berez and Pozsgay do not get on?" ran the headline and, while both interviewees denied serious differences and were not questioned too deeply, the issue at least had been aired.

Mr Berez himself admits that the letter he read out dealt with superficial issues. But in a speech earlier this month at Nadudvar in eastern Hungary, he spoke of the risk of "disintegration" posed by reforms and implied that the leadership was failing in its duty to assert its power and give commands from the centre.

The Central Committee's communistic smoothed over any cracks in party unity, saying that a polarization of views was inevitable in the early phases of reform.

"There are some who say we have already achieved all we need to achieve and some who say we have not yet done anything at all," Mr Lukacs said. But he and other senior leaders insisted they remained united on fundamental issues.

Meanwhile, the authorities react to the growing expressions of "alternative thinking" with a general tolerance and even cautious welcome. President Straub agreed to receive the written demands of some 30,000 people who gathered outside Parliament on September 12 calling for a halt to the Nagymaros hydro-electric dam on the Danube.

The status of unofficial organizations will be set out in a new law on assembly to go before Parliament on Wednesday. Most are expected to be sanctioned.

What remains unclear is the position of Mr Karoly Grosz, the party leader and Prime Minister. He kept a low profile at the committee meeting, reporting only on his visit to the US this summer.

will not be tolerated by the President in the Oval Office. I don't believe in revolving doors on prison cells.

"He (Mr Dukakis) is a card-carrying member of the ACLU — those were his exact words — and I am proud to say that I am not a member of the ACLU. The American people are in no mood for a second helping of Jimmy Carter's failed policies."

It went down well — as it had earlier at a street rally in St Charles on the banks of the Missouri and to Republican students at a community college in rural Michigan.

Mr Bush, too, seems pleased with his performance. His timing is better. He has

stopped waving his hands around. He invokes Lincoln and builds up to a rousing finish: "One of two men is going to be elected President on November 8. Ladies and gentlemen, I am that man."

The handlers must be pleased. The campaign has been rolling through the Midwest heartland at a cracking pace, and both turn-out and coverage have been good. The press has been carping at all the flags, and the Pledge of Allegiance. One aide even admitted that "we went one

flag too far" during the much-mocked visit to a New Jersey flag-making factory. But it looks good on television.

And Mr Bush seems to have found his theme with "Main Street USA" — he is the man who represents mainstream values, whereas Mr Dukakis is a liberal extremist; he is an optimist who takes pride in America, whereas Mr Dukakis is the "gloom and doom" candidate; he wants a "kinder, gentler America" through voluntary effort and rekindled values, whereas Mr Dukakis would use government.

So confident were the campaign managers in his lead that they scheduled a press conference, the first for two weeks. It paid off. Mr Bush

brushed away tough questions like someone dusting fluff off his jacket. He did not wave his arms around like windmills or trip up over his thoughts and his tongue. Even the television journalists, hungry for a gaffe, admitted they were worried.

After being denied access for so long, most people had trouble thinking what to ask the Vice-President. But the Bush campaign is taking nothing for granted. Dukakis is getting better, too, and the gap is closing. The hectic pace could force Mr Bush's new-found discipline to crack.

There is, after all, still another debate to go. But, so far, the image-makers' contest is serving Mr Bush well. He has just more than a month to complete the transformation.

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The average of the six, including Gallup, CBS News, New York Times, Los Angeles Times, and KRCR/APN as well as ABC, was that Mr Dukakis won the debate by 53 per cent to 47 per cent, hardly a knock-out victory.

About 60 million adult potential voters watched the debate, far below the 100 million estimated, but almost exactly the proportion that watched the debates between the candidates in 1984.

Robert Worcester is managing director of the MORI polling organization.

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Delhi protest at repression in Tibet



Tibetan women protesting in Delhi yesterday against the suppression in Lhasa on Tuesday of a demonstration to mark the first anniversary of protests in the Tibetan capital. In Peking, the Panchen Lama, Tibet's second most holy leader, called on the Dalai Lama to end his exile and return to China where, he said, a new commission on Tibetan Buddhism would be set up.

Man in the News

Kremlin architect of world built since the war's end

From Anne Penketh, Moscow

Mr Andrei Andreyevich Gromyko, who retired from the Politburo yesterday and is about to lose his job as President, helped to shape the face of postwar Europe.

Mr Gromyko stamped his mark on world history during his 28-year-term as the Soviet Foreign Minister, meeting every United States President from Franklin Roosevelt to Mr Ronald Reagan.

As the architect of Soviet foreign policy for more than a quarter of a century, he presided over negotiations for many important East-West agreements.

He was appointed to the honorary position of President by Mr Mikhail Gorbachev, the Soviet leader, four months after he proposed the latter for the post of Soviet General Secretary in 1985.

He was replaced as Foreign Minister by Mr Eduard Shevardnadze, now regarded as one of Mr Gorbachev's closest allies.

As the Soviet Ambassador to the United States, Mr Gromyko played an active role in the conferences at Yalta and Potsdam.

He also helped draft the United Nations Charter in 1945. Later he earned the nickname "Mr Nyet" after being named Soviet representative to the Security Council in 1946, casting more than 20 vetoes in two years.

Mr Gromyko was born on

July 18, 1909, of "semi-peasants, semi-workers", to use his own description, in the Belorussian village of Staroye Gromyko from which he derived his name.

He was named in a 1984 book that after almost becoming a fighter pilot — he was older than the age limit of 26 when he applied — and a scientist, he joined the foreign service in 1939.

He owed his first big chance to Stalin, who named him Ambassador to Washington in 1943, recommending that he brush up his English by going to church to listen to the preachers while he was there.

In this he disobeyed Stalin. The first time an ambassador had done so, he said, because he would have been unable to justify his action as the representative of an officially atheist state.

After being appointed as Foreign Minister by Khrushchev in 1957, the non-smoking, non-drinking workaholic threw his main efforts into relations with the US. According to his critics, this policy led him to neglect other parts of the world, including China, Japan and the developing countries.

Seeking to pay homage to his Foreign Minister's almost legendary tenacity and persistence, Khrushchev once said: "If I ask Gromyko to take off his trousers and sit on a block of ice, he will obey and he will

stay there until I tell him to move."

In 1964 Khrushchev was removed, but "Grim Grom" (from the Russian expression for thunder) remained in power. He was challenged in the Ministry by the Soviet defector, Mr Arkady Shevchenko, a former UN Under Secretary-General who served under "Mr Nyet", as quoted a member of Mr Gromyko's family as saying when he was still Foreign Minister that he "lives in the streets of Moscow. All he sees is the view from his car window."

As President, Mr Gromyko came closer to everyday realities, visiting supermarkets and factories exhorting the Soviet population to support Mr Gorbachev's reforms. (AFP)

Voters grow to like Bush's brave new face

From Michael Binyon, Grand Rapids, Michigan

Campaigning is good for Vice-President George Bush. The more he does it, the better he gets. His standard 20-minute stump speech is hard-hitting, well-rehearsed and packed with the one-liners that bring cheers, whistles and applause.

"I haven't had such fun since I debated with that liberal Governor of Massachusetts," he began, for the third time in a day. "As Harry Truman said, I just tell the truth and they think it's hell."

He hit the Internal Revenue, Dukakis on crime, the US Civil Liberties Union and the spending liberals who would tax away all the good of the past eight years.

"Justice in the tax office

will not be tolerated by the President in the Oval Office. I don't believe in revolving doors on prison cells."

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And Mr Bush seems to have found his theme with "Main Street USA" — he is the man who represents mainstream values, whereas Mr Dukakis is a liberal extremist; he is an optimist who takes pride in America, whereas Mr Dukakis is the "gloom and doom" candidate; he wants a "kinder, gentler America" through voluntary effort and rekindled values, whereas Mr Dukakis would use government.

So confident were the campaign managers in his lead that they scheduled a press conference, the first for two weeks. It paid off. Mr Bush

brushed away tough questions like someone dusting fluff off his jacket. He did not wave his arms around like windmills or trip up over his thoughts and his tongue. Even the television journalists, hungry for a gaffe, admitted they were worried.

After being denied access for so long, most people had trouble thinking what to ask the Vice-President. But the Bush campaign is taking nothing for granted. Dukakis is getting better, too, and the gap is closing. The hectic pace could force Mr Bush's new-found discipline to crack.

There is, after all, still another debate to go. But, so far, the image-makers' contest is serving Mr Bush well. He has just more than a month to complete the transformation.

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About 60 million adult potential voters watched the debate, far below the 100 million estimated, but almost exactly the proportion that watched the debates between the candidates in 1984.

Robert Worcester is managing director of the MORI polling organization.

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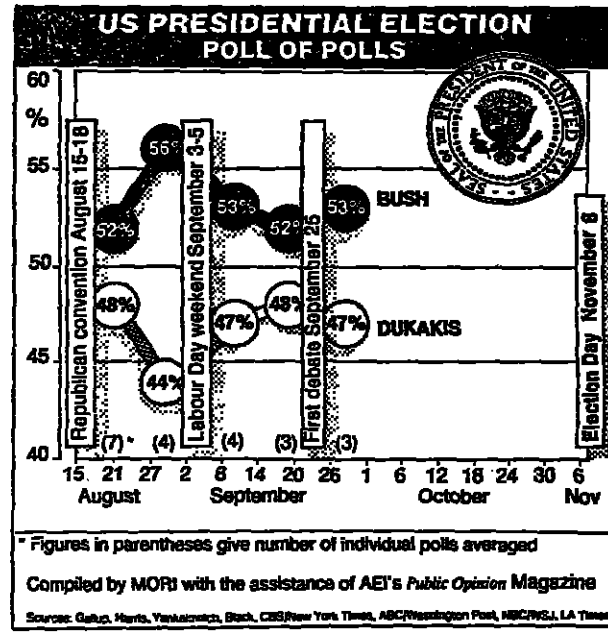
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US ELECTION



Bonn proposal for closer links with Britain on defence

From Richard Owen, Bonn

Senior West German officials have drawn up proposals for a joint Anglo-German commission on defence and security to parallel growing defence co-operation between Bonn and Paris.

The proposals, to be discussed during the visit to Bonn next week by Mr George Younger, Secretary of State for Defence, come as the first troops of the new 4,000-strong Franco-German brigade arrive at their new base near Stuttgart this weekend.

But officials said the proposed commission would not be as far-reaching in scope as the Franco-German Defence Council set up last January.

In an interview with *The Times* at his office in Bonn, Herr Rupert Scholz, the West German Defence Minister, praised the "quiet alliance" between Britain and West Germany and said Bonn favoured close co-operation on defence between Bonn, Paris and London.

But Herr Scholz emphasized that Europe "cannot defend itself alone and still needs the effective support of the United States".

Herr Scholz said Britain and West Germany had a special friendly relationship because of the presence of 70,000 British troops in the country. He said that Anglo-Franco-German co-operation in defence matters could include a

"close dovetailing" of new weapons development.

The object must be "to strengthen the European pillar without losing sight of the Americans", Herr Scholz said. He suggested that Britain had a special role to play in the development of European defence, providing "the central pillar of the bridge between Europe and America".

Some European officials regard growing co-operation between West Germany, Britain and France as a way of bringing the French back into the fold of the Western alliance. France left Nato's military structure in 1966.

Herr Scholz said that the Franco-German Brigade, regarded by some as symbolic, was "an important step on this path — although it must be borne in mind that it is not the goal of French policy to become reintegrated into Nato's military structure".

West German officials are fully aware of British suspicions of the Franco-German axis. But Herr Scholz said that Franco-German co-operation did not amount to a "special path" but offered a model for other bilateral arrangements.

The impetus towards a joint European defence arises from European concern over superpower arms control negotiations affecting European interests, the revival of the seven-nation Western European

Union, and the trend towards European integration by 1992. But bilateral links have been hindered by differing national defence interests.

West Germany, because of its geopolitical situation, has a special relationship with the East bloc, and regards the proposed modernization of short-range nuclear weapons in Europe as a sensitive issue.

Herr Scholz said the WEU had "decisive significance" for the Bonn-London-Paris triangle, and the long-term aim of the WEU should be a European Security Union.

Herr Scholz, a Berlin lawyer by background, has come under fire since he took over this summer from Herr Manfred Wörner, now Secretary-General of Nato. Herr Scholz has been accused of encroaching on the ground of Herr Hans-Dietrich Genscher, the veteran Foreign Minister, by expressing strong views on East-West relations and the continuing Soviet threat.

Mr Younger will visit British army and RAF units in West Germany and speak on European defence in Hamburg. Two weeks ago President Richard von Weizsäcker of West Germany made a tour of the British Army on the Rhine and praised British troops and their families for standing "shoulder-to-shoulder" with the Germans in the fight against terrorism.



The Duke and Duchess of York sharing a moment at the reception ceremony marking their arrival in Sydney yesterday.

Protesters threaten sail-past in Sydney

From Christopher Morris, Sydney

In a day of protest as the Duke and Duchess of York arrived here yesterday for Australia's biggest spectacle of the bicentenary year, the naval salute, anti-nuclear demonstrators scaled the roof of the Sydney Opera House and IRA sympathizers shouted abuse at the royal visitors.

Led by a grandmother aged 50, five protesters clambered 150 ft to the top of Sydney's famous landmark and tied a banner to the roof declaring "Nuclear-free seas".

They defied police and security men for more than an hour until a tactical response group, using climbing equipment, launched their own assault on the slippery roof.

The protesters made the dangerous ascent barefoot without any safety apparatus to make a protest against the presence of warships they said were carrying nuclear arms.

The IRA protest was in nearby Darling Harbour, where the Duke and Duchess arrived for their official welcome to Sydney. It was low-key compared with demonstrations during royal visits earlier this year.

As the Duke and Duchess approached, the demonstrators unfurled banners demanding "British troops out of Ireland" and chanted slogans. There could be further trouble today when the Duke of York takes the salute at the bicentenary sailpast in which 61 warships and 17,000 sailors of 16 nations are taking part.

Madrid prepares for Eta crackdown

From Philip Jacobson, Madrid

The political factors that dictated the Spanish Government's refusal to allow an intelligence officer to testify at the Gibraltar IRA inquest in May reflect a change of heart in Madrid about the need to combat terrorism.

That decision comes, in fact, at a moment when the authorities appear to be contemplating a tough new offensive intended to deal the Basque separatist movement, Eta, a fatal blow.

The apparent failure of attempts to negotiate a peace package with senior Eta figures living in exile appears to have persuaded the Government to revert to a harder line against terrorists still operating within the country.

The Justice Minister, Señor Enrique Múgica, has made it clear he opposes contacts with the separatist leaders. As he sees it, the final phase of the campaign to smash Eta has begun, "although no

one can say how long it will take to eradicate the terrorists completely".

In an interview with *The Times* earlier this month, Señor González took a rather more cautious line. "In my view, we have made great progress in this fight ... but even if a lot of time passes between terrorist attacks, an isolated incident that claims a couple of victims can easily give the impression that our society is still under threat."

In fact, Eta is still capable of mounting damaging operations. At one level its assassination squads continue to do away with "enemies of the Basque people" in the Eta heartland. The hardliners' capacity to mount more spectacular operations against official targets may have diminished under a security offensive, but they still pose a considerable threat.

It is still unclear what, if any, progress was made in the secret contacts which Madrid opened with Eta representatives

based in Algeria little more than a year ago. According to some official sources, these never went much beyond a proposal to open negotiations, provided that Eta operations in Spain were halted.

The fact that this has not happened tends to confirm reports that the exiles no longer exercise real control of the groups operating in Spain. A bomb attack temporarily halted contacts with the Algerian-based leadership and no sooner were these re-established than Eta in Madrid kidnapped a prominent entrepreneur, Señor Emiliano Revilla, and the Government backed off again.

Señor Revilla is beginning his ninth month in captivity and the prospect of talks resuming seems remote. According to some insiders, the failure to find him increasingly displeases Señor González. It undoubtedly contributed to his decision in July to dismiss the two ministers most closely involved in the campaign against Eta.

Pretoria woos black states

Botha drive to end isolation continues with talks in Zaire

From Michael Hornsby, Johannesburg

As part of a continuing drive to end South Africa's diplomatic isolation in Africa, President Botha is to fly to a remote village in Zaire today for talks with President Mobutu, who has ruled the former Belgian Congo ruthlessly since 1965.

Earlier this month the South African leader made his first official visits to black African states when he met President Chissano of Mozambique and President Banda of Malawi. He appears to be trying to compensate for a political stalemate at home by showing that he can talk to black leaders abroad.

In Kinshasa, a senior Zairean official reportedly said the weekend meeting would be held at a country lodge in Ghazal, a village in the northern rain forest of Zaire where President Mobutu grew up.

The official said that the talks, organized during a secret visit to Kinshasa earlier this year by Mr R.F. "Pik" Botha, the South African Foreign Minister, would lay the groundwork for a summit of several African leaders, including President Botha, to discuss the problems of southern Africa.

The South African leader is expected to return to Pretoria tomorrow.

South African government sources confirmed that Mr Botha's foray into the "heart of darkness" — from the title of Joseph Conrad's novel set there — would take place, but by late yesterday were still refusing official comment.

It is understood that Pretoria had hoped that other African leaders, including President Dos Santos of Angola, would attend the Zaire meeting.

It appears, however, that the South Africans have overplayed their hand by attempting to force the pace of rapprochement.

Things might have turned

out differently if more progress had been made this week in the continuing peace talks between Angolan, Cuban and South African negotiators in Brazzaville, capital of Zaire's Marxist neighbour, the People's Republic of the Congo.

The latest round of talks ended inconclusively on Thursday, with no agreement in sight on the crucial issue of a timetable for the withdrawal of more than 50,000 Cuban troops from Angola. Pretoria says it will not implement the UN independence plan for Namibia unless a timetable is agreed first.

In a joint statement issued after the talks, the three Governments said they had agreed to meet again in Brazzaville at a date still to be fixed, adding that they were still aiming at November 1 as the starting date for the seven-month transition to Namibia's independence in terms of UN Security Council Resolution 435. But few people now think this target is realistic.

Sources close to the Brazzaville talks said yesterday that Dr Chester Crocker, the American mediator, had proposed a two-year period for a phased Cuban withdrawal — a compromise between the four years initially suggested by the Cubans and the one year demanded by the South Africans.

But there were still reported to be wide differences over exactly how many Cubans would be left in Angola at each stage of the withdrawal process, as well as over exactly where and how they would be deployed.

The Angolan Government is reluctant to dispense with Cuban military assistance too soon because of doubts about its ability to contain the threat posed by the Unita rebels of Dr Jonas Savimbi, who hitherto have enjoyed South African support as well as American arms supplies.

Chile torture claim

New evidence that the German religious enclave in Chile, *Colonia Dignidad*, has been used as a detention and torture centre by President Pinochet's Government was presented in London yesterday by Amnesty International (Anne McElvoy writes). Mr Walter Kovecamp, an Amnesty official, said there was "continuing and powerful co-operation" between the colony and Chilean security forces.

Crash toll

Miami (AP) — A small aircraft on a flight from the Dominican Republic crashed in south-eastern Cuba, killing all six passengers. Two victims were believed to be Spanish.

Truce longer

Managua (AFP) — Nicaragua is to extend by 30 days a unilateral truce, due to expire today, with the Contra rebels.

Defector ill

Jacksonville (AP) — The former Soviet Union Secretary-General who defected, Mr Arkady Shchekuro, was taken to hospital after collapsing during a speech in Florida.

Australia ban

Canberra (AP) — Australia refused entry visas to two former members of the South African Defence Force who were hoping to attend an aviation convention, and said the move was in line with its anti-apartheid policy.

Italians killed

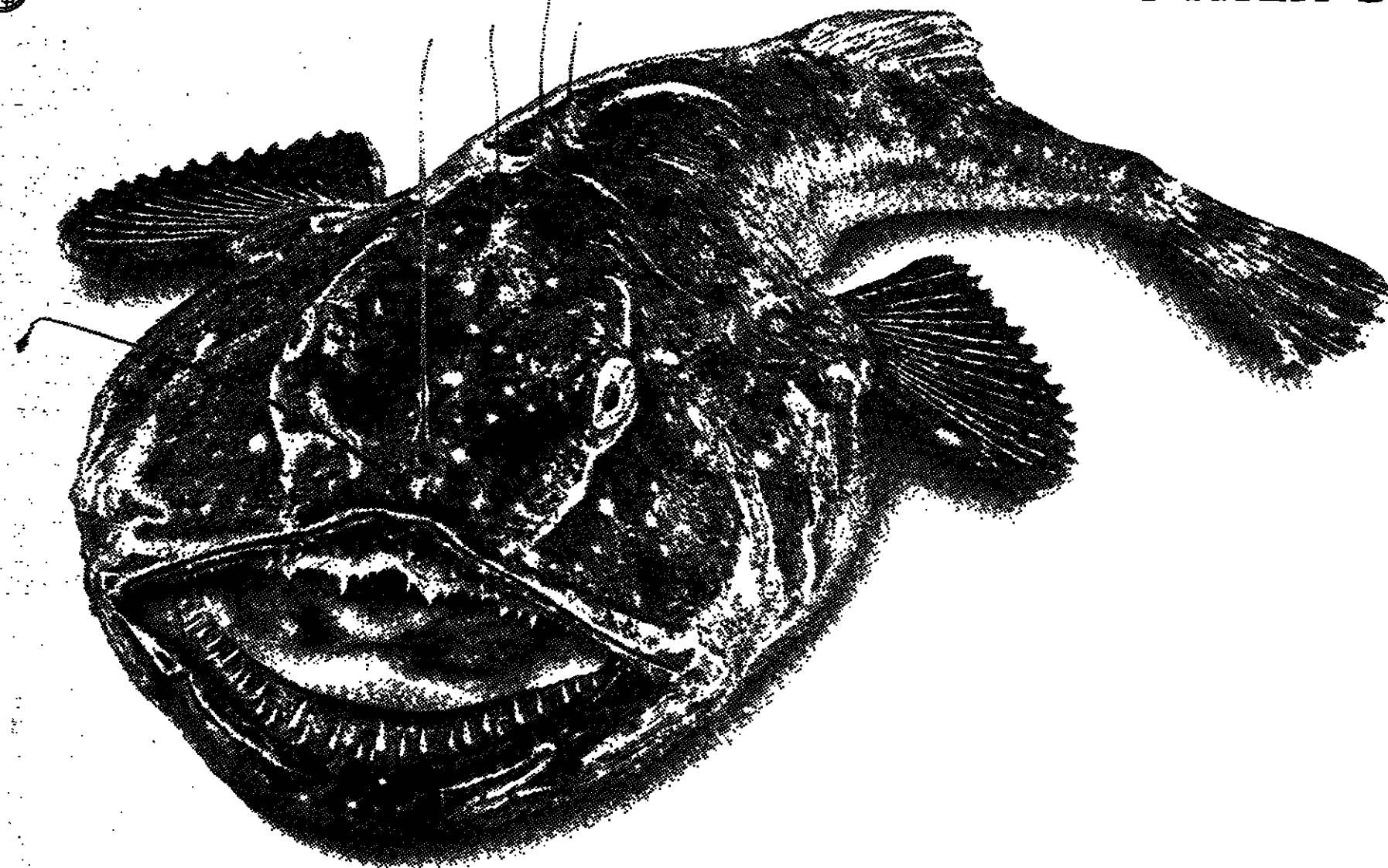
Vienna (AP) — Five sleeping Italians were killed when a lorry hit their caravan, illegally parked in the accident lane of a motorway.

Lean harvest

The US grain harvest will fall below consumption this year, possibly for the first time in history, according to the US Worldwatch Institute.



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Students prepare for Burma offensive



Burmese students receiving basic training on using a mortar at a camp near the Thai-Burmese border.

Thousands of students are preparing to launch a guerrilla campaign against the army regime in Rangoon from this secret base and others along the border (Neil Kelly writes from Bangkok).

Students told *The Times* that they would be ready to go into action in three or four months, unless Burma had a freely elected democratic government by then.

But they would back a government led by the three most prominent opposition leaders, former General Tin U, former Brigadier-General Aung Gyi and Daw Aung San San Kyi, daughter of Burma's hero, General Aung San.

Weapons and other supplies had been procured in border areas, and help had been promised by Burmese communities in Western countries.

The students said that, while the help of minority groups, such as the Karen and the Mon, rebelling against Rangoon for 40 years, was needed, they want to remain as independent as possible. But the camp seen here is Karen.

Security alert at Seoul Olympics

More guards than runners for marathon

From Gavin Bell
Seoul

A huge security net around the Seoul Olympics has been drawn even tighter to guard against possible attacks by militant students and terrorists in the closing stages.

The danger was highlighted by a fire-bomb assault on the main American military base at Yongsan in a central area of the city yesterday. Five students hurled 14 petrol bombs into the compound from a highway overpass and nine of them exploded. Guards extinguished the flames and no one was injured. The assailants evaded arrest.

Soon afterwards five more students were detained outside the US Embassy while trying to present a letter demanding the withdrawal of US forces from Korea.

The actions coincide with a disturbing increase in anti-Americanism, fuelled by several controversial incidents during the Games. Of more specific concern to the Olympics organizers, the students

have threatened to disrupt the men's marathon on Sunday.

As a result, the race along the banks of the Han river is likely to be the most heavily guarded in sporting history. Security forces forming three lines of defence will outnumber the 133 competitors by more than 300 to one.

Police sources say that 36,000 officers will be deployed along the route, along with 7,500 para-military troops. Some 100 armed commandos will be riding in vans to the front and rear of the runners, and an undisclosed number of snipers will be on the roofs of tall buildings.

About 250 students took direct action against the Games for the first time yesterday when they blocked the entrance to the hockey stadium by lying in the roadway. The West German men's team, arriving for a practice match before playing Britain in the final today, had to walk around them.

Security is visibly more

strict in the Olympic stadiums, tourist hotels and related venues. An apparent relaxation of screening measures ended abruptly on Wednesday when dogs trained to detect explosives appeared at several competition sites.

Uniformed police have been increasing regular checks of parked vehicles with telescopic mirrors, even those that have already been physically searched. More steel barriers have been erected around the main press centre, and even public toilets are permanently manned by male and female officers.

A security source said: "Past experience has shown that security operations can become lax as time goes on. If there are any terrorists around, that is precisely what they look for. That is why our vigil has increased."

Relations between South Korea and the United States are daily becoming more strained over American media coverage of the Games.

The row began last week

with the furore at an Olympic boxing match, which fuelled anti-American sentiments here and provided an intriguing insight into Koreans' sensitivity to criticism.

The gloves came off when Korean officials assaulted the New Zealand referee, Keith Walker, after one of their boxers had been beaten by a Bulgarian.

The initial Korean reaction was apparent the following day in a report in *The Korea Times*, headlined: "Unfair judging spoils Olympic boxing bouts." The article condemned "biased judging" and informed readers pointedly that the chief of the referees was Bulgarian.

By Saturday more sober judgements and a sense of remorse prevailed, possibly as a result of adverse publicity from coverage of the incident by the American television network NBC.

The *Korea Herald* quoted citizens as saying the conduct of the Korean boxing officials had been disgraceful, and it

underlined the point with an editorial denouncing it.

On Sunday, however, the tide turned again after two American swimmers had absconded with a sculpture from a hotel while celebrating winning gold medals.

The *Herald* returned to the attack by accusing NBC of biased and malicious reporting of the boxing incident, and of glossing over the behaviour of the inebriated swimmers.

Dong-A Ilbo, a vernacular daily, took up the theme: "We must consider carefully why our foreign friends are so ready to pick on our weaknesses and shortcomings while we are doing so much to welcome them."

More disturbing for US-Korean relations, Mr Park Jun Byung, secretary-general of the ruling Democratic Justice Party, said: "A series of biased and excessively distorted reports of non-sports fields, focused largely on negative phenomena, are being aired by NBC." The coverage "could fuel anti-Americanism".

FROM A VILLAGE IN THE HIMALAYAS

The price a bride has to pay for the sins of her erring parents

By Victor Zorza and Venu Sandal

Many young men cast admiring glances at Panno, but no one would marry her. The other village women envied her red cheeks and flashing black eyes, yet they wouldn't be in her shoes — not, they said, for 10,000 rupees.

When her parents — the father a high-caste, the mother a low-caste — defied the ban on inter-marriage 16 years ago, theirs was the first union in these mountains between a Rajput and a Harijan. Shunned, treated as outcasts (as recounted in a recent column), Kamla and Naru were still paying the penalty — and so, now, was their daughter. In an area in which no woman is ever left unmarried, she would be the first girl in the village for whom no wedding drums and trumpets would sound.

Kamla and Naru had employed every stratagem they could think of to ensure some young man. They announced that they would waive the bride price, which a husband pays for a wife — usually about 4,000 rupees (£180). All they wanted was a man, any man, Rajput or Harijan, even with a squint, rich or poor. But no high-caste Rajput wanted to marry a low-caste girl with a Harijan mother, and no Harijan wanted to marry a girl with a Rajput father.

As an inducement, Kamla and Naru offered a plot of land, but still there were no suitors. Desperate, Kamla was reduced to asking visitors from town, where caste restrictions were less rigid, to find a husband for his daughter.

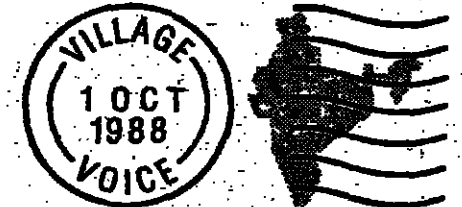
One by one all the girls of Panno's age were married. Panno grew listless, her eyes shone no longer, she neglected the household chores. Villagers who went past the family's hut often saw unwashed clothes and pots and pans piled on the ground outside the door. But there was little sympathy for the outcasts. "We warned them years ago that no good would come of flouting age-old traditions," villagers said. "Now they are reaping what they sowed."

To be left unmarried, the village believed, was "the worst fate that could befall any woman". Kamla was already known as "the man who married a Harijan". Now Panno became "the girl nobody would marry". She learned to keep out of sight to avoid the scornful looks which replaced the admiring glances that once followed her.

A few days before the wheat harvest was due, Panno, emerging suddenly from her isolation, went down to the communal cap. Taken aback, the women, gossiping as always while waiting to fill their buckets, fell silent and then began whispering.

For days the villagers made one wild guess after another, but their curiosity remained unsatisfied. In the end it was the tailor who put an end to all speculation.

Next Saturday: A villager comes into a fortune



cattle, others collected leaves or pulled out stray prickly shrubs bordering the path. Drums and trumpets heralded the approach of the wedding procession.

As the wedding party, singing and dancing, wound its way towards Kamla's hut, all eyes were on the bridegroom. Even the elaborate wedding head-dress which veiled his face couldn't hide the truth. Panno, resplendent in bridal finery, recoiled at the sight.

Abiding by custom, she had never questioned her parents' choice of a husband. She had not even seen him. Now, at 17, she was being bound to an old man, at least three times her age.

"I had to get her married somehow," Kamla defended herself testily later. "Because of what I did years ago, she was disowned by both Harijans and Rajputs, condemned to remain unwed."

"By marrying her to a mature Rajput of substance from town, who doesn't care, I have given her back her caste."

"My children were outcasts," Kamla explained. "Hara won't be."

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TIMES DIARY

SIMON BARNES

South Korea is in the middle of a flat-out propaganda war with the United States in general, and the NBC television company in particular. Resentment of America and all who sail in her long been a South Korean characteristic — despite (or in some cases because of) those thousands of American troops stationed in the country who for the past 40 years have kept the south out of the clutches of the communist North.

Now the way NBC reported last week's boxing fracas has really stirred things up. NBC — obtainable here on the American Forces channel — was accused of "biased coverage" of the incident, in which more than a dozen Koreans set about the ref after a Korean had lost on a disputed decision.

The Americans, with all their virtues on their side, then played into Korean hands. When the American gold medal winner, Troy Dalbey, and his pal Doug Gjertsen nicked a plaster lion from a bar in a stupid prank last weekend, all South Korea rubbed its hands in glee and returned self-righteousness for self-righteousness. After a six-hour interrogation of the swimmers, copious editorializing, and demand for exemplary sentences, a decision not to prosecute was finally made on Thursday.

The situation has reached the point at which, according to some reports, NBC people have been recommended not to wear their distinctive peacock logo in public. Now NBC employees have made things worse. One of their number tried to order a set of unofficial team sweatshirts. These involved a "Chase 88" slogan and the phrase "We're boxing — we're bad".

There was also a parody of the Korean flag, which is made up of philosophical/religious emblems. The man from the T-shirt shop promptly leaked the designs to the press, and NBC is currently grovelling. I score that as 2-1 Korea. They are not disposed to minimize this triumph.

Best names at the Olympics: archery gives us not one but two memorable persons: the Frenchman, O. Heck, and the Korean, Lee Han-sup. Get it?

I'm afraid I have more news about the Australian gold medal winning swimmer, Duncan Armstrong. His success has provoked a revival of the classic Australian song. I'd like to have a beer with Duncan. The song is by a man called Slim Dusty, no doubt an assumed name. Here is part of the truly original lyric:

*I'd like to have a beer with Duncan,
I'd like to have a beer with Duncan,
I'd like to have a beer with Duncan,
Because he's me mate.*

I have some news from Bulgaria: giving birth is a good thing, because it can make you swim faster. The Bulgarians' chief coach, Pancho Gyorukov, said after Tania Dangelakova had won the 100 metres breast-stroke: "Her baby, which she had last year, was a turning point in her career, as it got her really excited about life in general, but also swimming once again. It was an interesting experiment. Perhaps this will become a new idea for coaches whose swimmers are stale and losing interest."

Best Olympics rumour: that the top American synchronized swimmer, Tracie Ruiz Comfuto, has taken a course of lessons (in some versions therapy) to "make her smile less irritating". It was denied by an American official: "So far as I know, Tracie's always smiled like that."

Although baseball is only a demonstration game this time, one of the contenders for the most extraordinary achievement of the Games is the American Jim Abbott, who pitched all nine innings of the final against Japan, which the US won 5-3. Extraordinary because Abbott has only one arm. He tucks his glove under the stump of his right, and after he has pitched with his left, jams his only hand into the glove. He is fast, said to have a 95 mph delivery, and despite the handicap, can: field, too.

In one of the memorable plays of the final, Abbott made a crucial stop, whipped off his glove and threw his man out — all, necessarily, with the one hand. Now the major league teams will have to take him seriously: rumours abound that after this victory he can count on a contract.

The telephone rings out in the Olympic Press Village, and from 10,000 miles away comes the voice of my racing snout. "Back Unfuwain in the Arc on Sunday," he said. "And you like him, old friend from last year, Tony Bin, each way." "Right," I said. "Don't take a price," he added. "You'll get better odds at SP." Nice to know, when far from home, that people still care.

Best ambiguous quote of the weeks from Carl Lewis, on the Ben Johnson drugs scandal: "I just hope and pray that this doesn't turn out to be a false allegation which spoils the memory of the Olympics."

As if NBC did not have troubles enough, their ratings are down. The Games represent a \$400 million investment for them, but the ratings are 15-20 per cent lower than they had promised their advertisers. Perhaps this is because, with proper competition, America does not win everything. In sight of American failure does not sit easily on their outrageous Mary-Decker was-third-with-a-couple-of-foreigners-in-front-of-her approach. Whatever the reason, they are having to give out free advertising time as compensation, though they maintain stoutly that they will still make a profit.

Not everything has quite gone to plan at the Games. A medal ceremony at the yachting was enlivened by a fireworks display: a nice, spectacular idea, as I am sure you will agree. A shame, then, that the fireworks set the hillside alight. It took 20 fire engines to cope with the blaze. Meanwhile, yet another nonsense enlivened the endless proceedings at the boxing. On Tuesday, the Soviet light heavyweight, Mourmagoine Chavanzov, was given a standing eight count. The Soviet boxer was puzzled. So were the judges. Chavanzov had just decked his opponent. The referee then began counting all over again, this time over the right boxer.

Kenneth Baker's address to university vice-chancellors and principals on Wednesday was radical, serious, forthright, perceptive and challenging. It is a measure of the malaise that grips much of higher education today that many more will be against his proposals than declare that he has not yet gone far enough.

After the sound and fury of the passage of the Education Reform Act, universities are left wondering in the temporary lull whether the world has really changed at all. Mr Baker reassures us that "the Government, with your help, has now struck a fair balance between the public interest and your right" (a better word might have been *duty*) "to manage your own affairs." But he goes on to call for clearer statements of the purposes for which public funds are made available, and clearer accountability for their use. He is right.

Purpose and accountability are the twin principles which underlie the main issues he identifies. They are, in brief, the separation of the funding of research and teaching, the need to vet the quality of university education, and the provision of broader (but not less rigorous)

Christopher Ball assesses Kenneth Baker's university thinking

Fine—for a preliminary

education between 16 and 18. In the first three cases it is fair to ask the universities to clarify their purposes and improve accountability; in the fourth, the same demands might well be made of the Government.

We want more graduates and better research. So we need (on the one hand) more colleges and polytechnics — and universities — which put teaching first, and (on the other) a concentration of the high costs of original research in a smaller number of world-class departments and universities. There is no logic in the argument that more students should require a matching increase in original research — any more than in the idea that a decrease in one should lead to a reduction of the other.

This is now widely understood in higher education. The polytechnics and colleges, educating the majority of our students, are

not funded for original research. But they do a good teaching job and their teachers are required to pursue "scholarship" — a word I would define as "advanced study undertaken to improve the quality of teaching".

Mr Baker's clear distinction between original research and "scholarship for teaching" is fundamental and important. He proposes a separation in the funding of teaching (including the costs of scholarship) and research, recognizes the need for greater selectivity and concentration in the funding of university research, but regrettably draws back from the obvious conclusion that we need to identify a small number (perhaps a dozen) of "research universities" and persuade the rest to put teaching first.

Separate funding for teaching and research will help to focus attention on the conditions for

good teaching. So will effective arrangements for the evaluation and monitoring of university teaching. These exist already in the polytechnics and colleges, but (at present) the universities are left to evaluate teaching for themselves. Some do this better than others. Mr Baker has noticed that in other countries (France and Holland, for example) university teaching is now subject to external evaluation: what should be done here to provide the greatest benefit for our students? I shall be interested to see whether the vice-chancellors and principals reach the right conclusion.

How are we to pay for higher education? Mr Baker is clear — and probably correct — that no foreseeable British government is likely to increase taxation and public spending substantially, especially on the universities. So resources must be sought else-

where: from business and industry, from alumni, and from the students themselves.

We must contemplate not only a system of student loans (to supplement the inadequate grant), but also higher fees — possibly student vouchers — not all of which will be recoverable from public funds. These are the right questions to ask, and the right answers to suggest, if we are to expand the provision of higher education and restore it to full health. Once again, I am struck by the penetration of the analysis, and by the tentative nature of the conclusions.

The Government, we now learn, did not reject the Higginson report on the reform of A levels. This will surprise the members of Professor Higginson's committee; and they may find it difficult to recognize their proposals in Mr Baker's attempt to reconcile the "key principles"

of Higginson with the old formula of AS levels combined with a curious creature described as "evolving but still rigorous A levels".

It won't do. Well before 1992 we must look at the question of 16-18 academic education again and design a genuinely broad and tough system like the Scottish Highers or the International Baccalaureate. The question is no longer whether to replace A levels, it is when and how.

Nevertheless, Mr Baker is to be applauded. His speech articulates most of the major issues confronting higher education in this country (and in others). I believe that the solutions suggested are on the right lines, though the terminus is by no means yet in view. Like him, "I do not believe that we have by any means reached the end of the process of reform. I foresee a period of evolutionary change which, by the end of the century, if not before, will result in a distinctly different regime from the one that we have now."

Whether he is thinking of universities or governments, I am sure he is right.

Sir Christopher Ball is chairman of the National Advisory Body for Public Sector Higher Education.

Simon Denison

Reading behind the lines

When Aristotle said that poetry is more philosophical and more worthy of study even than history, he started a debate that remains unresolved to this day and still shows no sign of flagging. Should poetry be studied, or just read? Can a scholarly critical apparatus enhance the pleasure of reading poetry, or must it always kill it?

Aesthetes and Bohemians, and probably most poets, have always been deeply offended by too close an intellectual inspection of the art. "Even when poetry has a meaning, as it usually has," wrote A.E. Housman, "it may be inadvisable to draw it out. Perfect understanding will sometimes almost extinguish pleasure."

The meaning of poetry, he might have added, is not something that can be adequately expressed in clumsier prose.

Few poetry lovers would disagree with that thesis. But the less fastidious of them, that is, academics and critics, students facing exams, schoolchildren and their teachers, dinner party show-offs and, of course, down-to-earth ordinary people who sometimes find it all a bit hard to understand, know that poetry can often benefit from a little explanation.

Fortunately for them a number of publishers have expanding lists of "complete works", which are annotated to a number of academic levels. An example is Penguin. In addition to its Penguin English Poets series, which contains a full line-by-line, obscure-line critique of the poetry, it is now starting a new series primarily for sixth-formers, known as the Penguin Poetry Library, in which every poem is accompanied by a single paragraph of general explanation. And the Longman annotated English Poets series, perhaps the most admired by academics, recently published a three-volume Tennyson, which proves that there is still scope and a market for these things. But no 20th-century English poet has yet been annotated in this way. A dozen or so anthologies of 20th-century poetry exist with annotation for lower grades at school, but that is all. Numerous books of criticism and biographies have of course been



written about 20th-century poets, but although some of these are widely available, most are useful only for academics with easy access to libraries and plenty of time to sit in them.

There are two reasons for this. First, the poets themselves are often unwilling to risk being mangled during their lifetime by a poor editor. One hot-head is Adrian Mitchell. He was set to be studied for the Oxford and Cambridge O level in 1987, but he refused to be examined. Thom Gunn had to be set at the last minute in his place.

Another was Dylan Thomas, who was well known for his dislike of explaining his own poetry. A story is told about him in which someone in the audience at a poetry reading asked him to explain a poem he had just read. "Certainly," he said, and read the poem out from start to finish a second time.

The second reason is the law of copyright, which makes it prohibitively expensive for any

but the original publisher to publish a poet's work until 50 years after his death. It so happens that Faber & Faber holds the copyright on most of the best 20th-century English language poets — Eliot, Pound, Auden, MacNeice, Spender, Larkin, Hughes, Plath, Durrell, and Meany, to name but a few; and Faber is uninterested in annotation.

Faber fits firmly in the first camp, with the aesthetes. "If a poet puts in some recalcitrant allusion," explains Christopher Reid, deputy poetry editor, "it's the reader's job — and part of his pleasure — to go and find out what the poet means. And anyway, we are not an educational publisher." Some of Faber's poets are less in need of explanatory notes than others, but it is the long-suffering reader whose pleasure is put to the test when tackling Ezra Pound's 117 Cantos without help.

Pervading Faber's view is the belief that only the obsolete language and arcane historical references of poets of long ago can be explained in the same volume as the text, without detracting from the text itself.

Penguin, which scorns this view, plans a fully annotated Yeats for 1990, when Macmillan loses copyright control, and a Thomas Hardy edition after that. But note-lovers will have to wait a good deal longer for Faber's poets, many of whom (this is no complaint, of course) are still very much alive.

Unless some fully edited and annotated collections are published of the work of the more difficult of our modern poets, education could suffer badly. This year's report by Her Majesty's Inspectorate about the teaching of poetry found that it was frequently very poor.

Already, according to the chief examiner of the Oxford and Cambridge Board, Reginald Alton, schools tend to study as

little poetry as they can get away with. Why? Because poetry is more difficult than drama or novels; it requires more elementary elucidation.

Schoolchildren are already used to annotation from their studies of Shakespeare, if of nothing else. To communicate the beauty and excitement of good poetry, there is, of course, no substitute for a good teacher. If all teachers were able to teach poetry well, there would be little to worry about. But in the world as it is, there is much that an editor could do to illuminate Auden, Eliot or Plath for schoolchildren unused to reading anything so dense with meaning, images and allusions.

Alton is unimpressed, however, with the notion that more annotation is needed, and annotation carries little weight with him when setting texts for A levels. "Annotated texts encourage the study of notes," he says, "rather than the study of poems."

Yet, with other examiners, his influence on whether or not texts are published with annotation is very great. No educational publisher would risk the venture unless it thought its book would be set for schools. The high costs of annotation are a deterrent even to non-educational publishers; but they, too, would annotate more readily if schools provided them with a surer market.

Some publishers estimate that it could be three times more expensive to publish annotated poetry than to publish the poetry unadorned. Those that do annotate, of course, consider the exercise worthwhile, even if not always financially. But not Faber. "It would be hugely expensive," says Reid, "to do a complete annotated Pound. It would have to be three volumes, not one. The critical notes would have to be set in a different typeface. And there's paying the editor to do the work in the first place."

Over-annotation is undesirable, of course. The American poet Randall Jarrell launched one of the most scathing attacks on scholarship for its own sake, rather than for the sake of the poetry, in his 1955 essay *The Age of Criticism*. Never before, he complained, had such a huge volume of criticism existed in magazines, books and editions of texts. Some of it was good, he admitted, "but a great deal of it might just as well have been written by a syndicate of encyclopaedias for an audience of International Business Machines."

"It is not only bad or mediocre, it is dull; it is, often, an astonishingly graceless, joyless, humourless, long-winded, nagging, blink-blink, methodical, self-important, pedantic, almost-autonomous criticism. Who can believe that either writers or readers are helped by most of the great leaden articles on Great or currently fashionable writers?"

Such criticism obscures. It is worse than no criticism at all. But no criticism at all in the convenient form of textual annotation could mean that some of our greatest modern poets will be as good as lost to most people for a generation.

Commentary • PETER BRIMELOW

On permanent autocue

New York. Watching George Bush and Michael Dukakis poking ponderously at each other last Sunday night made me think of the early Roman gladiators, heavily armoured and rarely hurt, before enterprising promoters transformed the games and attracted ravenous crowds by sending naked combatants into the arena to fight to the death with razor-sharp knives.

It's rare for very much to happen in an American presidential debate. With little of substance to seize on, the range of opinion afterwards can be extraordinary, even among people who agree politically. But backers I spoke to this week ranged from ecstatic to disgusted. That is not good enough for Governor Dukakis, who is in a relatively weak strategic situation in this sixth year of economic expansion and needs nothing less than an outright kill. But the plain fact is that American politicians generally lack the debating abilities to inflict a mortal wound.

Debate, in the parliamentary sense, is not part of the American legislative process. The floor of the Senate, for example, is usually almost empty. Senators wander in and out and confer with their aides, who are allowed to sit with them. Speeches are read from prepared texts, copies of which are often handed over after the first few lines to be reprinted in full in the Congressional Record, the equivalent to *Hansard*, complete with voluminous supporting documents.

Much of the so-called colloquy between senators is carefully scripted, designed not to sway opinion but to provide a printed "legislative history" that in theory forms the basis for subsequent court interpretations. American institutions are constantly evolving, and since Franklin D. Roosevelt's time it has become expected that presidents submit themselves to periodic live press conferences. But although these are increasingly confrontational, they are not the duel of professionals that goes on at every Question Time in the House of Commons.

The American debating difference, however, goes even deeper. Schoolchildren, and even some university students, are taught to debate "on topic" — teams research given subjects in advance and come armed with file cards from which to read their lines, essentially ignoring the opposition. There are competitive circuits at university level in which debates are "off topic", with subject and side decided at short notice, partly because of the participation of Canadian colleges which have a more impromptu and adversarial tradition.

But "on topic" habits linger on: facts are still more important than forensic ability, so that teams struggle to twist subjects in familiar directions and, unlike Britain, judges give no points for skilful heckling. Observers speculate that Americans' debaters inexperience at thinking on their feet has cost them the success in international tournaments that

their numbers might perhaps have otherwise warranted.

And even this may not settle the matter. Canada, in this respect as in so many others, serves as a control for any US-British comparison. And while Canadians have parliamentary institutions and a tradition of impromptu debate, it is probably true that they have had few outstanding parliamentarians in the British sense (the late John Diefenbaker was a possible exception).

Among the several factors at work here is the fact that the culture of English-speaking North America has been less literary, and more numerate, than that of Britain.

That is why American editors invariably admire the writing in British newspapers — and are appalled by the casual inaccuracy. Major publications here have evolved a specialized breed of fact-checker to verify the writer's work, a parallel command structure rather like the Red Army's political commissars. American politicians may not need to be brilliant debaters, but they are crucially tested in other ways. Political campaigning is endless and exhausting, with cameras ever-present to record the slightest twitch.

The loose party system, with nominations sought competitively in full-scale primary elections, means that each candidate must develop and motivate his own organization. An otherwise unappealing apparatus such as Edward Heath would have difficulty in emerging at the top. And

although verbal dexterity may not be ultimately vital, there is an amazing diversity of subtle and unspoken signals to be spotted and seized — which is what underlies Bush's discovery and use of the Pledge of Allegiance issue.

Finally, American politicians have to face television advertising without any of the various restrictions that incumbents in parliamentary countries have thoughtfully legislated to protect themselves. Anyone who has watched opinion melting and reforming as it does under the glare of television in the early stages of the American primary season can have no doubt that this is a devastatingly effective form of debate.

Advertisements such as political speeches are the work of hired specialists, of course. But the candidate must take responsibility of final approval. Not everyone has the wit of Senator Mitch McConnell of Kentucky, whose advertisements in 1984 showed bloodhounds sniffing for his incipient opponent in vacation spots where he collected fees for speeches while the Senate was in session, finally locating him hiding in a tree.

And not everyone has the stomach of Senator Al D'Amato of New York, whose 1980 commercials showing a poster peeling off a wall successfully insinuated that his ageing opponent, the widely respected liberal Republican Jacob Javits, was senile and about to die. The author is a senior editor of *Forbes Magazine*.

OCT 1 ON THIS DAY 1912

The Nile island of Philae was partially submerged by the building of the old Aswan Dam in 1902. The temples and statues were restored on higher ground in the 1960s.

"BY HIM WHO SLEEPS IN PHILAE" TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES

Sir, — As one of the first who drew public attention, some 14 years ago, through the columns of *The Times*, to the threatened submergence of Philae, permit me to protest against the apology offered by Sir Henry Knollys in *The Times* of to-day for this now consummated act of the most arrogant and inhuman vandalism ever perpetrated on mankind. I quite appreciate the titanic Aswan dam as a glory of modern civil engineering... but man does not live by bread alone, never has so lived, and never will.

In the whole typology of nature beauty is of the highest connotation, and is indeed connotative with holiness. The Parthenon, Philae, and the Taj Mahal, taken with their surroundings, are the three most enchanting "beauty spots" on the face of this world. Always when visiting the annual exhibitions of the Royal Academy, just before leaving them, I apply Sir Henry Knollys's test to determine which is the best picture of the year. I imagine the place on fire, and ask myself, What picture shall I rush back and save? I used a similar test when the desecration of Philae was under consideration: I imagined the world on fire, and which I would ask to be saved, the Parthenon, the Taj Mahal, or

Philae: and I could not determine between them...

Sir Henry Knollys asks triumphantly, Were one in a garret, with a Dresden Madonna on the walls and a live baby on the floor, and suddenly it was all ablaze — which would one save? Well, I would try to save both, but if the direful choice were forced on me I should certainly save the Dresden Madonna first. One can get another baby any day, by adoption, if not by grace; but there is only one Dresden Madonna to be had for love or money.

As for the starving "millions" the dam is to save, where have they ever been seen, down there, in the past or in the present, and where are they to come from in the future? There will always be poor in Egypt; and if we go out of our way to provide more and more of them, more and more will be wanted, for, as Professor Kelland, the revered professor of mathematics at Edinburgh, used every year to demonstrate, the human race everywhere outruns its means of its maintenance. It is always starving... No. There is only one plausible defence of the dam at Aswan, and it is that provided by Thibullus, who tells us that "He who sleeps at Philae" the most binding oath on the ancient Egyptians, and down to the fifth century A.D., was the patron of Egyptian agriculture and the inventor of the plough. "Primum artem manu solerti fecit Osiris." His epithets were "Corniger", "Frugifer", etc., and as the dam was constructed it has honest intention, to promote Egyptian agriculture, let us now hope that Osiris will sleep all the sounder for the benighted submergence of his sepulchre.

I have the honour to be, Sir, Your most obedient servant, GEORGE BIRDWOOD



1 Pennington Street, London E1 9XN Telephone: 01-782 5000

A KREMLIN COUP

Mr Gorbachev yesterday effected a coup more ruthless and more total than any Soviet leader since Stalin. From Khrushchev onwards, successive General Secretaries have struggled with the leadership team appointed by their predecessors. For a leader who seeks change rather than continuity, this is a crippling handicap.

Now, after three and a half years of trying, Mr Gorbachev has outflanked his opponents in a lightning strike which jerks the Politburo sharply in his direction. He has also brought the composition of the Politburo more into line with that of the Central Committee Secretariat, making it possible for the two bodies — the policy-makers and the policy-implementers — to support, rather than block, each other from now on.

Mr Gorbachev's victory is not quite complete. The reluctant reformer, Mr Ligachov, and the head of the KGB, Mr Chebrikov, remain in the Politburo — though with portfolios which should diminish their influence on day-to-day policies. Mr Ligachov's move to a new commission on agriculture has a special poignancy. With a poor harvest expected this year and a comprehensive reorganization of collective farms in the planning stages, Mr Gorbachev has offered his rival a poisoned chalice.

So thorough a clear-out of opponents, obstructors and Brezhnevites should send a clear message throughout the Communist Party apparatus and out into the Soviet Union at large, that Mr Gorbachev is a man to be reckoned with. In theory, officials no longer have any excuse to persist in their old ways. In theory, too, no pioneer of reform at any level should now have to look over his shoulder for fear that the new policies will be reversed.

In practice, there will still be friction. Not, any longer, because of perceived hesitancy at the centre, but because local communist party fieldworkers will take longer to break down. The complexities of the highly centralized economic system will still not be able to

accommodate change without fundamental overhaul.

Whatever the directives from Moscow say, however monolithic the leadership behind them, there are limits to what is possible within the present system. And any transition from the old ways to the new, as managers, workers, farmers and would-be entrepreneurs have already found, creates problems of its own — some of them greater than.

But yesterday's changes in the leadership, and the changes that will undoubtedly be continued at today's meeting of the Supreme Soviet, also constitute a test for Mr Gorbachev. He will now have to show his true colours as a reformer. It will no longer be enough for him to hold out the hope of more sweeping measures, or a more thorough dismantling of the party and the State. If he is to be considered a true reformer, he will have to show that he is capable of action.

Until now, any hiccup in the reform process, any indiscretion by the KGB, any retraction of free expression, any reprimand to a newspaper editor, could be passed off as the action of "the opposition". It could be explained, and frequently was by Western well-wishers of the Soviet Union as well as reformist officials, as the actions of a few malevolent people who wanted to discredit Mr Gorbachev and his allies.

In future, such excuses will be harder to sustain. Mr Gorbachev will be expected to show that his enthusiasm for decentralization, for workers' responsibility, for pluralism in the press and for a more humane society, is genuine. He will be expected to show, too — and not only by his critics abroad — that his plans for reform are even more far-reaching and will penetrate even deeper into the dark recesses of Communist Party power than he has hitherto indicated.

Expectations were high when Mr Gorbachev came to office. They will be even higher now. The dangers of disappointment if the Soviet leader will not, or cannot, deliver as much as he appears to promise will be all the greater.

MOVEMENT IN COURT

Today's Bar Conference at the Royal Courts of Justice is not intended to be a political event. But even without the opening address by the Lord Chancellor, few of the 400 barristers and judges there will be unaware of the highly political and uncertain climate in which the profession now finds itself.

It is only three months since Lady Murre's committee came out with its majority proposal — opposed by the Bar members — that solicitors be granted rights of audience in the crown court. The Bar has fiercely resisted any encroachment into its monopoly in the higher courts, arguing that a toe-hold by solicitors will lead inevitably to "fusion" of the profession's two branches and the "death" of the Bar. The Government's response is still awaited.

Then there are the proposals from the civil justice review team to cut costs and delays in the civil courts. Much of it the Bar supports, but the proposals would none the less mean a hefty transfer of High Court work to the county court where solicitors already have rights of audience and intensify competition there.

Sir Gordon Borrie, Director General of Fair Trading, has not relaxed his watch on the professions. He wants the Bar to do more to encourage chambers to support young entrants and to publicize barristers' fees.

The legal profession also faces a recruitment crisis. Solicitors, who outnumber barristers in England and Wales by ten to one, are particularly concerned, because demand for their services has so outstripped supply. But the Bar too is finding it harder to secure its share of graduates in the face of tough competition from City solicitors' firms, banks and others.

The profession still struggles with a somewhat antiquated image, its members in wigs and gowns, trundling bundles of briefs to court and working in cramped old-fashioned quarters. Many large chambers are run as modern offices, equipped with the latest technology, their waiting rooms thickly carpeted and softly-lit. But overcrowding is still a problem and the Bar's growth has partly been contained by the shortage of accommodation.

In the face of greater public scrutiny, the Bar

has done much to put its house in order. It is revamping its vocational training to make it more practical and less academic and has taken steps to stamp out racial and sexual discrimination. It is modernizing its code of conduct. "Purse-sharing" — by which barristers may pool fees or expenses to provide help for pupils — is now allowed. It has also substantially increased the amount of money now given by the Bar to pupils.

It is also very much on the offensive. The solicitors' justification for rights of audience in the crown court, it proclaims, is being eroded, as measures to streamline lawyers' working practices — such as the move to allow one lawyer instead of two to take crown court cases — come into force. In the meantime it is changing its rules so other professions may come to barristers directly and not have to use a solicitor. It is also making a drive for international clients to come direct to the Bar.

But it cannot be complacent. The pressures will continue. It must do more to ensure high ethical standards at the criminal Bar and eradicate the tiny minority of dishonest or incompetent counsel. It will have to do more to give solicitors a real, informed choice about its services (and charges) so that when a brief is returned they do not just have to accept the clerk's recommended substitute. Barristers must be more prepared to travel out to circuits for conferences with clients, rather than, as mostly happens, have solicitors and clients come to them, often at great expense.

Above all, if the Bar is to retain its share of graduates, its lifeblood, it will have to do still more to help new recruits. The Lord Chancellor himself says it is time that all pupils were paid from a fund to which all chambers should contribute on a sliding scale. He has also rightly criticized the wastage of pupils who cannot find seats in chambers.

Whatever the outcome on rights of audience, the Bar is in a mood to survive. But in an era of intense competition for work, it can no longer afford to lose its young entrants to other professions. Nor, at a time when its continuation is no longer taken for granted, can it rest happy on its past record.

THIS YEAR IN MARIENBAD

Fifty years ago we published an article in these columns, generally described as "infamous", suggesting that Czechoslovakia solve the problem of its predominantly German-speaking western territories by handing them over to Hitler. Czechoslovakia would become "more homogeneous", we said, by the "secession of that fringe of alien population" who were the Sudeten Germans.

Public opinion was properly outraged. The Foreign Office was infuriated. This newspaper was coloured by the stain of appeasement which took many years to erase.

But, as Churchill, no friend of *The Times*, conceded, we were "not alone". The crowds which cheered Mr Neville Chamberlain upon his return from Munich included thousands of mothers who misguidedly believed their sons to have been saved from the horrors of war. Acquiescence in Hitler's bloodless acquisition of the Sudetenland is easy now to condemn. The problems of the Sudeten Germans themselves were soon overwhelmed by wider questions. But they were no less intractable for that. As this year's various anniversaries are marked, it can be recalled that the eventual solution was to be along not so dissimilar lines to those suggested here in 1938.

In 1948 the Government in Prague expelled all 3.5 million German-speaking Czechoslovaks in an extravagant act of revenge. At a stroke, a quarter of the nation's population found itself evicted from lands which had provided homes for generations. The second hand bookshops of Prague — still abundantly stocked with their libraries — show how so

many left with little more than a small suitcase. In the eyes of the Communists they were not only an historical enemy, they were also the class enemy. There was no room for Marienbad in a Communist republic, though redubbed as Mariánské Lázně with its hotels converted into trade union rest homes, something of the old structure was tolerated.

It is no exaggeration to say that this expulsion of Czechoslovakia's "alien fringe" devastated Bohemia and Moravia after more than six years of war. Once thriving communities, villages and towns are still deserted, 40 years after their occupants departed. Ghostly stage sets, in which only gypsies fill the empty houses, are encouraged by the authorities to linger.

Bohemia, once the cultural treasury of Central Europe was forged over centuries on an anvil shared by Teuton and Slav. Today the empty streets of Krumlov (Krumau) and Znojmo (Znaim) with their peeling baroque facades are like one vast, closed and crumbling mansion.

The once prosperous owners clearly left in a hurry. No retainers remained and neither shops nor homes seem capable of resounding again to human cheer. Much has been written of the riches the Jews brought to the old Central Europe and how impoverished that land is for their absence. That is true but, more than 40 years after the war, it is not too early to state also that the Sudetenland, like the rest of Bohemia and what was once *Mittleuropa*, has not recovered from the dispatch of the Germans.

Testing young for drug abuse

From Mr Bruce G. Grainger
Sir, May I contribute to the discussion about misuse of drugs in sport from the point of view of one who has some experience in the coaching and organisation of young athletes at both domestic and international level?

Exploratory discussions between the Sports Council and the governing bodies of sport, highlighted in your front page report today (September 28) about the possible expansion of drug-testing measures to include more school sports events are wholly laudable. However, the proposed implementation of such measures amongst a potentially ever-wider cross-section of sporting youth does pose certain practical problems.

It is one thing to require that all potential Olympic team candidates should undergo random tests only during competition, but also in the preparative period of training, and logical and necessary to extend this regulation to include members of various junior teams.

It would be another thing altogether to impose mandatory doping controls on young or very young children having, at such an early age, no particular aspiration to national representation, without careful preparation, consultation and education of all concerned, teachers, parents, "sampling officers" and most especially the children.

The collection of urine samples is not the most straightforward procedure. Sometimes a considerable delay may arise before a sample can be produced by an athlete owing to a combination of dehydration and sheer self-consciousness, since the sample must be produced under the direct observation of medical staff. An athlete who left the testing venue without producing a sample would be deemed to have failed the test. The implications for domestic or school routine are enormous.

Many proprietary medicines such as cough mixtures and inhalants contain "banned" substances. Is it reasonable to expect the average citizen or child-athlete or their GP to be intimately familiar with the IOC (International Olympic Committee) list of proscribed drugs and always to be both able and willing to comply with it, in the course of organising normal, domestic, family life?

If it is possible to reconcile both the interests and freedom of the individual with the requirements of drug-testing protocol, the additional measures proposed by the Sports Council will take us a long way towards winning the battle against drug abuse in sport.

Yours faithfully,
BRUCE G. GRAINGER,
2 Bosley Crescent,
Wallingford, Oxfordshire.
September 28.

Highway hypnosis

From Mr P. H. J. Whyman
Sir, I was astonished to read (reports, September 28, 29) that the Automobile Association have said there is no such thing as "highway hypnosis" and that the Department of Transport also seem to be ignorant of the potent effect of monotonous road conditions on the long-distance car driver.

In my experience, there are four factors in "highway hypnosis" — a straight road, with no significant changes of gradient; no near traffic; quiet and comfortable vehicle; and evenly spaced, strong signals to the peripheral vision. The first three conditions put one in a relaxed state of mind, just ready for the light to dark, light to dark pattern of driving between widely spaced road lights (or from sun to shade as one passes evenly spaced trees) to have its hypnotic effect. I imagine that excessive tiredness could add to one's susceptibility.

No doubt the court case will encourage some government research on the subject — I wonder if some research might also be done on the possible effects of listening to different types of music whilst driving.

Yours faithfully,
P. H. J. WHYMAN,
Elton House, Church Lane,
Tydd St Giles, Cambridgeshire.
September 29.

Yugoslav unity

From Mr Aleksa Gavrilović
Sir, A major disturbance in Yugoslavia would have a destabilising effect in that part of Europe. Your leading article (September 13) visualises some Western influence in connection with economic aid, but the weakness of the federal government gives cause for concern.

Dr N. Grisogono expressed the hope (September 19) that the proposals made in March, 1988, by Serbian intellectuals for abolition of the one-party system offer hope for the future. However, the democratisation of the country in the present situation would not easily lead to a united and strong Yugoslavia.

The first Yugoslavia started in 1918 as a centralised state, but in 1939 Croats negotiated a considerable measure of autonomy. Serbo-Croat relations worsened during the war due to the atrocities of Croat Ustasi.

One of the reasons for Western powers supporting Tito was the

Gravel pits that spoil the land

From Mrs Jeanne Thompson
Sir, Mr Higgins's letter (September 24) about minerals extraction is typical of the industry's hard-nosed attitude to issues other than purely commercial ones.

In this area, we are fully aware of Government's declared need for an assured supply of aggregates over the next 10 years. We are, however, presently opposing an application by a company to excavate 130 acres, in addition to the adjoining 90 acres already worked or in process of being so, in a part of the Waveney Valley recently designated as a special landscape and an environmentally sensitive area, over the course of the next 36 years: hardly a short-term scene of disturbance.

In the long term, a 30-ft hole in the ground of these dimensions cannot possibly be returned to agriculture, and we have been offered a persuasively delineated scheme of areas devoted to leisure, conservation and archaeology. There is no guarantee, however, that these plans will be put into operation, as the company must return the land to the owner at the end of their lease, and at that time other priorities may well prevail.

The system is already loaded against the objector. Should an application be approved, there is no right of appeal, but should it be refused, the company concerned can appeal to the Secretary of State, whereupon Mr Higgins will probably prevail.

We do not dispute the need for gravel workings. What we must strenuously resist is the right to excavate in particularly sensitive areas. The powers proposed in the new guidelines suggest that economic and commercial interests will inevitably take precedence over environmental, social and ecological issues, resulting in the irrevocable loss of areas of unique landscape value.

Yours faithfully,
JEANNE THOMPSON,
Laurel Farm,
Weybread,
Eye, Suffolk.
September 24.

From Mr A. D. Jelliey
Sir, Your readers may not be aware that construction of an average house needs 50 tonnes of sand and gravel and every 10

Safety on the Tube

From Professor S. J. Prais
Sir, While waiting at Baker Street Tube station on Tuesday (September 20) I was horrified to see a man had fallen on to the railway line and, assisted by two fellow passengers, was making desperate attempts to climb back on to the platform. No railway staff were on the platform.

I rushed for an emergency telephone — none was available; nor was there any other form of emergency signal to warn an oncoming train. It took me several minutes to find an official from another part of the station to assist.

Fortunately this man was able to climb off before the next train arrived; he thought he had had a "blackout". London Transport subsequently told me that emergency signals exist on the Victoria Line, but not elsewhere. Is this adequate?

Yours etc.,
S. J. PRAIS,
83 West Heath Road, NW3.
September 22.

An ear for poetry

From Mrs M. Goodbody
Sir, In "Letters of art" (leading article, September 24) your writer states: "No one is ever better for writing good poetry; but, more importantly, no one is ever better for reading it".

This, I imagine, must be a criticism of the way in which literature is taught today. But surely "good" poetry — by which the writer must include that which survives reading and memorising as well as modern verse such as Eliot — does benefit, stimulate, and make one "better".

For example, J. Donne's sonnet, "Death be not proud", does this significantly for one facing life's end and made all the "better" by reading it.

Yours faithfully,
MARCELLE GOODBODY,
16 St Paul's Road,
Canonbury, N1.

belief that he would resolve ethnic and religious differences. Today's reality is that such disagreements are more numerous than ever before, the problem of Kosovo being the most acute. Had the consequences of the creation of Great Albania by Italy and Germany in 1941-45 been tackled on time, the Kosovo problem would have been solved, or at least contained.

The second Yugoslavia has developed into a confederation of almost independent states which are being led away from each other. Dossa Trevisan pointed out (report, September 12) that according to the last census in 1981 there were only 1.2 million Yugoslavs out of a population of 22.4 million.

However, until recently the Yugoslav nationality was not even officially recognised. The Constitution, which lays emphasis on separate nationalities, is having a greater effect than the much-quoted Partisan slogan, "fraternity and unity".

At present there are no signs of meaningful discussions which could lead to a pro-Yugoslav atmosphere. The Western powers' support of Tito influenced many

miles of concrete motorway needs a million tonnes of it. Yet Mr G. H. Sandell, whose letter you published on September 20, appears to believe that there are "alternative sources" capable of being developed to meet these needs; he presumably refers to marine dredging and secondary materials such as coalmine waste and power station waste. Such sources are indeed developed but they could not possibly supplant the 90 million tonnes of aggregate worked from the UK every year.

Mr Sandell also claims that mineral planning authorities are "in practice" obliged to guarantee whatever tonnage the industry choose to produce, and that rejected applications are likely to be overruled by the Secretary of State on appeal. These claims are not borne out by the facts. I have a note of five appeals rejected concerning sand and gravel in 1988 and in every case they were dismissed.

Yours faithfully,
A. D. JELLEY,
Montagu Evans
(Chartered surveyors),
Awdry House,
11 Kingsway, WC2.
September 22.

Footpath obstruction

From Mr Oliver Noble
Sir, None of your correspondents ("Legal obstacles along the path", September 24) mentions section 134 of the Highway Act 1980 or section 61 of the Wildlife and Countryside Act 1981 which provide, *inter alia*, that

if a footpath or bridleway is ploughed it must be restored... in any event not later than two weeks from the time when the occupier began to plough... Failure... is an offence punishable by a maximum fine of £200 and a continuing penalty of £1 per day.

That is the good news. The bad news is that a prosecution can only be brought by a parish council or district council as well as the highway authority and that it is practically impossible to get any of these authorities to act.

Yours faithfully,
OLIVER NOBLE,
Manor Farm,
Son Easton,
Bath, Avon.
September 26.

In public interest

From Mr Brian R. Taylor
Sir, Few will argue with your contention (leading article, September 24) that helping the police to find witnesses can be no excuse for slippish reporting.

The media are, however, also sometimes accused of reporting events which should not be reported in the wider public interest. We should not be surprised when they defend themselves against these particular accusations by arguing that their reports helped rather than hindered that wider interest.

Yours faithfully,
BRIAN R. TAYLOR,
5 Donaldson Road,
Salisbury, Wiltshire.
September 25.

Elderly alone

From Mrs E. R. Brooks
Sir, My mother, who is 84, was recently discharged from hospital. She is fragile, has poor eyesight, a poorer memory, lives alone and has no help from the social services. She has been prescribed the following medication:

1. A mixture to be shaken vigorously, measured and taken "when required".
2. Grains (individual doses wrapped in foil) to be dissolved in a glass of water and taken daily.
3. Tablets: two to be taken with a glass of water in the morning; one to be taken three times a day after meals; one (individually wrapped in foil) to be taken twice daily.

One needs to be a healthy, alert individual with good eyesight, a good memory, and strong hands and fingers to be able to administer the above correctly. Fortunately, they were not dispensed in "child proof" containers.

Surely better consideration should be given to prescribing for the elderly.

Yours sincerely,
E. R. BROOKS,
52 Larkspur Gardens,
Holbury, Hampshire.
September 26.

Yugoslavs to join him. The West still can influence Yugoslavia. Many of them listen to Western broadcasts, particularly to the BBC. A firm British attitude in favour of a united Yugoslavia could prove effective.

Serbs are aware that other republics dislike the fact that the federal capital is in Belgrade. Serb intellectuals gathered mainly around the Association of Serbian Writers and Philosophical and Sociological Societies of Serbia and acting as an (unofficial) opposition, have suggested that parts of the federal administration could be moved out of Belgrade. The West could offer to finance the creation of a new federal capital in an area outside the jurisdiction of any republic, away from any large town and religious centre.

A third, democratic Yugoslavia which would be acceptable to all should be the aim of the present generation. Difficulties are enormous and the people need sympathetic help to come out of the impasse.

Yours sincerely,
ALEKSA GAVRILOVIĆ,
3 Rowley Avenue,
Stafford.
September 22.

Film verdict on Henry Moore

From Mr Anthony Barnett
Sir, The letters from Sir Stephen Spender and Sir Robert Sainsbury (September 24) about the Channel 4 film, *England's Henry Moore*, show how important Henry Moore was to the definition of the country's post-war national greatness, one of the things we tried to demonstrate in the film.

I accept that Moore's attitude to money was more complex than we were able to show. However, when Sir Robert describes the routine at Much Hadham as one of "the greatest simplicity" he stretches the English language beyond its usual endurance.

None the less, Moore was not primarily motivated by financial gain. He desired artistic greatness; it was his reputation, not his riches, that concerned him. In the film we show that he was on the left in the thirties, and in her interview Jill Craigie emphasises that after the war Moore believed in the Labour vision of building a better Britain.

There can be little doubt that these beliefs and values suffered a major setback during Moore's post-war years. That his work reflects this is hardly surprising. Sir Stephen should understand that to investigate a defeat is different from alleging a betrayal.

Sir Robert's comments are in many ways sympathetic to the main line of the film, which shows Moore's work to have been highly creative in the thirties and suggests "a very considerable falling off" in the many late bronzes that Henry Moore was "pressured to produce", to use Sir Robert's own words. But how can a film focus on this without appearing to "denigrate" Moore, at least in the eyes of some?

In two other respects the two letters may mislead your readers. Although I conceived the film, it was directed by Hugh Brody and not by me as Sir Stephen states; and witnesses well placed to know (including Sir Stephen himself) gave me an impression of Moore's relationship with Kenneth Clark somewhat different to the ideal of sustained affection between equals.

Numerous predictable and eulogistic art films have been made about Moore and his work. We wanted to do something different, even controversial. We explained this to the Moore Foundation and we much appreciated the support that they gave. They were not asked to assist a film they agreed with, but one that looked afresh and could therefore be discomfiting. Because it was not controlling, but on the contrary allowed a different voice to be heard, the foundation's patronage was exemplary.

Yours sincerely,
ANTHONY BARNETT,
14A Goodwin's Court, WC2.
September 27.

Little and large

From Dr J. G. Denholm
Sir, The letters of Mr G. R. Thomas (September 26) and Mr J. G. Todd (September 27) are quite wrong in their belief that generosity is related to body proportions. It is a question of behaviour. Only a true Scot would get this letter to you by hand, saving 19p.

Yours sincerely,
JIM DENHOLM,
Gimsons, Kings Chase,
Winham, Essex.
September 27.

Fair warning

From Mr Richard Slowe
Sir, So Mr Williams (September 29) does not have an answering machine for fear of advertising his absence. Why does the present unanswered ringing of his telephone not have the same result?

Yours faithfully,
RICHARD SLOWE,
4 Kings Beach Walk,
Temple, EC4.
September 29.

From Mr J. P. Maurice
Sir, Mr Williams could use his answer-phone to help protect his neighbours as well.

John and Teresa Williams cannot answer the phone at the moment. John is out on patrol in the vicinity as a special constable, whilst Teresa is at the front window doing her stint for neighbourhood watch.

Yours faithfully,
JEREMY MAURICE,
34 Hill Road,
Oakley,
Nr Basingstoke, Hampshire.
September 29.

From Mr Nick Denton
Sir, Friends in one of the burglar-infested suburbs of Sydney had the following answer-phone message to the confusion of both those with and those without criminal intentions:

Hallo... Hallo... Is anybody there?
Hallo... Hallo... I can't hear you.
I think we must have a crossed line. Can you ring back?

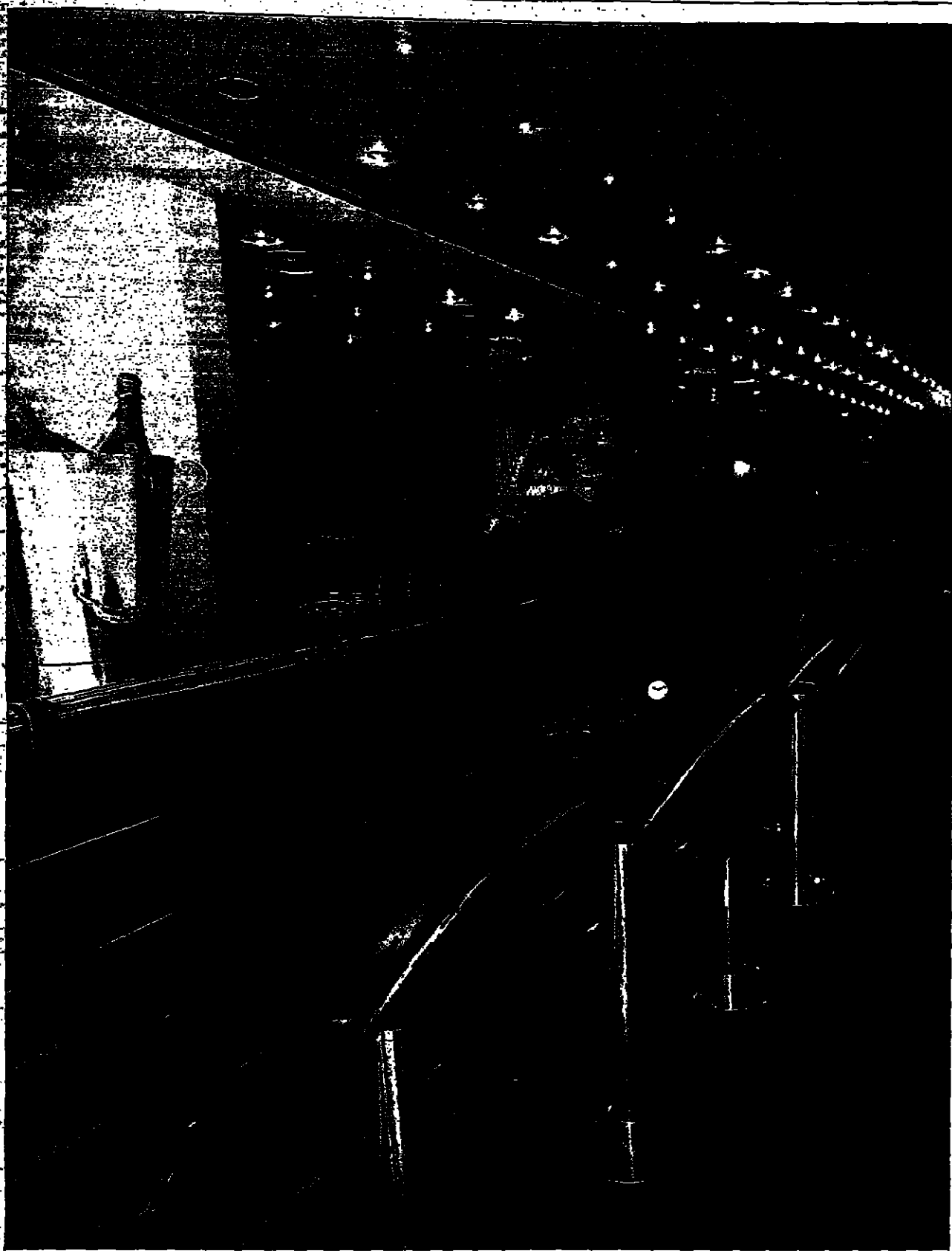
Many did.
Yours faithfully,
NICK DENTON,
88 The Chase, SW4.
September 29.

From Mr P. J. Temple
Sir, Your correspondent need have no fear about advertising his absence by installing an answering machine. The simple solution to his dilemma is to record his outgoing message with his dog barking in the background. This should be enough to deter any potential burglar.

Yours faithfully,
PETER J. TEMPLE,
6 Beresford Drive,
Woodford Green, Essex.
September 29.

SHOPPING

The look and feel of a store can make or break it. Deyan Sudjic looks at three strikingly different schools in the art of ambiance



The much-copied Eva Jiricna at one of her creations, Joe's Café, near Fulham Road, west London: for her, shop design is a way of pursuing her interest in architecture, using industrial materials with a jeweller's precision. The result: genuine glamour



More French than the French: John Larkin, of Design House, with his Gare du Vin wine merchants in the Old Brompton Road, west London, cunningly created to look like a Francophile's one-off dream shop but actually part of a large chain

High priests of counter culture

Asda's Watford superstore is not for the faint hearted. Built in a crinkly tin box big enough to generate its own micro-climate, it reveals some uncomfortable home truths about the way we live now. Britain has all but given up making things, but despite the Chancellor's desperate attempts to get us to put our credit cards away, it has become remarkably adept at persuading people to buy them.

Asda's monster stands on the site of the old Odhams printing works. Where print workers once pursued their highly paid path to redundancy and oblivion, Asda now recruits shelf fillers and cleaners.

Seemingly ranks of check-out tills stretch to the horizon, across a space large enough to swallow a traditional market square whole. In the distance, intersecting ramps glide up and down, insistently directing customers and their trolleys to and from the car parks. The image, if not the reality, is patently industrial, and underscores the words of its designer Graham Freeman, from Fitch & Co: "This is where the housewife goes out to work."

He explains his task in terms of organization. "The customers have an awful lot competing for their time and attention. We have to expose them to things they didn't expect to buy, but to do it in a way that will not let them feel slowed down."

"I like to think of it as being organized rather than manipulative", he says. The competition is tight. Asda is pushing into territory already covered by Tesco, Sainsbury and the rest. "It takes two years to design and plan an Asda, and you want to be ahead of the game for at least two years after you open."

Asda's image, according to Freeman, is younger than Sainsbury's. "It is geared towards the young mother with kids, while Tesco feels more down market."

The design business, which has metamorphosed in the last decade from a tweedy cottage sideline to an industry run by slick marketing men, has grown fat on exploiting these nuances. And it is now beginning to export its services all over the world.

The point at Asda is to

make sure that customers understand the "offer", a word much favoured by the new breed of designers. The "offer" at Asda is freshness, according to Freeman. An image that is conveyed, he says, by liberal quantities of vivid green paint, aisles wide enough for chariot races, and lighting that reaches a crescendo around the frozen turkeys and the potatoes. And the air conditioning is on full blast to waft the scent of fresh produce hither and thither.

The "offer" at Gare du Vin, in the Old Brompton Road, is the exact opposite. Like its closely related cousin South of the Boulevard, it is a new wave wine shop owned by a company that is doing its best to hide the fact it is a chain. Both shops look like cheerful independents, with enough carefully contrived clues to suggest that they have an authentically French flavour. They actually belong to Victoria Wine, a chain that suffers from a Lambrusco-and-cider image. Victoria Wine's parent, Allied Breweries, called in John Larkin, of Design House,

to create a new and more confident look that would pull in the Hoorays.

"The French don't actually have wine merchants, but if they did, this is what they would look like," Design House say. "You can't call it a pastiche, because it's an evocation of something that really doesn't exist."

"We did a survey to see what people thought about the shop, and they tended to assume that it had been started by some bright young entrepreneur."

The two shops are full of puns, and jokes. They boast cherubic friezes and brass. The detail is calculated to suggest that this is not an anonymous chain, but the kind of place that is run by individuals who know what they are talking about when it comes to wine.

"Offer" is not the kind of word that Eva Jiricna, perhaps the most imitated fashion shop designer in Britain, would be caught dead using. But then she claims not to enjoy shopping very much, and to go into shops only

PATRICK SHANAHAN



Fresh approach: Graham Freeman, of Fitch & Co, designer of Asda's Watford store, a work place for the housewife

rarely. "I did my first shop by accident. I'd done a domestic conversion for someone who turned out to be Joseph, and he asked me to do a little shop for him in South Moulton Street."

Since then a steady trickle of shops for Joseph have followed, the newest and most spectacular of which is in the old Conran Shop in Brompton Cross.

Jiricna's strategy is a world away from marketing, or stage sets. For her, shop design is a way of pursuing her interest in architecture, using industrial materials with the precision of a jeweller. What makes her different from the big design groups is that she creates real glamour, not its illusion. And that probably goes a long way to explain why her shops last, while the average life expectancy for a fashion conscious High Street shop is now three years.

Working for Joseph, she says, can be tricky. "You never quite know if he is going to suddenly change a shop that sells high fashion and turn it over to Levi's. The important thing for me is to create a good space, and to know the point at which you have to stop yourself making the shop too much of a monument, and to let the clothes speak for themselves."

The difficulty for a purist like Jiricna, who began her career working on large-scale architectural projects designing marinas and moved to working on the Lloyds Bank headquarters with Richard Rogers, is the speed with which the High Street picks up her ideas about how shops should look.

Her first Joseph interior, designed eight years ago, was all grey-studded rubber and perforated steel. It was a look that was quickly done to death in countless copies. So she started using glass shelves and stained wood floors, until the pack caught on.

Now the new shop will be different again using lots of plaster finishes. What distinguishes her work from the imitators, though, is the trouble that she takes with the way materials fit together, and how things are made. In the transient world of the shop it stands out as a rare piece of permanence.

ADVERTISEMENT

A NEW DIMENSION TO THE OLYMPIC IDEAL

Proposal for a cultural 'Olympiad' or 'World Festival of Culture'.

With God's blessing the 24th Olympiad is now being successfully held in Korea. People the world have praised this event, and I join them in offering my congratulations.

However, the world has been unable to overcome the barriers of nationalism, religion and race. Because of this, humanity is in pain from countless struggles and wars. Human beings have two aspects, the spiritual and the physical. The modern Olympic Games with their principal purpose of athletic competition are a festival to establish world harmony on an external level. But we also need to establish an internal harmony by developing sound mental and spiritual aspects of our existence. To this end I propose the holding of a World Festival of Culture.

Humanity is faced with the historical task of coming to grips with the devastation of spiritual culture and of building a new culture of peace in which harmony exists among God, man and nature. This 'Olympics of world culture' should contribute to this task by gathering major figures from the arts, the sciences, the news media, religion, economics and politics, as well as athletes and youth leaders. Thus, the World Festival of Culture will combine cultural exchange with athletic competition. A movement whose ideal is to transcend nations, ideologies, religions and races has been working under my guidance for the past forty years, in a wide variety of fields on a global scale. We have held various academic conferences, led by internationally prominent scholars, to discuss absolute values and the underlying harmony among the many fields of scholarship. University students and religious youth have participated in service activities to promote a sound value system for young people.

Conferences of religious leaders have been also held to encourage dialogue and reconciliation among the various religions and to realize a world of peace. The World Media Conference has sought to foster responsibility in the media. The International Relief and Friendship Foundation has carried out service activities in the developing world. The Summit Council for World Peace conferences for world economic leaders and the activities of Artists Association International further contribute to our worldwide efforts.

A festival of peace, bringing together 300,000 people of all races, was held in Washington D.C. on September 18th, 1976. A "Declaration for Building a New World Culture" was adopted in Seoul on December 18th, 1983, in a meeting attended by representatives of the Professors World Peace Academy from 72 countries. In keeping with the spirit of these events, and on the historic occasion of the 24th Seoul Olympiad, I join representatives of 120 countries in proposing the World Festival of Culture. I suggest it be a two-week event and that the first one be opened in Seoul on September 18, 1990. Subsequent ones will be held every three years.

Today's young people will create tomorrow's culture. This must be a culture of heart based on true love, bringing each of the world's cultures to full bloom. To promote this ideal of a world culture, it is my intention to make these Festivals occasions to celebrate the brotherhood and sisterhood of humanity and the creation of ideal families. The model of one world family of mankind, based on true love and transcending differences of race and colour, will lead us directly to the fulfillment of world peace. Men and women subscribing to this ideal will be invited to participate in international weddings in the name of God as a demonstration of commitment to lasting family relations and eternal values. By living high ethical standards, these couples will provide a model of morality and lead the way towards the creation of ideal families, societies and nations.

I hope that all people will lend their support to the World Festival of Culture as a symbol of the will of God and the dream of humanity. The Korean people must also understand the mission Heaven requires of them at this time in history and take the lead in realising a unified homeland and a world of peace.

A Press Conference given by leading scholars, spokesmen for sponsoring organisations in the United States, Japan and Europe as well as coaches for the U.S. and other Olympic teams was held today in Seoul, Korea.

Further information may be obtained from our staff who can be reached on 01 749 9595 (4 lines)

Sun Myung Moon

Founder, World Festival of Culture
Preparatory Committee of 120 Countries
for the World Festival of Culture
Seoul, Korea
September 30th 1988

● TRAVEL: LUXURY AND THE CHINESE
● EATING OUT: WINE HIT WONDERS
● RECORDS: CD GOES VIDEO
● BOOKS: AIDS AND ALICE HOFFMAN

THE TIMES

REVIEW

SECTION 3

SATURDAY OCTOBER 1 1988

Life, death and the boys of summer

PHILIP CASTLE



The two Skuas of the Fleet Air Arm swooped by in the opposite direction, twisting and jinking. In the headlong manner of their fight, there was something reminiscent of agitated sheep running from dogs. And killer dogs indeed were at their heels. I saw the black crosses and the swastikas, and recognized them as Messerschmitt 109s.

Fascinated, I craned my neck to watch the five planes, now diving away behind and to starboard. From the leading Messerschmitt came thin trails of grey smoke as the pilot fired his guns. The group faded into specks which, in an instant, disappeared beneath the thick black smoke cloud rising from Dunkirk and stretching down the Channel for seventy or eighty miles.

Perhaps this little cameo lasted before my eyes for about five seconds; it was a lightning personal introduction to the use of guns in earnest and to the terrifying quality of air fighting. But I did not at that time have so much as one second to reflect upon it, for I was suddenly aware that the formation in which I was flying as last man in the last section was breaking up in violent manoeuvre. My own section leader wheeled round in a climbing turn. As I followed, I heard a confusion of excited voices on the radio. Then I saw another Messerschmitt, curving round. It had a bright yellow nose. Again I saw the ripples of grey smoke breaking away from it and the lights were winking and flashing from the propeller hub and engine cowling. Red blobs arced lazily through the air between us, accelerating dramatically as they approached and streaked close by, across my wing.

With sudden, sickening, stupid fear, I realized that I was being fired on and I pulled my Spitfire round hard, so that the blood was forced down from my head. The thick curtain of blackout blinded me for a moment and I felt the aircraft juddering on the brink of a stall. Straightening out, the curtain lifted and I saw a confusion of planes, diving and twisting. My eyes focused on two more Messerschmitts, flying in quite close formation, curving down towards me. Again I saw the ripple of smoke and the wink of lights; again I went into a blackout turn and again the bullets streaked harmlessly by.

At some stage in the next few seconds the silhouette of a Messerschmitt passed across my windscreen and I fired my guns in battle for the first time — a full deflection shot which, I believe, was quite ineffectual.

I was close to panic in the

Blue skies, open sports cars, beautiful girls, pints of Pimms and Glenn Miller on the gramophone: such, in the popular imagination, was the life of the young Battle of Britain fighter pilot, evoked tomorrow night in a new ITV drama series, *Piece of Cake*.

One of those men was Hugh Dundas — "Cocky" Dundas to his fellow pilots — who began the war as a 19-year-old Pilot Officer and, after flying his Spitfire alongside Douglas Bader and Johnnie Johnson, ended it as a much-decorated Group Captain, at the age of 24.

Flying Start, in which Dundas makes use of his wartime notes and diaries, is likely to be ranked alongside Richard Hillary's *The Last Enemy* as one of the finest first-person accounts of that life, brilliantly evoking the unreality of golden summers streaked with young blood, the mingled terror and exhilaration that was the fighter pilot's lot. In the first of these extracts, he describes his initial experience of air combat as a member of 616 Squadron, trying to provide cover for the evacuation of Dunkirk in late May, 1940.

bewilderment and hot fear of that first dog-fight. Fortunately, instinct drove me to keep turning and turning, twisting my neck all the time to look for the enemy behind. Certainly, the consideration which was uppermost in my mind was the desire to stay alive.

"A sincere desire to engage the enemy" — that, Winston Churchill wrote, was the criterion by which Lord Haig had judged his fellow soldiers. That, above all else, was the impulse which Churchill himself admired and demanded in his fighting men. I found out that day, May 28, 1940, over Dunkirk, how hard it is to live up to that criterion. When it comes to the point, a sincere desire to stay alive is all too likely to get the upper hand.

But there was no thought of

right or wrong, courage or cowardice, in my mind, as I sweated and swore my way through that first fight over Dunkirk. When, at last, I felt it safe to straighten out I was amazed to find that the sky which, only a few moments before, had been full of whirling, firing fighters, was now quite empty. It was my first experience of this curious phenomenon, which continually amazed all fighter pilots. At one moment it was all you could do to avoid collision; the sky around you was streaked with tracer and the thin grey smoke-trails of firing machine-guns and cannons. The next moment you were on your own. The mêlée had broken up as if by magic.

It was then that panic took hold of me for the second time that day. Finding myself alone over the sea, a few miles north of Dunkirk, my

training as well as my nerve deserted me. Instead of calmly thinking out the course which I should fly to reach the Thames estuary, I blindly set out in what I conceived to be roughly the right direction. After several minutes I could see nothing at all but the empty wastes of the North Sea — not a ship, not a boat, not even a seagull, no threat to connect me with the precious, longed-for land.

This need to get in touch with the land pressed in on me and drove out all calmness and good sense. I saw that I was flying almost due north and realized that this was wrong, but could not get a hold of myself sufficiently to work things out. I turned back the way I had come, cravenly thinking that I could at the worst crash-land somewhere off Dunkirk and get home in a boat. At last I saw two destroyers steaming at full speed in line ahead, and beyond them in the haze I could see the flat coastline of France. The sight of the two ships restored me to some measure of sanity and self-control. I forced myself to work out the simple problem of navigation which sheer panic had prevented me from facing. After a couple of orbits, I set course to the west and soon the cliffs of the North Foreland came up to meet me.

Soaked in sweat, I flew low across the estuary towards Southend pier. By the time I came into land at Rochford, the little grass field behind Southend where the squadron had arrived the night before to take part in the Dunkirk evacuation, a sense of jubilation had replaced the cravenness of a few minutes earlier. I was transformed, Walter Mitty-like: now a debonair young fighter pilot, rising 20, proud and delighted that he had fired his guns in a real dog-fight even though he had not hit anything, sat in the cockpit which had so recently been occupied by a frightened child.

After the excitement of Dunkirk, 616 Squadron returned to its base at Leconfield, a few miles north of Hull.

It was not just on the south coast, in sight almost of the enemy, that people felt conscious of the imminence of danger. In every far valley and village throughout the kingdom, men and women of all sorts and conditions prepared to defend themselves.

I went home, after Dunkirk, for four days' leave in our little West Riding village of Cawthorne. There, in that patch of hilly, stonewall country bordered on the west by the Pennines and ringed on other sides by the industrial and

coal-mining belt of West and South Yorkshire, preparations to resist a German landing went forward on all sides. In every village, Cawthorne included, middle-aged and even quite elderly men formed units of the Home Guard, then known as Local Defence Volunteers. I found my 63-year-old father anxiously contemplating the respective merits of handing over his sporting guns to supplement the local unit's

armoury of motley weapons, or of keeping them to use himself if necessary. He finally reached the prudent conclusion that the latter course was to be preferred. Signposts in the steep, narrow lanes were removed to confuse the Germans when and if they arrived. Obstacles were erected on all level places — and there are not many level places in that part of the world — to obstruct the landing of airborne troops.

I went over to nearby Wortley, to Lord and Lady Wharfedale's house. I went really to see Diana and Barbara, the two of their four daughters who were closest to my age. No sooner had I got there than Archie Wharfedale drove me out to help him with the placing of obstructions on possible landing sites on his estate. One such site which occupied his special attention was effectively the golf course.

Continued overleaf

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THE BOYS OF SUMMER

Continued from previous page

his golf course, he called it, for it was laid out on his land, across the valley, on the far side of the park to the front of the house. Now he was determined to make quite sure that it would not provide landing space for the Germans. Trees were being cut down to provide obstructions on the fairways.

A notable feature of the course was its exceptionally hilly nature. I pointed out that this alone would make it almost as difficult for a pilot to land on as it undoubtedly already was for a golfer to golf on. But Archie would have none of that. Nearby Sheffield, he insisted, with its steel works and other industries, would certainly be a priority objective. Sheffield was only five miles away. Rotherham only eight. He would do all in his power to ensure that the bloody Germans could not launch their attacks on these places from his golf course.

That was the spirit of those times. Most people expected that the Germans would attempt an invasion. And even though the general reaction to that expectation was one of more or less optimistic defiance, a sense of foreboding hung over the whole country.

On July 7 came the big moment when I at last scored hits on an enemy plane, a Dornier 17 bomber which descended in its shroud of black smoke to crash into the sea. Back at Leconfield, I experienced for the first time the exhilaration of taxi-ing in after a successful engagement with the enemy. Those who waited on the ground could always tell when a Spitfire's machine-guns had been fired. Normally the eight gun-ports on the leading edge of the wing were covered by little patches of canvas. But when the guns were fired these patches were, of course, shot away, leaving the ports open, and the plane made a distinctive whistling noise on the glide. This clear signal that you had been in action could be made more pronounced by a bit of side-slipping, which, though sternly discouraged by the authorities, was hard to resist on such occasions. And so, when they recognized this signal of action, the ground crews, who identified themselves enthusiastically with the pilots whose planes they serviced, would run out in high excitement to hear the news. They regarded a victory for their plane as a victory for themselves — and just so, for our reliance on their skills was absolute.

I felt 12 feet tall after that combat. At last I had broken my duck. I could only claim one-third of one enemy aircraft destroyed and one-half of another damaged, but that was better than nothing at all.

For the first time I was consumed by an insidious feeling which crept in on me many, many times in the months and years to follow. I heard the voice of the little tempter who dwelt inside me, then and for the next five years. It said: "There, now. You have been in action several times and you have done some damage to the enemy. You are still alive and kicking. Even if you pulled out now, no one would ever be able to say you had not done your bit."

In August 1940 the Battle of Britain was about to reach its climax. On the 15th, the day Goering called *Adlertag* — "Eagle Day" — 1,800 German aircraft flew against Britain: up in Yorkshire, 616 Squadron accounted for eight of the 76 Luftwaffe planes

shot down that day. Four days later, the squadron was moved to Kenley in Surrey.

The explosions were so unexpected, so shattering, their effect on my Spitfire so devastating, that I thought I had been hit by our own heavy ack-ack.

White smoke filled the cockpit, thick and hot, and I could see neither the sky above nor the Channel coast 12,000 feet below. Centrifugal force pressed me against the side of the cockpit and I knew my aircraft was spinning. Panic and terror consumed me and I thought, "Christ, this is the end." Then I thought, "Get out, you bloody fool; open the hood and get out."

With both hands I tugged the handle where the hood locked onto the top of the windscreen. It moved back an inch, then jammed. Smoke poured out through the gap and I could see again. I could see the earth and the sea and the sky spinning round in a tumbled confusion as I cursed and blasphemed and pulled with all my strength to open the imprisoning hood.

If I could not get out, I had at all costs to stop the spin. I pushed the stick hard forward, kicked on full rudder, opened the throttle. Nothing happened. The earth went spinning on, came spinning up to meet me. Grabbing the hood toggle again, I pulled with all my might, pulled for my life, pulled, at last, with success. I stood up on the seat and pushed the top half of my body out of the cockpit. Pressed hard against the fuselage, half in, half out, I struggled in a nightmare of fear and confusion to drop clear, but could not do so.

I managed to get back into the cockpit, aware now that the ground was very close. Try again; try the other side. Up, over — and out. I slithered along the fuselage and felt myself falling free. Seconds after my parachute opened I saw the Spitfire hit and explode in a field below. A flock of sheep scattered outwards from the cloud of dust and smoke and flame.

For a few moments there was silence and peace. Then the ground swung up fast and I remembered to bend my knees and roll over and bang the quick-release catch of my parachute harness. I lay under a hedge by the side of a wood. Two or three hundred yards away my Spitfire burned. My left leg was sticky with blood and my left shoulder, badly dislocated, hurt abominably.

A farmer with an old-fashioned hammer-gun stood over me and I thought his attitude none too friendly. Probably he did not much like flying aeroplanes making holes in his fields and frightening his sheep.

The next few minutes are a blur in my memory. A number of people in khaki appeared on the scene and there was a certain amount of to-ing and fro-ing before I was driven away in an Army ambulance to the Kent and Canterbury Hospital.

Next morning I learnt the humiliating truth: that I had been shot down by a Messerschmitt which I had not even seen.

From that evening until mid-September I was out of the cockpit. Like millions of other people on the ground in south-east England, I watched the furious conflict in the summer sky. We had a grandstand view from the hospital's windows and terraces. Every day more wounded pilots



Sharp memories of the death or glory days: Group Captain Hugh Dundas, now aged 68, with a portrait of himself as a Battle of Britain pilot

came in and every day I heard of friends who had died and others who were wounded.

In eight days, 616 Squadron lost five pilots killed or missing and five others wounded and in hospital. About half of the pilots who had flown down from Leconfield were gone. Many squadrons did better; others did worse. It was the ratio that mattered. Scores of unknown young pilots who, in the last moments of their lives, never knew what had hit them, had succeeded first in scoring a victory or two. And that, in the final analysis, was why the Battle of Britain was won.

On September 13, Dundas rejoined his squadron at Kirtlington in Oxfordshire, just north of Lincoln, where it had been sent to reform. A diary kept during the subsequent winter months records the social life of the squadron, including meetings with his elder brother, John, who was also flying fighters.

October 11: Woken up at 6.15, and after "Begin the Beguine". "J'attendrai" and a stiff Enos managed to come to Readiness.

After breakfast John and I took a Maggie (two-seater trainer, used as a squadron runabout) to Church Fenton, on a short visit to his American friends in the Eagle Squadron. This is the "Escadrille Lafayette" of this war.

We arrived back at Kirtlington at 12 o'clock and set off for home in the Lagonda. It was a race against time, as we had been told that there was grouse for luncheon. But it was a precarious race, as the Lagonda was suffering from odd noises in the transmission, which eventually came to a head on our way through Barnsley. The universal joint dropped out with a loud explosion. Mummy picked us up in the Rover.

November 11: Had an ugly dusk patrol. Through nearly 12,000 feet of storm cloud in the gathering gloom, came out at 500 feet and fortunately almost dead over Hornsea Mere. It was much too bad to try to get home in the dark, so I felt for Calfax, luckily saw the runway and put down safe. My luck was in all round, as Calfax mess happened to be throwing a cocktail party.

November 11: John wrote to me saying that a 1,000 lb bomb had landed within 50 yards of his bedroom the other night; it may go off any time within the next 10 days. Odd though it seems, I think a lot of the time when 1,000 lb time bombs, and incendiary bullets, and cannon shells, and all the rest of this nasty mess-up, will be things of the past. The dangers of forgetting the possibility of reverting to a normal life are enormous; it seems so remote. Two years ago, on this day and at this moment, I was driving with Alice between Cavorthorne and Hillam; it was the night of the Badsworth Hunt Ball and we were en route for dinner with the Lyons. What, I wonder, will I be doing on Armistice Day 1942? Will that be as different from today as this is from two years ago? Will there be as much difference between 20 and 22 as there is between 18, full of romanticism and illusions, and 20, as disillusioned as I suppose one can be at that age?

On November 28 Dundas's brother was shot down by a Messerschmitt over the Isle of Wight and killed, moments after he himself had accounted for Helmut Wick, then the Luftwaffe's top-scoring fighter pilot.

Christmas Day: Last night I went to Wortley for dinner. It was the same as it always has been. Moss produces the sherry, and then Archie stumps down, and Elfin, and Barbara and Diana, always late. And Diana looks even more beautiful than usual; and one half of me says you're in love, you fool, tell her, while the other half says you've no right to be in love with anybody. And tonight I almost did tell her and then stopped and felt a fool. But of course she knows and then I think she could be persuaded to love me. But then I am back full circle at the unanswerable argument that I can't make girls like Diana love me.

We went to church at 8 o'clock. No church bells, no row of candles on the High Altar, just an improvised table with two shaded candles, and a hidden congregation in the dark church. Holy Communion on Christ's birthday hiding secretly from the German

bombs. It is one thousand nine hundred years exactly since the first Supper Feast, and we have to celebrate like this, like Roman Christians in the Catacombs.

By July 1941, 616 Squadron was stationed back in the south of England, as a component of one of the "big wings" — joining two other squadrons at Tangmere in Sussex under the command of Douglas Bader.

My memory of that summer is one of sharp contrasts: of the pleasure of being alive and with friends in the gentle Sussex summer evenings. Of visits from Diana, when we would dine and dance in the balcony outside the Old Ship Club at Bosham watching the moon on the water and listening to the tide lapping against the wall beneath us. Memories of tearing terror when, at the end of a dog-fight, I found myself alone with fifty miles of hostile sky between me and the Channel coast and the hungry 109s curving in to pick off the stragglers.

On some faded sheets of paper there has survived a description of which I wrote, at that time, of an afternoon and evening which could have been one of many. It is incomplete, a fragment, not part of a diary or larger chronicle. I cannot remember writing it; I do not know exactly when I wrote it, for it is undated. But, such as it is, it brings back sharply the feel and taste of those far-off days when I was very young and just discovering life, and death stretched out its hand to touch me every day. I quote it, just as it was written then:

It was hot in the garden, lying face down on the lawn, a pot of iced shandy by my hand, Robin (my golden retriever) huffing and puffing and panting at the cans. "Odd to be lying there peacefully, listening to the click of croquet balls, the blur of voices, the gramophone. The shandy sharp, cold, stimulating."

"Hullo, Cocky."

"Get a squirt this morning, Cocky?"

"Yes, Johnnie, I got a squirt. Missed the bastard as usual, though."

"Another show this afternoon, Cocky. Take off 15.30."

"Yes, I know, take off 15.30." Three hours ago, over Lille. It happened yesterday, and last week, and last month. It will happen again in exactly two and a half hours, and tomorrow, and next month.

The grass smells sweet in the garden, and the shandy was good, and Robin's panting, and the gramophone playing "Mamma,

may I go out dancing — yes, my darling daughter."

It was hot at dispersal and the grass, what was left of it, brown and oil-stained. The Spitfires cracked and rumbled in the sun.

"Everything under control, Hally?" (Flying Officer Hall was the squadron engineer officer.)

"Yes, Cocky, everything under control. DB's not ready yet, but it will be." (DB were the identification letters of Bader's plane.)

"Well, for Christ's sake see that it is, or there'll be some laughing off to do."

"It will be ready, Cocky."

"OK, Hally."

Inside it is as hot as outside. The pilots, dressed almost as they like, lie about sweating.

"Chalk please, Durham."

They all watch as I chalk initials under the diagram of 12 aircraft in three sections of four. Nobody moves much until I have finished and written the time of take-off.

"Smith, you'll be with DB. Nip, you and I on his right. Johnnie, you with the CO and two of 'B' Flight. OK?"

"OK, Cocky."

Here comes DB. "Why the bloody hell isn't my aircraft ready? Cocky, my bloody aeroplane's not ready. We take off in 20 minutes. Where's Hally?"

"It's OK, DB, it'll be ready. I've seen Hally."

"Well, look at the bloody thing. They haven't even got the cowlings on yet. Oi, Hally, come here!"

Christ, I wish we could get going. "Chewing gum, Johnnie, please. Thanks, pal."

"OK, DB?"

"Yes, Cocky, it's going to be OK."

We walk together again, as far as the road.

"Well, good luck, Cocky. And watch my tail, you old bastard."

"I'll do that, DB. Good luck."

Just time for two or three more puffs before climbing into A for Apple.

"Everything OK, Goodlad?" (Goodlad was the fitter who looked after my plane.)

"OK, sir."

"Good show. Bloody hot."

Climbing in, the hottest thing of all. The old girl shimmers like an oven, twangs and creaks.

"Good luck, sir."

"Thanks."

Up the line, DB's motor starts. 610 have formed up and are beginning to move off across the

airfield as we taxi out — DB, myself, Smithie, Nip, then two composite sections from both flights.

Struggle over the grandstand at Goodwood in a right-hand turn and set course east in a steady climb, Ken's 12 a little above and

behind to the left, Stan's out to the right. Ten thousand feet over Shoreham. The old familiar, nostalgic taste in the mouth. Brighton — Max's last Saturday night, dancing with Diana in the Norfolk, Beachy, once a soft summer play-ground, now a gauzy buttress sticking its chin bluntly out towards our enemies. Spread out now into wide semi-independent fours. Glimp of perspex way out and above to the south shows Stan and his boys nicely placed between us and the sun. Dungeness slides slowly past to port and we still climb steadily, straight on, way out in front.

Twenty-five thousand.

"Levelling out."

Puffs of black ten thousand feet below show where the bombers are crossing between Boulogne and Le Touquet. Six big cigars with tiers of protective fighters milling above them.

"Hello, Douglas, Woody calling. There are fifty plus gaining height to the east."

"OK, Woody."

"Put your corks in, boys," Stan. Over the coast at Hardelet we nose ahead without altering course.

"DB, there's some stuff at three o'clock, climbing round to the south west."

"OK, I see it, Stan, you deal with them if necessary."

"OK, OK. Don't get excited!" Usual remarks. Usual shouts of warning. Usual bad language. Usual bloody Huns climbing round the usual bloody way.

St Omer on the left. We fly on, straight and steady in our fours, towards Lille. Stan's voice.

"They're behind us, Walker. Squadron, stand by to break."

Then: "Look out, Walker. Breaking starboard."

Looking over my shoulder to the right and above I see the specks and glints which are Stan's planes break up into the fight, a quick impression of machines diving, climbing, gyrating. Stan, Ian, Tony, Derek and the rest of them are fighting for their lives up there.

Close to the target area now. More black puffs below show where the bombers are running in through the flak.

"Billy here, DB. There's a lot of stuff coming round at three o'clock, slightly above."

Quick look to the right. "Where the hell? Christ, yes! There they are, the sods. A typical long, fast, climbing straggler of 109s."

"More below, DB, to port."

"OK, going down. Ken, watch those buggers behind."

"OK, DB."

"Come on, Cocky."

Down after DB. The Huns are climbing fast to the south.

Have to get in quick before those sods up above get at us.

Turn right, open up slightly. We are diving to two or three hundred feet below their level. DB goes for the one on the left. Nipple is on my right. Johnnie slides across beyond him. Getting in range now. Wait for it, wait for DB and open up all together. 250 yards. 200.

I wish to Christ I felt safer being hit. 150. DB opens up. I pull my nose up slightly to put the dot a little ahead of his orange spinner. Hold it and squeeze, cannon and machine guns together. correct slightly. you're hitting the bastard. wisps of smoke.

"BREAK, Rusty squadron, for Christ's sake BREAK!"

Stick hard over and back into turn, peak revs and haul her round. Tracers curl past. orange nose impression not forty yards off. slacken turn for a second. hell of a mile. better. keep turning, keep turning, keep turning.

There's a chance, now. Ease off, nose up, give her two lengths' lead and fire. Now break, don't hang around. break! Tracers again. a huge orange spinner and three little tongues of flame spitting at me for a second in a semi-head-on attack. Round, round, so that she judders and nearly spins. Then they're all gone, gone as usual as suddenly as they came.

"Cocky, where the hell are you? Are you with me, Cocky?"

There he is, I think. Lucky to find him after that shambles.

"OK, DB, coming up on your starboard now."

"Right behind you, Cocky." That's Johnnie calling.

"OK, Johnnie, I see you."

Good show, the old firm's still together.

It was cooler, on the lawn, and still. The shadows from the tall trees stretched out to the east. Robin lay beside me pressing his muzzle into the grass, huffing at insects. The pint pot of Pimms was cool in my hands and the ice clinked when I moved. The cucumber out of the drink was good and cold and sharp when I sucked it.

"Hullo, Cocky."

"What-ho, Johnnie."

"Tough about Derek."

"Yes, Johnnie, and Mab."

The croquet balls sounded loud to my ear, pressed in the grass. The distant gramophone started again on "Mamma, may I go out dancing?"

"Come on, you old bastard, let's drink up and get out of here."

The tide washed up the creek to Bosham and splashed against the balcony of the Old Ship. We sat and sipped our good, warm, heartening brandy and watched the red sun dip through the western haze, watched the stars light one by one, watched the two swans gliding past like ghost ships.

"Cocky."

"Yes, Johnnie."

"Readiness at four a.m."

"OK, let's go."

Extracted from *Flying Start* by Hugh Dundas, published by Stanley Paul on October 20 (£12.95). The drama series *Piece of Cake* begins tomorrow at 9pm on ITV.

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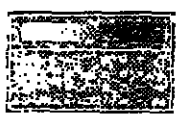


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INTERVIEW

GRAHAM WOOD



Fallen on good times: James was tempted to the BBC by a salary said to be in excess of Wogan's. But the office accommodation leaves a little to be desired — the great man often finds it difficult to squeeze himself in between the desk and the bed

A couch potato amid the sofa set

Clive James is looking bleary-eyed, having just risen from a nap on the zed-bed in his office.

"Little trick I learned from Ronald Reagan," he explains. "Half an hour's sleep in the middle of the day turns one working day into two. That's the theory, anyhow. Actually it turns it into one working day minus half an hour."

The office is about as bad as they come, a set for a drama of urban deprivation with a subplot about the baleful effects of the media. It is a dingy, dingy shoe box in the BBC's Kensington House, at the wrong end of Shepherd's Bush. Newspapers and magazines slither and cascade about the place, including from under the pillow of the zed-bed, and there is a TV and video. Townplans of Rio, Chicago and Paris are pinned to the walls as well as a huge, blown-up photograph of Frank Sinatra.

James himself, 50 next year, looks his age in the bleak light of the early afternoon. Familiarly balding and familiarly 14 stone 12 pounds, he is dressed in black trousers and a black pullover. His blue shirt still has the string from the price tag on the third button. The words, however, still flow like water.

"You want to know when the show starts? There you go, straight in with the tough questions. Too soon, about three weeks I think. It's the Friday show we are talking about. The Saturday show is shrouded in mystery — the showbiz equivalent of the Stealth Bomber, it's curved to avoid the radar. But I can say it will proportionately have more of Yours Truly than the Friday show."

In fact, James's new talk — he resists the word "chat" — show will run every Friday at 11.15pm on BBC2 from November 4. It will have heavyweight guests like Chomsky, Stoppard and Martin Amis. The Saturday show will start some weeks later and it sounds experimental: "something of the flavour my TV column used to have, a way of talking about the world."

The two shows represent the heart of the deal which took James and his producer, Richard Drewett, from LWT to the BBC. The salary was said to be in excess of Terry Wogan's, which puts it somewhere between a third and a half of a million, and the deal as a whole projected James from his role as niche broadcaster to that of BBC star.

On top of the regular shows he will make documentaries and a variety of "specials", enough to ensure that the puffy, beaming features are about to become part of the national wallpaper.

Once, of course, he was a

television critic, free to ridicule this kind of thing.

"When I was a critic I couldn't visualize myself in a thousand years being a talk show host. In fact I said so: there, James freely admits he'd rather go to hell than host talk shows. I meant the kind of show where they plugged some stiff movie or dumb book just because somebody happened to be in town."

It was a danger he could not entirely avoid with his ITV chat show which ran, on and off, over five years.

"Such is the pressure on ITV, you have to have attractive billing — and why not? The pressure is to make every show a hit. It's a relief to get to the BBC and have more air time and the chance to work on something on its own terms."

"The move was an important step in a young man's life which I took too late. I mean I know it's a good screw — but if you average it out I'm doing each programme for less. But I'm doing it for a bundle so I'm not complaining. And the air time is just pure gold."

The talk is fluent but rapid, nervous and surprisingly shy. He hates being interviewed and rarely allows it to happen.

There is also a new kind of pressure. BBC fame, after all, does not have quite the strange anonymity of ITV stardom. It makes you part of the cultural fabric. And there is no doubt that the corporation regards him as The Next Big Thing, up there among the Lawless, Wogans and Ian McCaskills.

"I'm over the top, out there alone. Why me? Heading up the season and so on. We announced it in a nice quiet week and got away with it. This tiny little documentary about Frank Sinatra became the big push for BBC1. I mean God help you if you're it and you're not terrific."

But deeper than that lies the worry that his career is swinging dangerously far away from the written word. For it was writing that made him — even his least forgiving critic would admit that he has a rare turn of phrase — and he always combined his journalism with high-brow literary criticism as well as poems, memoirs and novels. Now he works 12 hours a day in the dingy shoebox. Has he, you know, sold out?

"I might be the man born corrupt. There's no doubt I love to read and write. I want to grow old doing that. I won't grow old doing this. But I have grown old about doing TV. I've only ever done programmes I wanted to do. Sometimes they have gone wrong, but they never started out that way. Cynicism won't get you round the block."

Even his celebrated excerpts

BRYAN APPELYARD

MEETS CLIVE JAMES

from the more extreme game shows on Japanese television were, for James, consistent with his essential seriousness about the medium.

"It's better to know about those things than not to know. Triviality is a charge to which I'm always going to be vulnerable. I hope I'm not guilty. If I had all day I could justify everything I did. Sometimes you've just got to trust the audience."

The high-brow low-brow divide has long been used as a weapon against him. When being high brow he is accused of showing off his arcane and spectacularly wide reading, when low brow he is said to be flashy and shallow. His response is that everything can be done well. Pop TV requires as much thought as the serious stuff. Britain has traditionally

TV is one of the few British institutions that works. If it's deregulated I'm going back to Australia to get rich

been almost the only place in the world where this has been the case.

"British TV used to be full of over-qualified people like Robert Kee and Ludovic Kennedy. I want to keep that up. But I can't be certain when I do whether that kind of thing unites society or keeps civilization running. All I can be sure of is that American TV is a catastrophe with incalculable social consequences. And in Australia with commercials every five minutes, I know this can't be good. People are either going to get their brains scrambled or they'll do something else. Precisely how bad it is I'm not sure. But I believe that by working hard at the kind of work I want to do I'm actually on the side of the angels."

The problem is that the angels appear to be beleaguered. Television dereg-

With guests like Noam Chomsky and Tom Stoppard, there will be little chance of any 'chat' from the BBC's new chat show host. But is he still a little uneasy about his new role as the thinking man's Terry Wogan?

ulation threatens to destroy the old system that produced his heroes.

"I shouldn't be saying this. But there is a decisive historical time coming up for Britain. If TV really is deregulated it will go down the same plughole as American television. But what a pity! It's one of the few British institutions that actually works. If I've got to do deregulated TV, I'm going back to Australia to get rich. In Australia there is a sap that pours liquid gold if you can do what I do for the media. All you've got to do is hand in your brains at the door..."

"When I arrived here 27 years ago this country was crawling with the great and the good ready to defend its institutions. This is not party politics I'm talking, it's real politics. There are no party politics anyway because the opposition has just evaporated. The wonderful middle of the road coalition I dreamed of has just evaporated. They took the hard-line option. I still can't believe it."

The moral note, the sense that there is a clearly right way of doing things, is familiar from the writing. And so is the insistent self-consciousness in all he says, an attribute that has clogged his novels — "I don't know why I am. If I knew I could fix it. I'm certainly too self-conscious to go to a psychiatrist and ask." The effect on his conversation is to make one aware that he is constantly watching himself and, beneath the gags and the roars of laughter, he is actually acting more than you first thought.

"It could be a lack of identity. I don't think anyone in show business is a completely whole person. I have no doubt that one of the reasons I go on screen is that I don't feel completely healthy if I don't. I need the attention."

More often he is assumed to need the attention of his literary peer group — Martin Amis, Peter Porter, Julian Barnes and the whole set of London writers known as The Organization.

The peer group thing is not particularly important. That group is composed entirely of people who could never do anything just to please their friends — they're far more interested in their literary life.

They give each other vicious reviews. The toughest reviews I ever got were from these people — reviews that have kept me awake at night crying have been written by close friends. I'm not saying who."

But wouldn't he rather be on the Booker shortlist? "I have all the resentments, neuroses and paranoia of other writers, redoubled because I'm an exile. I have a fundamentally childish personality. I never think the wrong guys are getting the prizes, never. Let them have the Booker Prize. I do all right. I get a 50 per cent bad press and I always have had. I've got no real complaints."

Here, as elsewhere, pools of reticence are dotted about his rapid monologue. As soon as talk swings round to his private life, he becomes monosyllabic and unhelpful. He has a flat in the Barbican and a house and family in Cambridge. But that is as far as he will go on the basis that his family do not want the spotlight and he is not going to let it shine on them. He also does not want to start falling into the trap of believing that he, Clive James, is of interest merely because he is a television star.

"That is where madness really starts — when you start thinking your private life is interesting enough. The real me is associated with real life. The reason I don't want to talk about my family is they don't want to be talked about. It's really very simple. They don't want to be mixed up in all this..."

This is the point where the self-consciousness stops. He abruptly rejects any illusion that he has a worthwhile, discussable self outside his work.

"I have a very highly-developed sense of chance. I'm alive by chance. By a complicated historical accident we live in a democracy and are at peace and that is extraordinarily interesting. I don't value my life as an individual very highly except for what I do with it. I'm interested in my own personality only as material. I would never tell anyone my dreams. But people do that all the time. Some people famous for modesty are self-obsessed to an astonishing degree."

His jokes about his baldness and his bulk, his insistence on

travelling on the tube as well as his worship of the most elementary ideas like democracy and peace are all drawn together in Clive James as The Common Man, something he genuinely aspires to be. But, surely, the common man did not habitually read Eugenio Montale?

"But he would if he could. He's too busy doing other things, supporting the civilization. I don't want to go to his office every day and do what he's doing, but I'm glad he's doing it."

"I really do think I haven't got any interesting opinions and I don't trust interesting opinions. But I have a way of showing how interesting ordinary opinions are. I think a lot of quirky writers are quirky because they don't write well enough to make ordinary opinions interesting so they

promulgate extraordinary opinions. I'm always trying to find an unobvious way of saying the obvious. I want to drive the point home. I'm talking more and more like a preacher."

He pauses, embarrassed. "This is deep stuff..."

The heart of the James morality is that we are incredibly fortunate. Millions have suffered and died under far more horrific dispensations than the one we must endure. Simply pointing out such things in new and original ways is a sufficient task for his life, he has no illusions about his own originality.

The latest mechanism for dispensing this old wisdom is The Clive James Unit, a suite of offices of which the shoe box is one. The total staff is 20. James seems to have a right of veto on any ideas they produce, but he does allow himself to be persuaded. He insists that, if he could not be persuaded somebody was worth talking to, he would not have them on the show.

Next door to him is a room with girls and computers and a big board scrawled over with programme plans. The girls are known as The Drewettes after the producer, Richard Drewett, a pale, ascetic-looking individual who finally

emerges to drag James off to the editing room.

Most people who are famous simply for being on television are mad: they have become what they appear to be because they are too stupid or deluded to know better. How sane, therefore, is Clive James?

The evidence is inconclusive but, on the whole, he does appear to have all his marbles. Certainly behind the justifications and the morals lurks a dangerously large ego, but it is clearly being watched by a fairly ruthless, self-censoring intellect.

Of course, he is a tightrope act between being everybody and nobody: losing himself in his long list of heroes and in his role as common man or becoming merely a wave-form in the ether like almost everybody else with their own show. The balance he wants to keep is the belief that there is a good reason why he, Clive James The Common Man, should be on the screen.

The conviction that what you have to say is enough to warrant all this technology, all these people... to have it is possibly to suffer from some strange disease akin to hyper-trophy of the ego or a brain storm... but there are worse things to suffer from."

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EATING OUT

A little food with the wine?

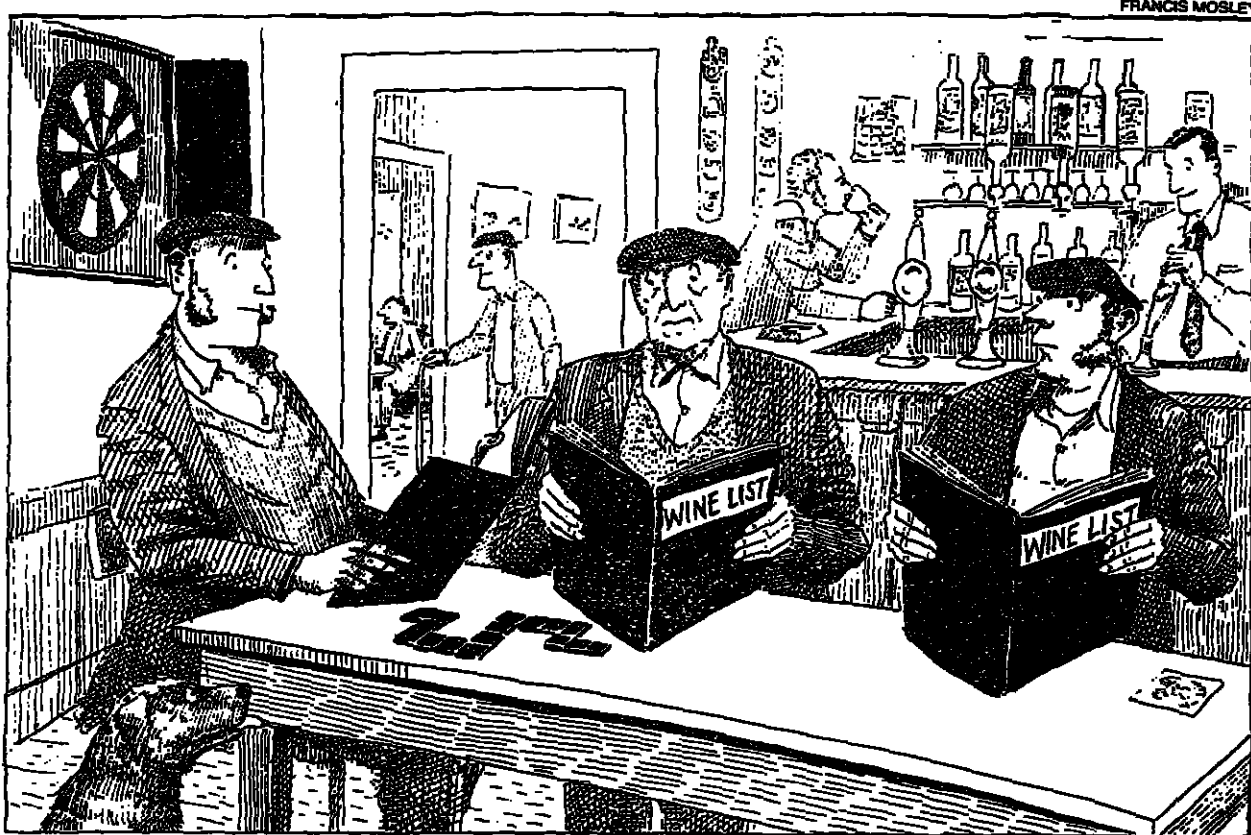
Thirty vintages of Petrus, a dozen of Ausone and as many varieties of bottled water, almost 150 ports, a list that offers in excess of 1,500 items, a list that turns your arms to hold, a list that seems gloriously incongruous in the context of what is, essentially, a pub — a souped-up pub certainly, but really just a pretty, wisteria-covered pub with lavatories called "comfort stations", a "guy" who chats and hums and chirps and also possesses an encyclopaedic enthusiasm for his wares which is his passion.

He is a hobbyist whose fondness for jokey annotations and bumptious wine lore is forgivable. His outfit is called The White Horse Inn and it is a few miles inland of Chichester in a surprisingly wild part of the Downs. Outside in the car park, ramblers drink beer and eat sandwiches; inside the pub, the toppers of Pompey, Havant, Lavant and Bognor treat themselves to fine wine, less fine food, and an eyeful of vinous gewgaws, the most notable of which is an 18th-century portrait of a boozier with a nose as purple as Vieux Cahors and the size of a prize strawberry.

Places with lists such as this rather fox me. What are they for? They belong to a peculiarly English sort of oenomania, one which promotes the grape to a position of primacy, one that proclaims the bottle's the thing and the cooking doesn't really matter.

This was probably all very well a generation or so ago when the English were still stuck with their horrible nursery grub, but things have changed — wine need no longer compensate wine need no longer be the point of a meal with the cooking beaten into second place by a couple of laps. The kitchen at the White Horse is clearly not intending to concede that sort of a defeat — which makes the place all the more fun: you would have thought that either the food would be simple, in order to avoid interfering with the drink, or that it would try to match it. Or you might conclude that these stellar bottles are there merely to be talked about, considered, de-

Jonathan Meades takes along his wine-drinker's hat to two restaurants which boast wine lists much longer than their menus — and menus much meaner than their liquid mouthfuls might suggest



voured and savoured by the palate of the imagination, that the list's function is partly to flatter, to imply that the cooking makes sense. It is not completely pretentious; but most of it is. Both kitchen and guest would be well advised to stick to the simple dishes, the trouble is there is no way of telling which they will be. Crab mousse does not sound as if it will be prone to complications, but it has been heavily handed with uncooked curry powder: what wine could cope with such a flavour? Something German? Cold duck with Cumberland sauce sounds unexceptionable, but was herbed with a sweet, aniseed-flavoured mix of something or other that tasted like the breath-freshener one is offered at the end of dinner in certain Indian cafes. After these starters (and a

third one of bland mushroom and bacon soup) the main courses were a distinct step up, and seemed to belong to a culinary idiom that recognizes the existence of wine. Pigeon with baby onions was a decent rustic dish; plaice was properly grilled and served with tartare sauce; the vegetables included baby swede. Over the third main course (veal cooked with an improbable combination of chorizo, cheese and tomato), it is advisable to draw a curtain. The sweets — a meringue and a

The White Horse Inn, Chilgrove, West Sussex (024 359 219). £50 including wine and service. All major cards. 12-1.45pm and 7-9.30pm Tues to Sat. Children welcome; wheelchair access. The Evesham Hotel

bavarois, both served with a raspberry sauce — were all right, and the cheeses are in good condition, if unexciting. The enjoyment of excessive food fosters madness. I re-situated myself to Gualp's '78 Côte Rotie Brune et Blonde, which hasn't half the spice and fire of the '80 vintage; and an '83 Latour Mersault which was nothing to get excited about. The average cost of a meal here is about £60.

The Evesham Hotel is another wilfully, perhaps self-consciously, eccentric place — what is it about wine that nurtures such jocular and cheery blockiness? Can life really be no more than an office party? Still, this is a well-run and very amiable place. It is a hundred yards from the Avon and two hundred yards from the whale's jaw-bone which forms a sort of gate in the riverside gardens — it is rarely that a by-product of margarine is put to such good use.

The list here is, by a long way, the most wayward I have yet encountered. The one at the White Hart is comprehensible in terms of its pursuit of excellence, even if that pursuit is only rarely taken up. The one here is comprehensible only in terms of Francophobia and perversity. About 300 bottles are listed, and with the exception of some champagne there is nothing from

France. This omission might have been made on grounds of value for money: £7 buys you a lot more quality in an Australian bottle than it does in a French one. But there is quite a bit of plonk here that is rotten value, no matter how cheap it is, and a Colard from Israel is annotated thus: "You'd have to have taste buds in your armpits to enjoy this stuff". But there are some worthwhile wines offered at knock-down prices.

A couple of years ago I drank a bottle of something called Pleasant Ridge Barbera from Texas. The owner said that he did not have any in stock, but "if you're mad enough to drink that you'll like a Hawkes Bay Cabernet/Merlot. New Zealand reds are improving fast."

Now, as well as the extraordinary wine list, this extraordinary hotel also has a list of about 500 aperitifs, brandies, whiskies (and whiskeys), schnapps and so on. I have never previously seen potent on sale (although it is temporarily unavailable due to a raid by the Excise men).

It is probably too much to expect such a place to be able to run a worthwhile kitchen, but some of the time it manages to. The cooking is akin to that at the White Horse — prone to gimmickry — but some dishes are perfectly all right. Among them are sweetbread simply fried and sauced with garlic butter, good consommé, a creamy vichyssoise, scampi with bacon and pineapple purée — which worked. Other dishes score own goals because of their whimsical embellishments: it is a rotten idea to melt blue cheese on a lamb chop, especially when the chop is billed as "plainly grilled"; greasy, cold duck with walnut oil, which is a pleasant idea marred by the failure to trim the bird. The sweets, such as an apple and Calvados sorbet and a chocolate ice cream in a brandy snap basket, are good. The dining room is large, quite handsome, and looks out into a cedar whose needles are, doubtless, this very moment, being turned into a rare liquor. Two will pay about £45-50.

This is a changing selection of restaurants visited in recent months — managements and standards may have changed. Stars — up to a maximum of 10 — are for cooking rather than swags and chandeliers. Dishes described are included to give an indication of the cooking but may well have changed. Prices quoted are for a three-course meal with drinks for two, and are determined according to the "When in Rome" principle: in the case of French places, aperitifs and a bottle of modest wine; tea in the case of oriental ones; beer or less in the case of Indian ones and so on. J.M.

ENGLISH

Auntie's, 126 Cleveland Street, London W1 (01-387 1548)

★★★ New wave English cooking — English dishes done with French flair. The names may be infinitely twee but the stuff on the plate is the right stuff: salmon and leek pie, soured herring, well-flavoured sausages, nice puddings. Wonderful selection of English farmhouse cheeses. £45.

Launceston Place, 1a Launceston Place, London W8 (01-837 6912)

★★★ Effortfully English establishment which attempts to look like some sort of country house. The cooking is well intentioned but clumsy in execution. Snooty service, braying punters. £70.

Rules, 35 Maiden Lane, London WC2 (01-836 5314)

★★★ Solid trad Englishness on the plate and all around you — the pastiches, the mandarin, the spoons, the late-Victorian decorative scheme. Steak and kidney pud and savouries are recommended. £45

Boyd's Glass Garden, 135 Kensington Church Street, London W8 (01-727 5452)

★★★ Two names, two decor, two cooking: indeed it's one of the last outposts of mainstream English "nouveau cuisine". All the dishes are elaborate. Some come off, others don't. £50.

Country Manners, Dorset Square Hotel, 39 Dorset Square, London NW1 (01-724 8026)

★★★ Airy rustic basement serving inexpert English cooking: turnip soup, inedible chicken pasties, disgusting bread and butter pudding. £60.

Boucha's, 3 North End Parade, London W14 (01-833 0513)

★★★ A paste jewel in an acre of asphalt — the most colourful restaurant for miles. The colour is yellow, and it is used with camp assurance all over the tiny dining room. The cooking is

new wave English and well executed. The daily changing menu will include such things as fish pie, chicken with tomato and basil, and steak with grain mustard sauce. £45.

Hill's, 6 Wellington Terrace, Notting Hill Gate, London W11 (01-229 3553)

★★★ Standard issue London restaurant of the late 80's — pink, floral, pseudo-rustic. The cooking is all right save for its taste-mimicking sauces. Very fine cheeses. £50.

Harpers, 6-7 Ox Row, Market Square, Salisbury, Wiltshire (0722 333118)

★★★ Fairly simple first-floor restaurant over-looking Salisbury's impressive market place. Good range of lamb, mushrooms, and other seasonal prepared vegetables; and an impressive selection of French regional wines. £30.

DIM SUM

London Chinatown, 27 Gerrard Street, London W1 (01-437 3186)

★★★ Run of the mill south Soho Cantonese joint where the dim sum is greasy but whose fish dishes — eel with garlic, abalone with crisp noodles — are all right. £25.

New World, 1 Gerrard Place, London W1 (01-734 0677)

★★★ One of the largest restaurants in London — it seats more than five hundred people and most of them are Chinese. At luncheon when they do quite decent dim sum from trays you can believe yourself in Hong Kong. £20.

Man Fu Kung, 22 Leicester Square, London W2 (01-839 4146)

★★★ Barn-like Cantonese canteen decorated with a zoo of plastic dragons. The dim sum is not bad and is rather more bristly served than in most such emporia. Many of the more interesting dishes are not on the menu and have to be asked for, eg tripe and sea slug. £24.

Chuen Cheng Ku, 17 Wardour Street, London W1 (01-437 1398)

★★★ Labyrinth of rooms on three floors, going through two blocks. It is vast. The staff are well schooled in rudeness but the dim sum is probably the best in Soho and the Cantonese cooking is pretty sound. £26.

Dragon's Nest, 58 Shaftesbury Avenue, London W1 (01-437 3119)

★★★ Taiwanese cooking in off-the-peg surroundings. A useful address for offal eaters — tripe appears in 10 different guises and kidneys are matched with squid. The dim sum is unusually light. £40.

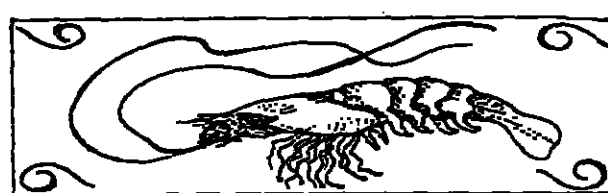
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THE TIMES COOK

Fresh from Bogotá, Frances Bissell prepares an old favourite — potatoes — in a stew fit for the finest Conquistador

Hot pot from the south

Occasionally cooks come across a new dish that has instant and immense appeal, a recipe that they will adapt and add to their own repertoire. This happened to me recently. We were in Colombia to take part in a British Gastronomic Festival at the Bogotá Hilton, but we also had the opportunity to discover Colombian cooking.

The dish I discovered is called "ajiaco Santafereño". Santa Fe de Bogotá being the capital's earlier name under the Spanish colonists. In the Saturday section of *El Tiempo*, the main national newspaper, small notices advertise delivery of ajiaco to your home — "Don Ajiaco" packs it hygienically and delivers on Saturday, Sunday, Festivals and *Ocasiones Especiales*. "Ajiaco Sabanero" bikes it round to you, and "Ajiaco Casero" accepts credit cards.

Ajiaco is a lovely, warming, comforting yet celebratory dish, a thick, soupy stew of chicken, potatoes, corn and herbs. Ethica Rosenbaum, the food correspondent of *El Tiempo*, describes it as "three stone cooking": a fire is made between three stones, a pot of water put on top, and into it goes whatever is available. The Indians cooked corn, several different kinds of potatoes and a local weed called "guascas". When the Spaniards came, they added wild turkey, capers and cream. Wild turkey, long since extinct, has been replaced by chicken, but otherwise the dish has changed very little. Capers, even though they have to be imported, are still an essential ingredient.

Friends in Bogotá assured me that I would not be able to recreate the dish in my own kitchen. Bogotáños are very proud of the variety of potatoes grown there, and were surprised when I expressed similar pride in our potatoes.

The secret is to use three different types, one which will soften and disintegrate when cooked to provide the thickening for the stew, one which will stay firm and provide bulk, and one which has a good flavour, colour and texture to provide the interest.

We learned about all the different potato varieties when we visited the huge wholesale market covering several acres to the south east of the city. We also saw plantains and tubers such as yuca and yams, as well as the unusual "chugus", which resembled miniature pink beetroot, and "cubios", which were like purple spinning tops.

The fruit section was a revelation, rich scents and vivid colours in fruits I had never even heard of, let alone seen before, together with varieties of guavas, passion fruits, custard apples and "tree tomatoes". Many of the fruits are sharp in flavour, and they are used for refreshing drinks, either at breakfast time or to accompany traditional dishes.

Supermarkets and high street multiples here are stocking a wider range of potatoes than ever before, and I consulted them about which three to recommend for this

recipe. Sainsbury's recommends King Edward for the first type and a new variety called Charlotte for the second. The delightful Pink Fir Apple is recommended for the third. Asda recommends Estima, Marks & Spencer Baby Boil. Waitrose recommends King Edward, Wilja and Pink Fir Apple. This last potato is often recommended for salads in which it is delicious, but it also cooks extremely well, is waxy and with a good flavour. It does not need peeling, just scrubbing. That way you can enjoy its pink skin and there is no waste. It is one of the best of the newly introduced varieties — do not be put off by its elongated, slightly knobbly appearance.

Because of the size and number of the ingredients ajiaco is best made in quantity. I have given a recipe for six, but if you have a large pot, you can double the ingredients. It is a meal in itself, a one-pot meal to serve for special friends and special occasions.

There is a certain amount of ceremony attached to ajiaco, small dishes to be handed round with it, that put it on a par with a bollo minto, a bouillabaisse, a paella, and those other wonderful dishes which feast all the senses. Traditionally it is accompanied by small bowls, one of cream, one of capers, another full of finely

chopped parsley and the last containing "aji", a hot sauce made of finely chopped onion, leek or spring onion, tomato, chilli and coriander mixed with lime juice or vinegar. Each person is also served half an avocado sliced on to a side plate. The idea is that you add the other ingredients to your taste when the soup is served.

A first course before the ajiaco would be unusual, but I have given a recipe for "ceviche" (marinated fish) because it is delicious, quite different and yet uses some of the same ingredients. Although the fish is raw, the action of the acid in the lime juice turns the fish opaque, almost as if it were cooked.

In Colombia you are more likely to be served a fruity milk drink with your ajiaco, such as a "sorbet de curuba" made from a variety of passion fruit, or "sorbet de guanabana" made from the soursop. If you make the guava paste in the way I describe, you will also be able to make a guava drink to serve with the ajiaco. This fruit paste is a very popular dessert in Colombia, but as fresh guavas are not easy to find here and are expensive to use in this way, I experimented with tinned guavas. The result was quite acceptable. It is one of the few fruits that retain their scent and some of their texture when processed.

Hand your guests a glass of "canelazo", put on some Andean flute music, enjoy the rich smells coming from the soup pot, and *buen provecho!*

Ajiaco Santafereño sin guascas (Potato and chicken stew with cream)
(Serves 6)

1 chicken, about 2½-3lb/1.10-1.35kg

2 onions, peeled and halved

4 stems of coriander

4-5pt/2.30-2.85l water

1lb/455g soft cooking potatoes, peeled and sliced quite thickly

1lb/455g firm potatoes, peeled and sliced

½lb/230g small, tasty salad potatoes scrubbed and halved or left whole if small

leaves of bunch of watercress

3 corn cobs

chilli pepper to taste

salt to taste

Rinse and dry the chicken and remove any visible fat. Put it in a large saucepan with the onion, coriander and water. If the quantity given above does not cover the chicken, add more water. Bring to the boil, remove any scum from the surface, cover and simmer very gently for 15 minutes. Add the soft cooking potatoes, and cook for a further 25 to 30 minutes. Remove the coriander

and pieces of onion and discard. Take out the chicken, and put it to one side. Add the other two types of potatoes to the pot, and cook for 15 minutes, until the first batch of potatoes are now quite soft enough for you to break up with a fork or potato masher, and the other two batches still firm but just cooked. Remove the meat from the chicken carcass. Put the watercress leaves in the pan and the corn cobs, each cut into four pieces. Bring the stew back to the boil, and simmer until the corn is just tender. Put the chicken meat back in the pan and season to taste, bring to boiling point, simmer for five minutes, then ladle into large earthenware or other deep soup bowls.

Serve the ajiaco with its traditional accompaniments: chopped parsley, capers, cream (or thick yoghurt) and aji.

Use plastic, lemon sole, cod, sole or haddock, or whatever your fishmonger recommends for this preparation of raw fish. It must be absolutely fresh.

Ceviche (Marinated fish with onions, tomatoes and peppers)
(Serves 4)

1lb/455g skinned white fish fillets

1 medium sized onion

1 green pepper

1 small chilli (red or green)

juice of 2 large limes
sea salt
freshly ground white pepper
a few coriander leaves
2 firm but ripe tomatoes

Rinse and thoroughly dry the fish fillet. Cut it into smallish cubes or strips, and put in a china or glass bowl. Peel and quarter the onion, and then slice each quarter very finely. Put with the fish and stir. Cut the green pepper in half and remove the seeds and membranes. Slice very finely and put with the fish. Cut the chilli in half and remove the seeds and any membrane with a knife point. The seeds and the tips are the hottest part. Finely chop as much or as little as you want, and stir it into the fish. Squeeze in the lime juice, and grind on a little salt and pepper. Tear the coriander leaves and add these. Mix together, cover and allow to stand in a cool place or refrigerate for a couple of hours stirring occasionally to make sure that all the fish comes into contact with the lime juice. When ready to serve, peel, deseed and chop the tomatoes. Serve the fish, together with its liquid, in bowls or on plates with a spoonful of diced tomato and some more coriander leaves for decoration.

Sometimes this is served on a bed of lettuce with diced avocado or in half an avocado.

It is also worth making this in larger quantities with fresh or preserved guavas or quinces (fresh fruit will need cooking first to soften it before you add the sugar). When cool, cut into squares or sticks, roll in caster sugar, wrap individually in Cellophane or greaseproof paper, and store in an airtight container.

This next is not a sorbet as we know it, more of a thick drink, but you could freeze it if you wish. It uses up the syrup and pulp from the previous recipe.

Sorbet de guava (Guava sherbet)
(Serves 4)

guava syrup

guava seeds and pulp

½pt/430ml milk or water

4 tablespoons yoghurt

Put the syrup in a blender together with the seeds which will still have a good deal of pulp around them. Switch the motor on in short bursts to loosen the seeds from the pulp. Rub the mixture through a sieve and return it to the blender with the milk or water and yoghurt. Blend until smooth. Chill or freeze it until ready to serve.

Canelazo (Hot cinnamon punch)
(Serves 4 to 6)
¾pt/430ml water
2 x 3in/7.5cm cinnamon sticks
¼pt/140ml aguardiente
juice of half a lemon
sugar for sweetening and frosting

Put the water and cinnamon sticks in a saucepan, bring to the boil and turn down the heat. Then barely simmer for eight to 10 minutes. Add the aguardiente, the lemon juice and sugar to taste. Remove from the heat after another minute or two. Moisten the rims of small wine glasses, dip them into the sugar to frost the edges and strain in the hot punch.

Dulce de guayaba (Guava paste)
(Serves 4 to 6)
1lb/455g tin guavas
about 7oz/220g sugar
juice of 1 lemon

Drain and reserve the liquid from the tin of guavas. With a teaspoon, remove the seeds from the centre of the guava halves. Put this in a bowl and reserve for the next recipe. Chop the guavas small or make a puree of them if you want a smooth paste. Put in a heavy saucepan with an equal quantity of sugar and the lemon juice. Heat through very gently until the sugar has melted and then bring to the boil. Cook until the point when you draw the edge of the wooden spoon across the base of the pan and a line is left. Pour the mixture into a shallow, greased dish and leave until set. Turn out, divide into pieces, and serve each one on a small plate with a slice of ricotta cheese.

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FOOD

Trail of the red herring

The story of smoked fish is one long trail of red herrings. Fishmongers say: "We cannot sell undyed smoked fish, people won't buy it"; or: "We do not sell undyed — the standard is not reliable". A supermarket headquarters, answering a complaint about tough, dry smoked haddock, said: "We have switched to a supplier who does not use any colouring agents, so the fish has to be smoked longer."

All these statements are mistaken or misleading, but then so are some of the claims made in favour of undyed smoked fish: "It is more digestible... It tastes better, milder, sweeter... It is really smoked, so it keeps better."

In fact, as curers, supermarkets and most fishmongers will confirm, there is an increasingly strong demand for undyed smoked fish, which is not surprising in view of the general concern about additives. But dyeing is purely cosmetic, has no reliably perceptible effect on flavour, and does not affect shelf-life.

Since none of the dyes commonly used to colour smoked fish is absolutely above suspicion of harmful reactions on health, that might seem good and sufficient reason for banning them all — but the use of dyes has, on occasions, helped keep traditional curers in business. Last year's herring on the west coast of Scotland were so poor and skinny that without a helpful mahogany veneer they probably would have been largely unsaleable. As it is there are no large-scale kipperers left on Loch Fyne, and some of those that survive have taken out their machinery and gone back, when catches are good enough, to splitting herring by hand. Loch Fyne kipperers seen in supermarkets will have been processed in Aberdeen or Peterhead.

The most important dyes used in smoked fish have been synthetic azo (coal tar); dyes such as tartrazine in yellow fish and Brown FK in kippers; and the natural dyes, crocin (derived from saffron or from gardenia pods) and annatto (from the South American *bixa tree*).

Tartrazine (E102) has been linked with hyperactivity in children and may cause ad-

verse reactions in a small minority of the population, as may the related colouring, Sunset Yellow (E110).

Brown FK is not as high-tech as it may sound. The initials stand simply for "for kippers" (though it is also now being used to make chicken look roasted) and it is a cocktail of some six azo compounds. It has no E number approved by the EEC, but is coded 154 in Britain and was cleared of carcinogenicity in 1987, though the Food Advisory Committee now recommends that its use should be limited to dyeing kippers and marking meat.

The "natural" dyes are not necessarily any safer than their synthetic rivals. Annatto (E160b) can also cause adverse reactions and crocin (a permitted foodstuff in the

EEC, and not numbered) was one of four natural colours (another was a particular form of annatto) which the Committee on Toxicity of Chemicals in Food, Consumer Products and the Environment recommended last year should be removed from the British approved list because there is as yet insufficient information to assess their safety. The Government has still to decide what, if anything, to do about the recommendation.

While attention continues to focus on colour we may be continuing the pursuit of the biggest red herring in the shop. There is scant evidence of carcinogenicity in humans from colouring agents, whereas many of the substances in smoke are known to be positively carcinogenic.

The original red herring (the one that used to be trailed to lure hounds a scent to follow) was a fish dried in smoke to such an impenetrable hardness that it would keep for a year, and required reconstitution before it could possibly be eaten. Cures have got progressively milder ever since, and now have little preservative effect at all. Smoked fish should keep for a fortnight at 20C but will not reliably last a day longer than fresh fish if it is not kept properly chilled.

Milder, subtler and gentler cures doubtless lower the risk of any harmful effects on health, but countries that take carcinogenicity seriously (that means America especially) are shifting from natural smoke to an atomized distillate of smoke from which, they claim, harmful compounds have been completely removed.

The use of "artificial" smoke like this would ignite the smouldering suspicions of the anti-technological food lobby in Britain, but would almost certainly make a safer and more consistent product than we have yet seen. It would also enable British smokers to experiment economically with "exotic" smokes such as hickory and mesquite. Since smoking is now really all about flavour, and not colour or keeping quality, that should be an attractive idea.

Meanwhile I shall continue to prefer undyed smoked fish wherever I can find it, to remember that freshness and quality is as important to smoked fish as to any other, and to eat my kippers upside down. If you have the kipper on the plate skin upmost, you can peel back the skin from the edges and eat down on to the bone without any mess or fuss. Remember a kipper fillet may be mild and innocuous, but a real kipper is an experience, and for those who distrust the sight and smell of loose kippers, whole kippers are now available hygienically, if uncomfortably, straitjacketed in blister packs or politely restrained in controlled atmosphere packages in supermarkets such as Safeway and Tesco.

Robin Young



Cure for all: smoking fish in the old-fashioned way

DRINK

Warm up for the winter

"So far, so good," is the news from French vineyards; every- one appears to be optimistic about the prospects of the 1988 vintage. However, last-minute calamities such as rain or hail can still ruin 1988's chances; back in London the tasting season has started.

The September tasting that no wine writer could afford to miss was Sainsbury's, which now boasts a list of almost 300 different wines. Not all the wines are available in all the supermarket branches, but anyone who has visited one of Sainsbury's flagship wine stores, such as Cromwell Road or Nine Elms, in London, will know just how impressively and comprehensively stocked their wine shelves now are.

In addition to the classics, there are four different de-alcoholized wines, peach fizz, blush wines, not very nice organic Rhône red and the "Lafite Lauguedocian" Mas de Dammé as Cassac.

Although this was the best and most consistent Sainsbury's tasting I have ever attended, with few disappointments in a selection of more than 60 wines, not all is rosy. Sainsbury's previous cavalier approach to labelling their own-label rosé champagne (one label for five different pink champagnes) has sadly repeated itself with their 1982 Blanc de Blancs vintage champagne. I first recommended this for Christmas 1986; a year in the bottle aged it to a rich, mature, tasty mouthful and it was still supplied by the Stéphanie co-operative, sold under the sous-marque of Lizard Goutier.

Unfortunately, the bottle you may buy today of this '82 champagne could come from three different suppliers, either the Stéphanie co-operative, Champagne Marie Stuart in Reims, or De Venoge

in Epervan. The '82 bottle I tasted came from De Venoge, and despite Sainsbury's protestation that all three blends are the same, with its pronounced greeny-gold colour and acceptable, but dull, coarse fruit, it was distinctly inferior to the previous Stéphanie product.

Instead try Sainsbury's new own-label '86 Bourgogne Aligoté whose fresh yet gutsy (due to the powerful '86 vintage) biscuity scent and apricot palate is well worth £3.49.

A considerable notch up, both in terms of price and quality, is the '87 Cooks Hawkes Bay Sauvignon Blanc, a vintage selection wine priced at £4.69 a bottle. New Zealand Sauvignons are becoming something of a cult white wine among wine buffs, and this reasonably priced version has a rich, ripe gooseberry and elderflower-like fruit. Red burgundy drinkers should try Sainsbury's '85 St Aubin from Eugene Lebreton priced at £5.85. St Aubin is by its neighbours Meursault and Puligny-Montrachet, but Sainsbury's '85, despite its anonymous nose, has delightful, plummy fruit on the palate.

If we have the occasional warm October day, then I shall look forward to a glass of an extraordinary rosé. This '86 Morey-St-Denis comes from Jacques Seysses's stylish Domaine Dujac estate in the Côte de Nuits. Labelled firmly "Vin Gris de Pinot Noir", it was produced by running off some of the slightly stained red wine juice from the Morey-St-Denis grapes before fermentation, in order to give this latter wine more fullness, flavour and colour.

I tasted it first with a Master of Wine friend who swore that its pale onion skin

colour and biscuity-smoky scent were pure Pinot Noir, as was the palate. I found Chardonnay, not Pinot Noir, on the nose of this wine but happily spotted the strawberry-like flavours of Pinot Noir on its soft, velvety palate. Make up your own mind by buying a bottle, at a steep but merited £7.90 each, from The Winery, 4 Clifton Road, London W9 or Les Amis du Vin, 51 Chiltern Street, London W1. Cases of six bottles are available from Les Amis du Vin, 19 Charlotte Street, London W1 for the discounted price of £7.50 a

bottle, £45 a case. For some beefy red wines to cope with warming winter dishes, Australia is an ideal source, and the bestest Wynns wine is the Coonawarra Estate Shiraz '86 whose dense, purple-black colour is a real treat (Threshers, £4.09). Slightly less powerful but just as impressive is Wynns' '84 Coonawarra Estate Cabernet Sauvignon whose inky colour hides a rich, sweet, complex blackcurrant palate (Victoria Wine Company, £5.49).

Jane MacQuitty

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REVIEW

Music enters the golden age

ROCK CDV

The CD video, which links high-quality stereo sound to the television screen, takes the living-room revolution a stage further

"Now you can see the music" is the marketing slogan behind the latest item of hi-tech audio-visual hardware, the CD video (CDV). As a descriptive message it has the virtue of simplicity, but begs the question of whether rock devotees may not already "see" enough music, given the plethora of pop video cassettes which are either commercially available or else easily compiled by making recordings from television broadcasts.

The first thing to make clear is that you don't have to use the CDV machine to watch music or anything else. It can be used in exactly the same way as an ordinary compact disc player and will play the standard CD discs that have already revolutionized the listening habits of more than a million British households.

However, when hooked up to any television screen and fed a distinctive gold CDV disc, the machine will produce the same high-quality CD sound through the speakers of the stereo system and simultaneously deliver a video picture the equal of anything that one might expect to see broadcast on a finely tuned TV.

Thus, the advantages of CDV over the video cassette are similar to the benefits of the CD over the audio cassette. The picture quality of a CDV starts off sharper than that generated by a video tape and stays that way, since CDV discs, like CD discs, are claimed not to deteriorate with use. The CDV system offers the capacity to select different tracks or sections of music without having to spool forwards and backwards and boasts various other gimmicks, such as the ability to programme a section to repeat itself. The big drawback is that you cannot record from the television (or anywhere else) on to CDV.

There is a sense of inevitability about the arrival of CDV. In its linking of high-quality stereo sound to the television screen, it closes the circle around the two major music industry developments of the Eighties: CD and music video. The increasing tendency to schedule simultaneous TV and stereo radio broadcasts now a regular feature of *Top of the Pops* — has already signalled the end of television's long history of not-so-splendid isolation from the household's audio equipment.

If the makers of CDV have judged the market correctly, the entertainment landscape of the British living room is about to change. It will certainly become more commonplace to see the



Two of a kind: Peter Gabriel (left) and Plácido Domingo, among the first to use the CDV's ability to help you to "see the music"

family TV linked to the stereo and flanked by its speakers, while stereo rack systems that incorporate a television screen cannot be far off.

Initially, much depends on the price of the equipment and the breadth of the available CDV catalogue. The CDV machine with which I was supplied — the Philips Combi CDV475 — retails at around £500, and Polygram, with whom Philips has developed the system, is launching it with 160 titles ranging from rock to classical. It is worth recalling that when CD was launched five years ago it boasted about 35 titles and the first machines cost £500-£600.

The CDV machine looks rather like a CD player, although the large loading tray, which shoots out like a rapacious tongue in response to a touch of the remote-control unit, is capable of taking not only the 5in discs that are the norm for CD, but also 8in and 12in CDV discs. In most respects it is very like a CD player to operate except that its responses to commands relating to video items (for example, search or play) are much slower than those relating to audio only.

Already, I have heard the cries of "it'll never catch on" from those who argue that the appeal of "watching" music is limited at best, and it is true that even the most engaging video images or pictures of concert footage tend to pall after a few viewings. For

whatever reason, repeated exposure to a music video, however well produced, simply does not yield the benefits that accrue from prolonged familiarity with a piece of music. Will CDV, therefore, turn out to be another technological innovation that no one wants to buy, like quadraphonic sound or LaserVision?

I think not. Even hampered by their poor sound quality, sales of music videos have been significant. *The Making Of Michael*

together with frothier items from Pepsi And Shirley, Curiosity Killed The Cat, Swing Out Sister and Bananarama. In every case the videos were made to promote the singles at the time of their release, and rather than seeming to be harbingers of a brave new dawn, they nearly all looked and sounded uncomfortably familiar, if clearer.

The 12in discs, which can take up to two hours of material spread over two sides, and the 8in discs,

supposedly foolproof system.

While the occasional track on the 12in sampler still commanded attention, such as the video for Dire Straits' "Money For Nothing", with its stunning computer-generated graphics, CDV at this stage offers the rock consumer nothing new in terms of content. But it is clearly the medium of the future, simply because it builds so neatly on the foundations already laid by CD and music video, and because it is perfectly suited to an era when people's habits are increasingly attuned to visual stimuli and it is increasingly the TV rather than the radio that is on in the corner at breakfast time and during the day.

Anyone thinking of buying a CD player should consider the CDV option, while those who have already built up a collection of CD discs will find a base of consumers for whom CDV will be the next logical step if, or when, they come to upgrade. Even those saddled with LaserVision will find this system compatible.

As usual, the iron law of technological innovation dictates that the ideal time to invest in this equipment will be in about a year when prices have fallen, the catalogue has expanded and any teething troubles have been exposed and rectified. For committed videophiles and the more impetuous consumer, the product is officially launched on Monday.

David Sinclair

The ideal time to invest in this equipment will be in about a year when prices have fallen

Jackson's Thriller, albeit the biggest-selling video, shifted 300,000 copies, and one assumes that the market for such an item and others like it, if they were to become available with enhanced vision and CD sound, would be worth courting.

Unfortunately, Jackson's "Thriller", A-Ha's "Take On Me" and other milestone rock videos are not available with the first batch of releases, although Peter Gabriel's "Sledgehammer" is included on his CD collection.

I viewed a special 12in CDV sampler disc which included "Wasteland" by the Mission, "The Wanderer" by Status Quo, "I'm Still Standing" by Eton John and "Word Up" by Cameo,

which can carry up to 44 minutes, are expected to retail in a complicated range of prices up to £20, while the 5in CDV single, which can take up to six minutes of combined audio and video, plus another 20 minutes of audio only, will retail for £4.99.

Although the sound was of the uniformly high quality one would expect from CD and the visual images were in general a good, clear standard, a 5in disc of Level 42's "Running In The Family" suffered from continuous flicks of interference which broke up the picture in a rather alarming manner. This was not a very impressive discovery, particularly among such a small selection of sample material offered to demonstrate a

Opera on CD video ranges from the theatrical to the classy. But there is room for improvement

OPERA CDV

Those of us who have been converting some of our record shelves to house the small and squat CDs may have to think again. The new opera compact video discs are the same size and format as the old black discs.

Buy a new CDV of *Bohème* and it will sit neatly alongside the Beecham recording with Björling and de los Angeles you have had for the last quarter-century — unless of course that has already been traded in for a CD version. The only difference between the CDV and the black disc is that the former is gold, heavy and quite expensive.

Vision, some may claim, is advisable for opera. The case is clearly even stronger for dance. Philips's opening release contains two quite venerable recordings: just under two hours of Swan Lake with Fonteyn and Nureyev backed by the Vienna State Opera Ballet dating from 1966, and a *Giselle* from American Ballet Theatre, with Fracci and Bruhn, 1969 vintage — not a bad year.

Putting purely instrumental music on CDV is likely to be the most controversial area and I leave others to argue for and against the cause.

So to opera. Three issues, one from each of the three arms of Polygram — EMI, the last major company to go into CDs, has not yet taken the CDV plunge — illustrate the different types of interpretation to be expected.

The oldest, DG's *Bohème* of 1967 (072 105-1), is an unashamed theatrical event. This is a simulation or, put more politely, an enduring record of a night at the opera. The place is La Scala, the conductor Karajan and the director Zeffirelli, who filmed his own production — a very classy combination. There is a shot of the auditorium, the sound of an orchestra warming up before the curtain rises on the Bohemians' scruffy attic. This is the way Paul Czinner used to shoot it when the cinema first started to take the opera seriously.

Zeffirelli's staging was a landmark and he films it lovingly. Act III in particular is stunning: the pollarded trees, with their stumpy arms, stand like scarecrows in the snow as the lovers try to come to terms with illness and jealousy. The performance is dominated by Mirella Freni's Mimi, moonfaced and nervous at her first encounter with Rodolfo, but then dragging every ounce of emotion from the part.

The rest of the cast is very much a Scala one — 100 per cent Italian rather than an international assemblage — with Ivo Vinco's Colline outstanding. Karajan, when he came to record *Bohème* for Decca five years later, kept both Freni and his Marcello (Rolando Panerai).

The DG *Bohème* does though show some of the teething troubles of the CDV. There is sometimes a split-second "slippage" between sound and vision so that, especially in close-up, there is a feeling of watching a dubbed film.

Sonic direction is not totally accurate, as when Mimi and Rodolfo exit stage left at the end of Act I.

Prospective purchasers should be warned that opera sets come without subtitles — an operaphile in, say, Hamburg, listening to an opera in Italian, would be none too interested in English at the bottom of the screen — and without libretto.

Decca's *Tosca* (071 402-1) leaves the theatre for the natural settings of the trio of buildings which dominate the three acts of Puccini's opera: the church of Sant' Andrea della Valle, the Palazzo Farnese and the Castel Sant'Angelo.

Gianfranco del Bosio directed the film with reasonable panache for United in 1976. Certainly for once Tosca's plunge to her death looks convincing enough as she tears across the top of Sant'Angelo to leap into the early morning sun.

This is probably Raina Kabaivanska's finest hour in the title role: elsewhere she is a bit angular both physically and vocally and the flirtatiousness of Floria Tosca in Act I does not come easily. No similar troubles are experienced by Domingo's shaggy rebel of a Cavaradossi and Sherrill Milnes's icily controlled Scarpia. It is especially useful to have one of the best performances of Milnes, a baritone too little appreciated in the UK. Bruno Bartoletti might have cut a few of the livestock noises in the Act III prelude (Plácido Domingo, jun., is the nasal Shepherd Boy), but elsewhere he and the New Philharmonia acquit themselves very decently.

The most sophisticated of the three CDVs comes from Philips: Zeffirelli again and his 1982 version of *Cavalleria rusticana* (070 103-1). This has already been seen as a film on Channel 4 and is the only one of the three which is also available on ordinary CD (Philips 416 137-2).

The opening sequence of Turiddu hurrying through the fields from a secret assignation with Lola came out with greenish hue on my television, but thereafter the colour improved immensely. Few know Mascagni and Sicily better than Zeffirelli, whose camera is totally at home among the plumed horses, prickly pears and donkeys stabled among the wine barrels.

Turiddu has always been among Domingo's very best roles and he sings on screen with notable passion, matched by Renato Bruson's angry Alfio and a connoisseur's performance by Fedora Barbieri's watchful Mamma Lucia. Obraztsova's Santuzza is a bit rough, but no one could apply that adjective to the playing of the Scala Orchestra under Pretre.

Welcome, then, to the CDV and especially to the quality of sound coupled with the simplicity of the hardware.

John Higgins

Dream song

CLASSICAL RECORDS

Mendelssohn: incidental music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Bamberg Symphony Orchestra/Flor (RCA CD RD87764). Schupert: *Leider Marjana*. Lipovsek/Parsons (Orfeo CD 159871 A). La Clavière française: Emma Johnson/Back (ASV CD DCA 621).

London will have a chance to renew its as yet brief acquaintance with the young East German conductor Klaus Peter Flor when he brings his Berlin Symphony Orchestra to the Barbican on October 11 as part of its world tour. For the time being, though, we hear him conducting the Bamberg Symphony Orchestra and Chorus in an ear-cleansing performance of Mendelssohn's incidental music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

The sound is distinctive: slim, piping woodwind, and a lute, springing down-beat which makes the overture bounce along, as much a herald of the play's mechanicals as of their winged tormentors.

The woodwind aerie the gently pulsing Scherzo as they bubble their way through it, and make a quirky little interlude of the tongue-in-cheek Funeral March. Flor draws a dignified and judiciously paced Nocturne, before a real reeve of a Wedding March. He chooses his soloists shrewdly: Lucia Popp is a seductive Titania, while Marjana Lipovsek repels the spiders and beetles with spirit and dark authority.

We hear too little of her warmly-spiced mezzo-soprano. But this is remedied by a new release, from Orfeo, of a selection of Schubert's *Leider*, each one with a strongly female persona: Goethe's *Mi-*

gnon and Gretchen, and Sir Walter Scott's Ellen frame the songs of Suleika and the Young Nun.

Lipovsek is imaginative enough to convey at once the ardent intensity and childlike vulnerability of the burdened Mignon, and artful enough, in "Gretchen am Spinnrade" to build slowly a powerful sense of the depersonalization of a soul in torment for whom waiting is long.

One of the survivors of the gladiatorial Young Musicians of the Year competition, Emma Johnson has been keeping her name and her clarinet, to the fore on disc while finishing her studies at Cambridge. This programme of French pieces whets the appetite for the recital work to which she will doubtless be returning soon.

Poulenc provides substance. His Sonata for clarinet and piano, a late work, written for Benny Goodman, shows off well Johnson's sophisticated mind and fingers. She slides into Poulenc's wry distortion of Beethoven's "Appassionata" theme, then eagerly dons each new mask, whether in a fine, fluting high register or in the wittily expressive bass of her instrument.

There are lollipops, too, though by no means to be listened to with only half an ear. Her accompanist, Gordon Back, has made happy arrangements of Debussy's "La fille aux cheveux de lin" and Ravel's Habanera and Pavane, and they bring out the elusive, searching style of a soloist as happy in the improvisations of jazz as in the poise of the classical French repertoire. Her Milhaud uses her hovering between the two: the Duo Concertant is acerbic and lip-tingling in its puckish irony.

Hilary Finch

When cool is hot

JAZZ RECORDS

Anyone who has heard him on tour or on record with the marvellous Dave Holland Quintet will know that Steve Coleman is one of the most outstanding members of what we might as well call the Marsalis generation of young jazz musicians. His logical synthesis of several post-Farker approaches to the alto saxophone and his fresh compositional instinct are the product of a very cool head indeed.

Now aged 32, Coleman got his start in Chicago, where he learnt the basics of jazz from such elder statesmen as Von Freeman and Richard Ab-1978, he joined the loft-jazz scene played alongside the likes of Sam Rivers and David Murray before joining Holland's band. More recently he has formed a small ensemble, called Five Elements, as a vehicle for the expression of his own developing musical character.

Coleman may very well be the hottest young jazz altoist to appear in a couple of decades — since Eric Dolphy blew in from California, perhaps. But he also loves James Brown, Jimi Hendrix and hip-hop, and clearly espouses the creed of a fellow altoist, the World Saxophone Quartet's Oliver Lake, who once wrote, apropos of eclecticism: "Let me have all my food on one plate!" The result is that while *Sine Die*, the band's fourth album, contains several passages of recognizably first-class jazz improvising, there are also moments that will be more familiar to followers of LL Cool J, Defunkt or Prince.

At its best, this inclusive attitude can produce a piece such as "Dark to Light" which, declaimed by the group's singer, the dark-voiced Cassandra Wilson, successfully revives the long-discredited notion of jazz and poetry, showing the group's cool confidence and stylistic audacity to best advantage.

"Destination" is clipped funk in 7/4 with an attractive tenor saxophone work by guest Branford Marsalis; "Passage" has some fine writing for an augmented saxophone section; there is impressive improvising by the group's trumpeter, Graham Haynes, and Marvin "Smitty" Smith proves yet again that he has no peer among the younger drummers.

Steve Coleman: most outstanding altoist

Steve Coleman and Five Elements *Sine Die* (CBS/Pangaea 481159). Dave Holland Trio *Triplicate* (ECM 1373).



Steve Coleman: most outstanding altoist

Whether there is a new generation of listeners, as well as musicians, which prefers all its food on one plate is a question which awaits its answer. If there is, then Coleman's band will be handily placed; and *Sine Die* sounds full of potential for growth.

Triplicate, on the other hand, features Coleman the unadorned jazz saxophonist, spending 55 minutes in the very fast company of the bassist Dave Holland and the drummer Jack DeJohnette, a duo who formed first Miles Davis's and then Stan Getz's rhythm section in the early Seventies. The album starts with a Coleman composition, "Games", a medium-tempo piece at once angular and flowing — a combination betraying the debts to Dolphy and Thelonious Monk to be found in the architecture of his writing. It is an appropriate opening to an album of intense three-way conversations revealing the sensitivity of these virtuosos.

Like Wynton Marsalis on his outings with Herbie Hancock, Ron Carter and Tony Williams, Coleman easily holds his own with these vastly more experienced colleagues. And no matter how heated the music gets, he maintains his smooth, singing tone and fluid phrasing with impressive aplomb. Listening to his sumptuous elaborations on DeJohnette's pretty "Blue", you might easily find yourself thinking that here is a young modernist in whose playing one can hear the same lyricism of Johnny Hodges mingling with the sharp aftertaste of Art Pepper: a rare combination, to say the least.

Richard Williams

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THE ARTS

A virus in the suburban heart

There was a giant in Alice Hoffman's last novel. In the previous one, a woman saw the future in tea leaves and brought her baby back from the dead; in the one before that a girl kept falling inexplicably and protractedly asleep, in which condition she filled rooms with the scent of roses. Their meandering narratives crammed stories within stories, and the author gave them fanciful, dreamy titles such as *Illumination Night*, *Fortune's Daughter*, and *White Horses*.

Hoffman's latest novel is called *At Risk*, and is a direct, linear account of a 11-year-old girl dying of Aids. The book jacket says the novel "may move you to tears", and, in case this should occur, the author (who gave a third of her own advance) has added a fund-raising postscript, advising that donations be sent to the American Foundation for Aids Research.

Her previous novels had been praised for their intense, imaginative singularity, but failed to make her famous. *At Risk* had a first print run of 100,000 copies, and has since justified the investment, reaching the American best-seller list in August after reviewers had exclaimed that it must be read: that it was the first Aids novel; that "only the most hard-hearted of readers will remain dry-eyed".

A laconic, reticent woman aged 36, Hoffman said she had not cried

Alice Hoffman tells Catherine Bennett about her best-selling book, 'the first Aids novel'

while writing it. "But I cried when I read it. When it got to the two little boys — something about children's friendship, the intensity, the purity of them, you know." Now that *At Risk* has been acclaimed more as an "Aids novel" than an Alice Hoffman one, she is deprecating the part of the virus: "In a way it's not really about Aids, but this family and what happens to them... more about how the people around the person who is dying of Aids react."

In the affluent and civilized New England town of Hoffman's imagination, even the educated middle classes react with brutish cruelty when Amanda Farrell is diagnosed with Aids, caught from a contaminated blood transfusion. All she knew, starting *At Risk*, was that one person would die, and that her own reaction to Aids was nothing to be proud of. "I think of myself as a very liberal person," she said, speaking over the head of her younger son, whom she was breast-feeding. The older one, now five years old, was at school. "And I was very frightened that I had this plague mentality."

At Risk examines all such shameful emotions — which inspire parents to remove their children

from Amanda's school, her classmates to shun her — with humane, somewhat schematic understanding; indeed Hoffman has been criticized for skirting the real hatreds inspired by Aids, for choosing an innocent victim whose disease could not be ignorantly interpreted as righteous punishment for promiscuity. There is hope, also, for Amanda's parents and younger brother, first divided then reconciled in their agony; and the victim herself behaves with Dickensian child-nobility which tilters on the mawkish.

"I guess what I really wanted to say was it's not unexpected or unusual to have negative feelings, or to be fearful," Hoffman said, "but there's a big difference between the way you feel and the way you act. Mostly the book is about trying to act honourably in a tragic situation."

In its way, which is not always far removed from the knowing, didactic simplicities of "young adult" fiction, *At Risk* is an affecting addition to the body of Aids literature, but it still seems an odd departure from style for Alice Hoffman, suggesting that her old way with the magical or untoward is inadequate to deal with the nasty

reality of threatened suburbia.

"Part of the reason is that Aids took the place of that," Hoffman said, "that was the inexplicable part of it. Aids is like something you'd invent, it's bizarre, it's horrible, it's kind of like a spaceship — this disease just landing. I felt that anything else I was going to add was going to reduce it." Anyway, she said, every one of her books was different — "if it isn't the whole purpose of writing is gone."

As the child of divorced parents in a blue-collar suburb of Long Island, she started writing and reading stories to "escape", because she felt like an outsider. "Books really made me feel there was this world I lived in and this other world." And although it is 15 years, seven novels and 12 screenplays since Hoffman graduated from Stanford University's creative writing course, she still speaks as solemnly about the escapism of Mary Poppins and the science fiction she read as a teenager as she does about "the most brilliant book ever" *One Hundred Years of Solitude*.

Some reviewers have suggested that Aids is such an obvious social issue, demanding and receiving such conscientious treatment in *At Risk*, that it has compromised Hoffman's own talents. "But I've always written about issues," she said. "It just so happens that this time I was interested in what everyone else was interested in."



Moved to tears: the laconic Hoffman wept when she read her own novel

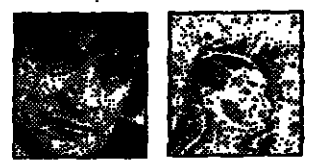
THE TIMES ARTS DIARY

Haydn is silenced

In a decision sure to enrage lovers of chamber music, CBS Records has abandoned its ambitious plan to record each of Haydn's 106 symphonies on original instruments. The recordings began with the *Estro Armonico* orchestra eight years ago and, with others bought from another label, 49 symphonies are now on vinyl with another 19 recorded but not released. CBS, which was last year taken over by Sony, has now halted the project. Rony Belamy, production manager at CBS, admits there was a policy change but denies it was a result of the takeover. Derek Solomon, leader of the orchestra, tells me: "We are very sad and very disappointed. They seem keen to record *West Side Story* and *Show Boat*."

Nudist Camp

Staff at the Royal Academy have a hitherto unimpeded view of one of their bosses. The anonymous nude figure in exhibit 37 of Jeffrey Camp's painting exhibition is of none



Rosenthal... and the painting

other than Norman Rosenthal, the academy's exhibitions secretary. An old friend of Camp, Rosenthal posed for the "Beachy Head, Daybreak" oil in 1983. He can also be seen, head only, in Camp's 1986 "Torcello".

© Jennifer Hall, Sir Peter's daughter, who has been unwell, this week became the latest actor to drop out of her father's late Shakespeare at the National. She should take heart from the comedies of two other ex-members of the company, Sarah Miles and Robert Eddison, who both claimed they had been sucked by Sir Peter. Miss Miles returns in November in *Ayala*, at the Lyric Hammer-smith and Eddison is to star as John O'Gaunt, in Derek Jacobi's *Richard II*. Meanwhile, Laura Hamilton is also back in business. Next month she joins the cast of *Les Misérables*.

Andrew Billen

Zircon goes rattling on

The *Zircon Affair* (BBC2) summed up the events of the past two years since a programme presented by the left-wing journalist Duncan Campbell was withdrawn by the BBC on the grounds that it might harm national security. The subsequent rows in parliament and the raid on the home of Campbell himself and his associates and the offices of BBC Scotland raised the issue of media censorship and responsibility to a stature equal to that of the programme's original allegations.

In brief, these were that a spy satellite was to be launched to monitor broadcasts from Russia disguised as part of the SkyNet communications network, and that the Ministry of Defence had deceived parliament's Public Accounts Committee about the estimated £500m budget for the project. These allegations were printed in Duncan Campbell's own paper, the *New Statesman*, shortly after the programme was withdrawn.

This 75-minute review of the affair began with the original documentary. The programme was of a piece with the rest of the series about secrecy in Britain of which it had been a part. It was distin-

TELEVISION

guished by clear presentation of very complex material and scrupulous sourcing of all its facts. Where inferences and deductions had been made this was absolutely apparent. It was also clear that much of this supposedly sensitive material was already available at that time to any informed enquirer.

There followed a necessarily concise and carefully balanced review of the subsequent events. Campbell described the Ministry of Defence raid on his home as political revenge by an angry and humiliated Prime Minister. No prosecution was subsequently made and all seized material was returned. Campbell also suggested that the affair was a useful political weapon for a faction among the BBC Board of Governors which was hostile to the then Director General, Alasdair Milne. Milne rejected this analysis. It was clear that the programme had contained a degree of error in its suggestion that the Public Accounts Committee had been deceived. However, MPs from both sides of the House

agreed that one benefit of the con was that it was now acknowledged that the rules which require defence expenditure to be notified were insufficiently comprehensive.

Ludovic Kennedy then introduced a studio discussion of the wider issues of media freedom and responsibility, which proceeded along entirely predictable lines. Lord Chalfont described the original programme as boring, wondered what all the fuss had been about, and insisted that government had a right to secrecy. Philip Whitehead maintained that it was vital for democracy that the civil courage of broadcasters should not be eroded and complained that television journalists were suffering a sustained attack from the government. Media commentator Brenda Maddox pointed out that the BBC had a special responsibility to preserve its political independence and undertake investigative reports of this nature. Honour was satisfied and justice was seen to have been done. One further programme in the original series, "dirty tricks" by the government of an earlier day will never be screened.

Celia Brayfield

OPERA

Das Rheingold
Covent Garden

It is, of course, far too early to say where the new Royal Opera Ring is going: as usual the work is to be assembled over four seasons, and so will not be seen complete until 1991. What is slightly more worrying is that the point of this *Rheingold* also needs to be taken somewhat on trust, certainly as far as the production is concerned.

The partnership of Bernard Haitink and Yuri Lyubimov had looked like a dream ticket, but what we saw on stage last night was largely lacking in motivation, unnecessarily fussy, sometimes astonishingly inept.

During the prelude there was already evidence that the production had not yet been thought through. The set (Paul Hermon is credited with the "design concept") has a screen at the back which can be used for projections or else opened to admit a circular or rectangular view beyond: it seemed quite unnecessary to use it for two different representations of the waters of the Rhine, and then throw in real water as well. Given a

A dream ticket to a bumpy ride

rough opening from the orchestra, whose deep wind instruments were coming through with sometimes embarrassing clarity.

Things began to look up, or at least to sound up, with the arrival of the Rhinemaidens, sung beguilingly by Judith Howarth, Anne Mason and Jane Turner. Since most of their action was around a large central disc — risen, rotating and tilted, to provide the slippery surface on which Alberich keeps stumbling — one hardly yet noticed that the acting area is drastically reduced, both by the rear screen and by wide avenues before the wings.

It was in the second scene that the production began to disintegrate again. The opening image was certainly powerful — of Wotan and Fricka clasped together in green drapery, with behind them, through a window in the screen, the giants on either side of Justice — but puzzling in its irrelevance. It was also a dramatic mistake to show us the giants, imposing figures up on stilts, before their

entrance, whose lumpy music Haitink so forcefully projected. Perhaps the same may be said of the awful costumes. Wotan in a frock coat is merely standard these days, but Donner was in a pantomime thunder cloak plus halo, and Kim Begley as Froh had to put up with a *Mastersingers* tunic nattily printed with rainbows.

Happily there is a generally strong cast, led by James Morris, who shows why he is currently everyone's favourite Wotan: he sings with quiet, sure authority, pronouncing the text clearly thanks to his firm consonants. Helge Dernesch is an expert Fricka, always decisive, and Nancy Gustafson offers a delightful Freia. Roderick Kennedy as Fasli had reached form by the time of his regrets over her, as well he might: Willard White was properly grim as Fafner from the first. Ekkehard Wlaschiba is an Alberich of icy clear cynicism, and John Dobson produces an effective dwarfish squeak as Mime.

Paul Griffiths

Andrew Billen

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6.30 pm
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City of London Sinfonia
Richard Hickox conductor
Tickets (including wine or fruit juice)
£9, £6, students £4

Part 2
Tuesday
18 October
6.30 pm
Barbican Hall
Three Finalists — Three Concertos
Choice of Bartok No 2, Beethoven, Brahms, Mendelssohn, Sibelius, Tchaikovsky
Philharmonia Orchestra
Louis Frémaux conductor

Part 2 continued
Wednesday
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Tickets for the two Barbican concerts on October 18 and 19 are available from Barbican Centre, Silk Street, Barbican, London EC2Y 8DS (advance booking level 7). Telephone bookings/credit cards: 01-638 8891, 10am to 8pm daily including Sundays.

British Gas

Count to 10 and keep applauding

CONCERTS

LCP/Norrington
Queen Elizabeth
Hall

It is 10 years since Roger Norrington founded the London Classical Players. That period instruments are now used ever more convincingly in early 19th-century music is largely due to their efforts. So it was apt that Thursday's birthday concert should have culminated in an hour of epic celebration: Schubert's "Great C Major" Symphony.

It was, first, a triumph of spirit. The story of how this symphony's demands shocked Schubert's orchestral contemporaries is well-known. But not until one realizes how much guile and nerve is expended by natural horn players simply to get through the first 20 seconds, or the amount of muscular control needed by string players to keep the finale's endless triplets steady, does one really understand the technical challenges involved.

This performance had the necessary stamina, allied to a bounding rhythmic impetus, which brought a brutal, stamping quality to the finale's repeated notes, but was equally effective in making something taut and taut of the andante's opening. Norrington's speeds were fairly conventional, but there were surprises in the textual revelations which the period instruments wrought, leading to a clarity of musical argument.

Not everything written in the 1820s was so cogent: even these characterful players could not convince one that Spohr's Second Symphony should be heard more than once in a lifetime. With his frenetic and ever more unlikely modulations, his fiddle lines like coloratura arias, and his busy cello parts forever muttering half-heard repartee from the depths, Spohr tries so hard to be interesting.

Richard Morrison

RPO/Kamu
Festival Hall

I am sure that they regret his continuing indisposition, but the Royal Philharmonic are doing really rather well out of the absence of Antal Dorati for three concerts.

They have already given stimulating programmes under Louis Frémaux and Paul Daniel, and on Thursday it was the turn of the Finnish conductor, Okko Kamu with the Mozart (Haffner) Symphony. The *spirit* of its *Allegro* was conjured by a clever matching of loose-limbed inner parts with the tautest of bass lines, and the finale raced ahead every bit as energetically as Mozart wanted.

It was not quite clear just who was in the lead in the Mozart D major Flute Concerto which followed. Jean-Pierre Rampal was a little cavalier about this particular *cheval de bataille*.

The high point of the evening was the Brahms Fourth Symphony. Kamu judged the inhalation and exhalation of those opening pairs of notes with a sensitivity which prepared for his vital, sometimes daring, pacing of the work as a whole.

Hilary Finch

In next week's Arts pages

The Big Country goes to Moscow. In *The Times* on Monday, David Sinclair reports on the Muscovite reaction to the rock group Big Country. Also: reviews of *Fidelio* at the RFFH, and the week's radio.

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BOOKS

Channel-hopping culture

Victoria Glendinning reviews Salman Rushdie's new novel, which deals in fundamental things such as good and evil

This book is better than *Midnight's Children*, which made Salman Rushdie famous, because it is more contained — but only in the sense that the *Nisarg* Falls are contained, Rushdie is a moralist. His prodigious new novel is about fundamental things. Does evil eventually triumph, however strenuously it is resisted? If you are not sure who you are, how do you know if you are good or bad? Since we have no knowledge or understanding of what is going on in the universe, we live out fairy stories or nightmares, and the war between good and evil is echoed by the one between men and women. *The Satanic Verses* is tragedy played as burlesque.

Two Indian actors, held in a Boeing 707 by hijackers who blow up the plane, are ejected in the explosion over the English channel and miraculously survive, as it were born again. The one in the purple shirt is "Gibrel", Farishta, superstar of the Hindi cinema, specializing in "theologicals" — popular films about gods and goddesses. The other, in a formal suit and bowler hat (which remains on his head as he falls) is Saladin Chamcha, "the man of a thousand voices", a mimic of genius who does voice-overs for commercials; he is theatrically anglicized, revering the Royal Family, and married to an English girl with an accent redolent of tweeds, headscarves, and summer pudding.

Having fallen like Lucifer from the heavens, the two actors are magically changed. Satan has got into one or both of them, and made them enemies. The dapper Saladin finds himself turning into a hairy, foul-breathed goat; immigration officers disbelieve his righteous claim to belong to the Garrick Club, and beat him up. He ends up in the Shaandor bed-and-breakfast café, the sort of place he has spent his life escaping from.

Gibrel, on the other hand, seems to be wearing a halo. He

The Satanic Verses by Salman Rushdie (Viking, £12.95)

starts to have fantastic dreams, which become serial stories within the story. One of them is about a fabulous city built entirely of sand, and the struggle between a prophet and an archangel; this ordeal mirrors many others in the book. One of the many themes of this long novel is the flattened, degraded state of our fast-forward, cross-cutting, channel-hopping metropolitan culture in which nothing endures and everything is a pastiche of something else; and one of its many paradoxes is that it exploits all these twitzy techniques up to the hilt.

It is a novel of metamorphoses, hauntings, memories, hallucinations, revelations, advertising jingles, and jokes. As Gibrel's dreams leak into his waking life he believes his angelic mission is to save London singlehanded from the abyss of selfish, angry impotence in which it wallows. But Satan, like Saladin, has many voices; one of them may be God's, and one of them belongs to the unreliable narrator of this story.

You can read this book in two ways: you can take it solemnly, reassembling the interrelating fragments like a jigsaw, working out the politics, mythologies, cross-references, literary allusions (everything from the Koran to Lionel Bart), double identities and tangled themes. This is what they will be doing in the seminar rooms. But to do that is like unravelling an intricate Fair Isle sweater for the satisfaction of seeing different coloured balls of wool all in a row. The patterning, however confusing, is the point.

The other way of reading the novel is not to deconstruct but to enjoy. Since we are part of the channel-hopping culture ourselves, we can tolerate — just — the pandemonium of mirages and

voices. There are wolves, snakes, and maniacs in a National Health hospital, a dog that goes white overnight from shock, a beautiful girl who eats butterflies and leads her Indian village to Mecca, parting the Arabian Sea, and three angry goddesses who challenge the One God. Alongside this unstable cosmic irrationality is a painful documentary reality — the seediness of the Shaandor café, London in winter with its litter-blown streets, London in summer, race-rioting, the smart alec talk of Thatcherian entrepreneurs and Bombay movie people, the confusion of "Babylon" for exiles caught between two cultures who cannot tell, in this society of masks and parodies, whether they are good or bad. The host population decides for them: "They describe us. They have the power of description, and we succumb to the pictures they construct."

Rushdie, too, has the power of description, and we succumb. A poet in the fabulous city of sand says that his work is "to name the unnameable, to point at frauds, to take sides, start arguments, shape the world and stop it from going to sleep."

But towards the end the manipulative narrator takes the opposite view. The time of revelations is past, he says. "The rules of Creation are pretty clear: you set them up, you make them thus and so, and then you let them roll." Besides, he says, looking at Saladin, "the man's gone to sleep."

But sleepers dream, like Gibrel: "If I was God I'd cut the imagination right out of people and then maybe poor bastards like me could get a good night's rest." We don't just have imaginations, we have affections. The last part of the book is a touchingly straightforward account of Saladin's return to his father's deathbed in India. Evil is not absolute, after all, because of the small redeeming victories of love.

That is not very original, but it is worth remembering. Happy dreams.



Salman Rushdie

Verse for all ages

CHILDREN

Recent poetry for children follows no fashion. On one hand there are the weird clumping moon-poems of Ted Hughes — now reissued as *Moon-Whales* (Faber, £7.50) perhaps in support of Hughes's new fabulist book *Tales of the Early World* (reviewed here on July 14). On the other hand there are verses still within the tradition of James Reeves and Walter De La Mare, like Charles Causley's prizewinning collection *Early in the Morning*, now out in paperback (Puffin, £1.50).

Allan Ahlberg's ballads in *The Mighty Slide* illustrated by Charlotte Voake (Viking Kestrel, £5.95) lie closer to Causley than to Hughes, bouncing along in rhythms that demand to be read aloud. The title poem is not much more than wintry variations on "Boys and Girls Come Out to Play", but the rest of the book deals in comic narratives: intrepid Captain Jim pouncing crocodiles with a cricket bat; the tale of a monster dwelling in the boiler-room of Rolfie Street School; and Alison Hubble who suddenly starts cloning herself in astronomical numbers ("If she multiplies/ At the present rate/ We'll be shoved off the earth/ By 2007"). It reaffirms the positive values of traditional children's verse.

See also *The Get Better Book* by Paul & Emma Rogers, illustrated by Jo Burroughs (Orchard Books, £6.25). Harnessing nursery-rhyme themes in order to make a picture book out of what happens once Jack and Jill have fallen down the hill. Indeed, as Jill sets off for Dr Foster's by way of such persons as Miss Muffet and Jack Horner, there is more than a hint of influence from such Ahlberg classics as *Each Peach Pear Plum* and *The Jolly Postman*.

In *This Old Car, A Country Book* by Colin & Jacqui Hawkins (Orchard Books, £6.25), the authors are turning into an English partnership to rival Dr Seuss: much slapdash comic invention in the service of making elementary learning into a joke rather than a labour. Here a motley bunch of animals, numbering off in couplets, pile into Mr Bear's car, which, inevitably, collapses.

Two picture books, *Clap Your Hands and Stamp Your Feet*, chosen by Sarah Hayes and illustrated by Toni Goffe (Walker Books, £5.95 each), are entirely made up of traditional rhymes which encourage the child to hop, wriggle, wave his arms and riddle his thumbs. Toni Goffe's funny pictures show you what to do without seeming to do so.

I bought *My Love a Tabby Cat* by Colin West, illustrated by Caroline Anstey (Walker Books, £6.95) is a set of verses which look bad but aren't. They list various garments made for a wedding procession of animals (hat for cat, coat for goat and so on). Caroline Anstey's paintings are prettily tailored to match.

Sandra Miller

Brian Alderson

She ran from Iran

The Blindfold Horse by Shusha Guppy (Helmman, £10.95)

Very few Arabs, Turks, or Persians write memoirs, and therefore little is known in the West about private life among Muslims. Those who do write about themselves as a rule suffer from a heavy and misplaced sense of grievance against their societies or about the West, about anything and everything. Shusha Guppy is a happy exception. Evoking a past which was enjoyable in itself, her book also vividly depicts what until lately was the Persian way of life.

Guppy grew up in Tehran. Her father had educated himself in Paris while remaining a pious Shia Muslim. A teacher at Tehran university, he was apparently considered "Persia's last great traditional philosopher", while also being instrumental in introducing Western ideas and legal codes.

With an array of the aunts and uncles and cousins of an extended family, complete with devoted servants, in numbers generating a sense of security, Guppy is among the last to have known a Persian household of that style, with its gardens and ornamental water, its foods and ceremonies. She writes of such things as the unique blue of Persian ceramics, of dreams as prophetic revelation, of folk-medicine and attendance at the public bath-house.

Under the rule of the Pahlavi Shahs, this heritage was being broken in favour of quite other values, supposedly Western and "modern". Unavoidably the young Shusha received the new type of education, learning the tango and the waltz and how to appreciate classical Western music, how to swoon for Hollywood stars, never imagining wearing the veil that turns Persian women into what she called "malignant crows".

Perhaps it was Ayatollah Khomeini's intention to restore what the previous Shahs had reformed out of all recognition. In the event, he did nothing of the kind, but in the name of Shia Islam has created his own variety of ruin and tyranny. Dispossessed and persecuted, Guppy and her relations and friends are now in exile, obliged to make what they can of the West. Wonderfully free from bitterness, Guppy is grateful for what she remembers, as well as for what she has since learnt.

David Pryce-Jones

Prose styles apart, there are two kinds of travel writer: the first tells you so compellingly of where he has been, rather than of what he has done there, that no sooner have you finished the book than you are making the booking; the second serves you the journey. Sometimes he achieves this by making you wonder why he wanted to be there in the first place, and then trumping this curiosity by telling you how on earth he ever got back. Inevitably it is the singularity of what happened between these two points in his life that makes the experience unattainable to the common reader; the account is the nearest we shall ever come.

If there were a guild to represent the second category, Redmond O'Hanlon would make not only an apt secretary, since he has the rare gift of getting administrative things done against all the odds (of which he himself is arguably the oddest), but also an excellent after-dinner speaker. If he spoke before dinner, nobody could face the food.

We last saw this painfully witty writer between hard covers on an expedition to the jungles of Borneo with the poet James Fenton in 1984. Such a breeze was the adventure that he decided something genuinely rigorous was in order. Accepting the

Back in the mire

In Trouble Again by Redmond O'Hanlon (Hamish Hamilton, £14.95)

O'Hanlon *donum* that a foray into the wilderness can only be considered really batty if the dangers are considerable, it would take no more than an act of simple logic to light on that little swathe of South America between the Amazon and the Orinoco.

O'Hanlon needs no second bidding to dangle before us an inventory of the awaiting hell: "Should you inadvertently urinate as you swim, any homeless candiru, attracted by the smell, will take you for a big fish and swim excitedly up your stream of urine, enter your urethra like a worm into its burrow and, raising its gill covers, stick out a set of retrose spines. Nothing can be done. The pain, apparently, is spectacular. You must get to a hospital before your bladder bursts; you must ask a surgeon to cut off your penis."

Unaccountably, Fenton de-

clines the author's invitation to join him, and O'Hanlon picks on an old friend, one Simon Stockton, whose educational high point had been to share a classroom with the future novelist Martin Amis, "an experience so demoralizing it had decided him against any further study whatsoever, and sent him off to run his own discotheques."

All manner of literary shades stalk our hero's progress: there are the great 19th-centuryists, Humboldt, Wallace, and Bates, in whose wake O'Hanlon comes with his *ad hoc* infantry of local guides.

Just as the four-month trip was the project of an incurable naïf, albeit a highly-educated one, so the images striking the reader's retina are vivid with primary colours. On the evidence of this and the Borneo book, that will be the case wherever O'Hanlon wanders. No, he does not wander; he errs, and that is the whole idea. The "trouble" of the title is not an unaccounted condition in which he is suddenly mired. It is a large terrain, as much psychological as geographical, and no more unwanted than unwonted. More importantly, it is the writer's natural *locus* in which to speak of all but himself, he has no need of maps.

Alan Franks

Surreal stick man

Giacometti by James Lord (Faber, £6.95)

which became his childhood sanctum: "His greatest pleasure," writes the author, "came when he penetrated as deeply as possible into the narrow crevice of the rear of the cave."

"I attained the height of joy," confesses the sculptor/hero, "all my desires were fulfilled." In a documentary we should need to distinguish fact from fiction, not helped here by the clumsy reference system: that ubiquitous scholarly tool, the footnotes are replaced by the opening lines of the respective paragraphs, in turn referred either to its oral source, or the numbered bibliographical list by its number. Even more frustrating is that for a book on a visual artist, not aimed at the specialist, it is poorly illustrated. The author seems unsure about his market. A comment such as the one referring to Jean-Paul Sartre is unjustifiable. "His philosophical position defined as Existentialism had set the dominant intellectual and literary trend of the period."

Come on, Mr Lord. The reader of a Giacometti biography should be familiar with the basic tenets of Existentialism, which are essential in understanding Giacometti's seminal matchstick sculptures, without which they seem silly. Having said all this, I judge that the book brings a valuable contribution to our understanding of a great man who was also a great artist.

Sandra Miller

From deceit to the seat of slang

The Literary Editor's selection of interesting paperbacks published this week

FICTION

Circles of Deceit by Nina Bayden (Penguin, £3.99) Shortlisted for last year's Booker Prize, narrated by a painter who specializes in meticulously copying other men's work, but is clueless about the women (too many) in his life, and his damaged child.

Good Night Sweet Ladies by Caroline Blackwood (Penguin, £3.99) Sharp and diverse short stories by an expert analyst of female fury.

I Want It Now by Kingsley Amis (Penguin, £2.95) From the middle Amis, not so Blue Period, ranted send-up of morose television chat-show hosts, the seriously rich, and the way we worship both lots now.

In the Ditch by Buchi Emecheta (Fontana, £3.95) Funny and angry account of a young black mother tending for herself and her children in the jungle of poverty, helplessness, and camaraderie of London in the decaying Welfare State.

Life: A User's Manual by Georges Perec, translated by David Bellos (Collins Harvill, £4.95) Encyclopaedic, vast, bizarre, Finnish-wakeful, Chinese jigsaw puzzle of a book that tries to catch all of life at once in a Parisian apartment block, with word-games, puzzles, and jokes.

Nelly's Version by Eva Figgis (Hamish, £3.95) "Nelly



signs herself into a strange hotel, having stripped off her old life (a husband? a son?) so completely that she cannot remember anything about it, even her real name. Offshore by Penelope Fitzgerald (Fleming, £3.95) Winner of 1979 Booker, slim but pretty little tale of the household groupies who rise and fall with the tide on Battersea Reach. *The Fountain and The River* by Charles Morgan (Robson, £7.50 and £5.95) Civilized and exciting classics set in the last war with brave almen, love triangles, prisoners-of-war, and escapes. *The House of Hospitality* by Emma Tennant (Penguin, £3.99) First volume of her "Circles of the Sun" series, published 1987: a week-end in 1883, when 14-year-old Jenny leaves a drab Nottingham

QUICK GUIDE

Hill Gate for a grand country weekend, where she discovers that the rich are not just different, but really weird.

The Return of Hymen Kaplan by Leo Hosten (Penguin, £3.99) Delightful American Noite Skool for Adults for immigrants trying to learn to speak proper in New York under the enduring/endearing Mr Parkhill.

Anthills of the Savannah by Chinua Achebe (Penguin, £3.95) Short-listed for last year's Booker Prize, this is a powerful and topical political thriller set in a West African country, where the tough young leader of a military coup is slipping down the poppy path to dictatorship. Achebe is the great man of Nigerian literature. This is a gripping book, and a brave one.

NON-FICTION *Common Deceit* by Avin L. Schorr (Yale, £7.95) First publication of incisive critique of America's social policies under the Reagan administration, and proposals for a goal of common decency for all Americans.

Dorothy L. Sayers by James Brabazon (Gollancz, £5.95) Literary and personal biography of the clever translator of Dante and creator of Wimpy Lord Peter Wimsey, beloved by susceptible bluestocking.

Early Christian and Byzantine by Imgard Hutter, The Renaissance by Manfred Wundram, The Twentieth Century by Maurice Besset, in the handsome Herbert History of Art and Architecture (The Herbert Press, £5.95 each) By eminent art historians, heavily illustrated in colour and black-and-white.

Hell or Connaught by Peter Berresford Ellis (Blackstaff Press, £5.95) History of the Cromwellian colonization of Ireland, 1652-1660. *Paschendale* by Philip Warner (Sidgwick & Jackson, £8.95) The strategic, tactical, and personal stories behind the tragic Pyrrhic victory of 1917.

Portrait of an Old Lady by Stephen Fay (Penguin, £7.99) A first-division reporter's insight into the business and turmoil of the Bank of England, past, present, and future.

The Norman Trilogy by Philip Norman (Penguin, £5.95) Three funny books in one cover: *Your Watusi Hurl the One I Love* (matapropisms), *Awful Moments* of the great and famous, and *Pieces of Hate*, an anthology of abuse and invective.

Time, Creation & the Continuum by Richard Sorabji (Duckworth, £14.95) Theories on these big questions in antiquity and the early Middle Ages by the Professor of Ancient Philosophy at King's College, London.

The French by Theodore Zeldin (Collins Harvill, £5.95) Light-hearted but perceptive study of our enigmatic neighbours under such topics as "How to appreciate a grandmother" and "How to be chic".

The Russian Album by Michael Ignatieff (Penguin, £3.99) Grandson of the last Tsar's last Minister of Education traces his family's saga of revolution, civil war, and exile, starting from those yellowing but evocative old photographs.



The Slang Thesaurus by Jonathan Green (Penguin, £3.99) All the latest and oldest slang corralled in Rogel-like categories; the largest entries are, of course, hair-raisingly rude; for instance did you know... "That's enough rude slang" Ed.

Ghoul

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THE WEEK AHEAD

Liaisons renewed



Returning to smolder: Lindsay Duncan at the Hampstead Theatre

Lindsay Duncan's return to Hampstead Theatre to play the lead in *Hedda Gabler* is a journey likely to revive old memories. She trained for the stage at the Central School of Speech and Drama, 200 yards up the road; her first professional London appearance was at Hampstead Theatre, in *Don Juan* 1976; and her ex-husband, Dallas Smith, is now the theatre's general manager. She has made two other appearances at Hampstead, but her most famous role has been *Mme de Merteuil*, the villainess in *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, which transferred from the RSC to the West End and from her 1986 Olivier Award for Best Actress. She played the role in New York, then returned to England to the National Theatre, where she played the sexually frustrated heroine of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*. Smoldering frustration is part of her stock in trade. She plays the spinster school teacher in Susan Makavejev's recent film *Manifesto*, in which her performance is one of the brighter spots. Hampstead is using Trevor Nunn's version of *Hedda Gabler*, which he directed for the RSC in 1975 with Glenda Jackson. Hampstead Theatre, Swiss Cottage Centre, NW3 (01-722 9224). Previewing from Friday at 8pm; opens October 14 at 7.30pm (£5-£7.50). *Jeremy Kingston*

head a cast directed by Jonathan Miller. Old Vic, Waterloo Road, SE1 (01-928 7816). Previewing from Thurs. Opens Oct 11.

OUT OF TOWN

DERBY: *Geminae*: William Gaminara's adaptation from the Zola novel. Pip Broughton directs the World Premier; co-production with Paines Plough company and Theatre Royal, Plymouth. Playhouse (0332 363275). Opens Tues.

NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE: *Earl of Essex*: Sue Townsend comedy set in a modern NHS hospital. Sue Townsend directs a cast including Georgina Hale, David Yip, Don Warrington, Miriam Karlin. Start of national tour. Tyne Theatre and Opera House (091 232 3421). Previewing from Thurs. Opens Oct 12.

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON: *The Rise of Edward VI*: Second part of Charles Wood's adaptation of four plays by Shakespeare (*Henry VI parts I-III* and *Richard III*) into three plays collectively called *The Plantagenets*; directed by Adrian Noble. Royal Shakespeare Theatre (0789 235623). Previewing from Thurs.

FILMS

MIDNIGHT RUN (15): Engaging comedy-thriller, with Robert de Niro as a bounty hunter given the job of taking a sensitive bail-jumping accountant cross-country. With Charles Grodin; directed by Martin Brest. Empire (01-437 1234). From Fri.

BAGDAD CAFÉ (PG): German director Percy Adlon presents the warm, comic tale of a large middle-class tourist from Bavaria, stranded in the American West. With Marianne Sägebrecht, Jack Palance, C.C.H. Pounder. Metro (01-437 0757). Screen on the Hill (01-435 3386). From Fri.

AU REVOIR, LES ENFANTS (PG): Louis Malle's moving, semi-autobiographical drama, set in a provincial boarding school in the last months of World War two. Gaspard Manesse heads the young non-professional cast. Curzon Mayfair (01-499 3737). From Fri.

DANCE

DANS PRODUKTE: Group from Holland returns with a new work *Day and Night*. The Place (01-387 0031) Thursday to Oct 8.

SECOND STRIDE: Ian Spinks new work *Dancing and Shouting* premieres in the group's new home theatre a national tour. Towngate Theatre, Basildon (0268 532632) Thursday to October 8.

NORTHERN BALLET: A new production of *Don Quixote* opens an autumn tour.

THEATRE LONDON

ACTING SHAKESPEARE: Ian McKellen launches a season of Sunday night AIDS research fund-raisers with the "last ever" performance of his one-man Shakespeare show. Playhouse, Northumberland Avenue, WC2 (01-639 4401). Tomorrow, 8pm.

BUDGIE: Adam Faith and Anita Dobson lead in the stage musical by Keith Waterhouse, Willis Hall, Mort Shuman and Don Black, based on the cheeky petty criminal television series. With John Turner. Directed by Jonathan Lynn. Cambridge (01-379 5299). Previewing from Thurs. Opens Oct 18.

DIVINE GOSSIP: Barry Kyle directs new Stephen Lowe "musical comedy" in which D.H. Lawrence meets George Orwell in Paris. The Pit, Barbican, EC2 (01-638 8891). Previewing from Thurs. Opens Oct 12. In repertory.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE: Transfer from Stratford, with Jonathan Simon, Sean Baker, Roger Allam; directed by Nicholas Hytner. Barbican (01-638 8891). Previewing from Thurs. Opens Oct 10.

THE TEMPEST: Max von Sydow, Rudi Dames, Rudolph Walker, Cyril Nri, Alexei Sayle, Peter Bayliss.

WORD-WATCHING

Answers from page 16

DOLOMITE

(b) Dolomite (1750-1801) the French geologist who discovered and named the mineral. It is calcium magnesium carbonate, which has a hexagonal crystal structure, and is used in the manufacture of cement and as a building stone.

CARAL

(a) The initials of Charles II's ministers from 1667-1673: Clifford, Ashley, Buckingham, Arlington, Lauderdale; it must also have been influenced by the play *Caral*, published, that which is received, tradition.

PAMPHLET

(b) From a popular 12th-century love poem or comedy *Pamphlet* set in Amiens, Pamphlet, being a medieval poem, name. It became so popular that it became known as Pamphlet, pamphlet, and eventually pamphlet, and was extended to describe any brief treatise or other publication with a paper cover.

BIEDERMIEER

(a) Used to describe the simple, solid, folk style of German decoration and furniture in the mid-19th century, from the bourgeoisie and bourgeois, and the English Biedermeier, an imaginary writer of poems that were actually composed by Ludwig Eichardt, which was the pseudonym of the obsessively self-effacing Rodolf Rott (1827-92).

SATURDAY

RADIO

SUNDAY

Compiled by Jane Rackham



Richard Burton circa 1963

Excavations in the BBC archives have yielded two gems — one well loved, the other slightly flawed — which we hear today as part of the BBC Radio Show celebrations. The Beeb's Last Beatles Tapes (Radio 1, 7.00pm), piles much flesh on the skeletal *Beatles at the Beeb*, broadcast in 1982. Tonight's selection dates from the peak of their career in the 1960s. It includes songs and chat re-

corded in BBC studios and long thought not to exist any more. Some items are notable only for their mediocrity. Others glint with promise. In any case, here is history in the making, taped at about the same time the BBC was recording *Udder Milk Wood* (Radio 4, 2.45pm) which, like

the original 1954 broadcast, featured Richard Burton as First Voice and Hugh Griffith as Captain Cat. This 1963 production did nothing to undermine our conviction, formed in 1954, that we were in the presence of a masterpiece of imaginative radio. And non-existent *Liaisons* exists just as vividly now as it did in January 1954.

Peter Davalle



Sitar player Ravi Shankar

If your reaction to Indian classical music is the same as that of the westerner in *A Passage to India* whose "ear was baffled repeatedly", it would be pleasant to be able to reassure you that your bafflement will give way to understanding after listening to Roger Savage's documentary *Ragas and a Republic* (Radio 3, 6.15pm). Myra feelings to the ragas of India still stand pretty well

where they did before listening to Roger Savage. "With western music," says the Indian musicologist Mukund Lath, who is interviewed in the programme, "I don't know what is happening most of the time." Substitute eastern music for western, and he speaks for me, though in four

weeks time, things might well be different. If it takes time to appreciate the subtleties of Indian classical music, the other strand of Savage's programmes — the aesthetic and political background to the music — generates no bafflement, thanks to the contributions of artists like Ravi Shankar and composers like Param Vir. P.D.

Radio 1

VHF Stereo MW (medium wave) News on the half-hour until 12.30pm, then at 2.00, 3.30, 7.30, 9.30, 10.30 and 12.00pm. 6.00 Liz & Mark (new series) with Liz Kershaw and Mark Goodier. 10.00 Dave Lee Travis 1.00 Adrian Jaffe 2.00 21 years of Radio 1: The New Wave Band (1973-1988). With Noel Edmonds, Kid Jensen, Peter Powell, Alexis Korner and Janice Long 3.00 The Saturday Session with Roger Scott includes 7.00 The Beeb's Last Beatles Tapes (new series) (see Choice) 7.30 Robbie Vincent 10.30 The Ranking Miss P 12.00 2.00 Night Racer (new series) with Tommy Vance

Radio 2

VHF Stereo (except 1.00pm-7.30pm) MW (medium wave) News on the hour until 1.00pm, then at 3.00, 6.00, 7.00 and 10.00pm. 4.00 Dave Bussey, incl. the Olympics 6.00 Graham Knight, incl. the Olympics 6.10 Dave Lee Travis 6.30 10.00 News 10.30 The Ranking Miss P 12.00 2.00 Night Racer (new series) with Tommy Vance

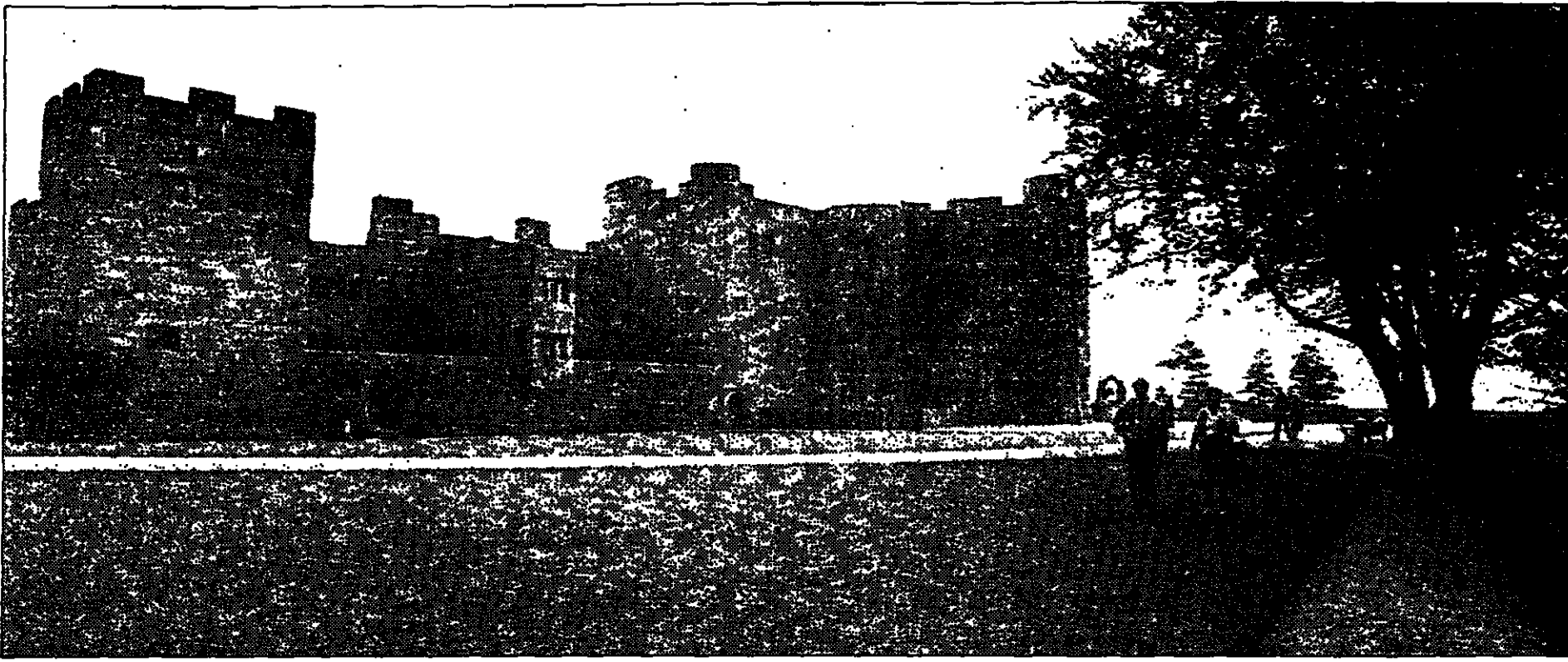
WORLD SERVICE

Altitudes in GMT. Add an hour for BST. 7.00 World News 7.30 Twenty-four hours 7.30 From the Weekdays 7.45 News UK 8.00 World News 8.20 Reflections 8.15 A Day in the Life 8.30 World News 8.50 News 9.00 World News 9.15 The World Today 9.30 Financial News 9.45 The World Today 9.50 News 10.00 News 10.15 The World Today 10.30 News 10.45 The World Today 10.50 News 11.00 News 11.15 News 11.30 News 11.45 News 11.50 News 12.00 News 12.15 News 12.30 News 12.45 News 12.50 News 1.00 News 1.15 News 1.30 News 1.45 News 1.50 News 2.00 News 2.15 News 2.30 News 2.45 News 2.50 News 3.00 News 3.15 News 3.30 News 3.45 News 3.50 News 4.00 News 4.15 News 4.30 News 4.45 News 4.50 News 5.00 News 5.15 News 5.30 News 5.45 News 5.50 News 6.00 News 6.15 News 6.30 News 6.45 News 6.50 News 7.00 News 7.15 News 7.30 News 7.45 News 7.50 News 8.00 News 8.15 News 8.30 News 8.45 News 8.50 News 9.00 News 9.15 News 9.30 News 9.45 News 9.50 News 10.00 News 10.15 News 10.30 News 10.45 News 10.50 News 11.00 News 11.15 News 11.30 News 11.45 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GARDENING

OUT & ABOUT

Cool castle country



A masterpiece of siting: looking down over Dartmoor, Castle Drogo is an imposing mass of stone, an unexpected but stunning addition to the Devon landscape. Built by Edwin Lutyens, it has both bulk and lightness inside

A 20th-century castle is unlikely to have to defend itself against much more than the odd hoot of derision. You would think, however, that it could at least keep the rain out. Castle Drogo — the only castle, indeed the only really grand country house to be built in England this century — has been letting the water in for years.

The result has been the Battle of Castle Drogo, a six-year campaign of radical damp-proofing which enters its seventh and final phase next year. Scaffolding at one end of this immense building marks the closing stages of phase six, but it does little to detract from the stunning impact of Castle Drogo.

The siting is a masterpiece: high on a granite bluff overlooking the Teign gorge and Dartmoor. You approach along a tortuous succession of deep, narrow Devon lanes until suddenly the landscape opens up on either side of a straight half-mile drive.

Then a great sweeping view of Dartmoor is revealed, and a

house which has all the bulk and presence of a castle, but is quite unlike any other castle you have ever seen.

It is the work of Edwin Lutyens, the great Edwardian architect, who had earlier remodelled Lindisfarne and was later to create public buildings of unparalleled splendour in New Delhi.

He was the only man who could have built Castle Drogo, and after some initial misgivings he relished this opportunity to give full range to the romantic side of his imagination.

His ambitions for the castle exceeded even those of his patron, which were lofty enough. It was Julius Drew (né Drew), the founder of the Home and Colonial Stores, who commissioned this extraordinary building. He had retired from active business at the age of 33, already awash with money, and set up as a family man in a mock castle at Culverden, Kent.

He later bought the vast mansion of Wadhurst Hall in Sussex from a bankrupt Span-

ish banker, Adrian de Murieta. Then he started thinking in terms of a proper castle.

A genealogist persuaded Drew that his descent went right back to a northern baron called Drogo or Dru, and to a 12th-century Drogo de Teigne, who gave his money to the parish of Drewsteignton. Coincidentally, the rector of Drewsteignton was a cousin

of Julius, who knew the area and realized that here, surely, was the site for an ancestral castle. As it did not exist, Julius would build it himself.

What we see now of Castle Drogo is, incredibly, a bare third of Lutyens's scheme at its most ambitious. Massive yew hedges, decidedly architectural in form, now stand in for the planned barbacane and outlying bas-

tions. Lutyens was so keen on this element of his design that he had a full-scale mock-up in wood erected on the site to try to persuade Drew. But it was no use, and finally the great hall and much else remained unbuilt, too.

Neither Lutyens nor Drew wanted Castle Drogo to be a pastiche, and it is emphatically a building of its time. Although the walls of locally

hewn granite have the solidity of a true castle, the clean lines and highly original detailing are pure Lutyens.

Elizabethan inspiration is evident in the great mullioned and transomed windows, one of which sweeps up for a full 27 feet, but the disposition of mass is at once primeval and modern in feel.

Inside, all — or nearly all — is exposed granite and wooden

beams. The rooms are surprisingly light and airy, hung with tapestries and furnished lightly and rather miscellaneous. A wholly unexpected Hispanic element is provided by the furniture the Drews brought with them from Wadhurst Hall. But the overall feel is of simple, solid authority, in places almost more Roman than English.

The forms of the corridor and staircase in particular are brilliantly managed and even the kitchen and scullery, domed and top-lit, have an extraordinary monumental assurance.

All the domestic infrastructure of the Edwardian household is on show at Castle Drogo, right down to the switchroom (still operative), the internal telephone exchange, and the evocatively-labelled bell board — Captain Basil's Bedroom, Mr Cedric, Miss Mary's Room.

Julius Drew's own room with its oak panelling, cluttered desk and splendidly-equipped dressing cases is every inch the Edwardian

gentleman's den. And the bathroom still has its ingenious period shower.

Perhaps the finest interior is the drawing room, flooded with light from tall windows on three sides and commanding quite breathtaking views across woodland and moors, far into the distance. It takes little effort to imagine the Drews at their ease on the chintz-covered sofas, or standing at a window enjoying the quiet satisfaction that no doubt comes with owning a castle.

Drogo has stayed in the family, whose members still live in part of the house, but it was given to the National Trust, along with 600 acres, in 1974.

It now has a remarkably good restaurant and — something I had never come across before — you can hire equipment for a game of croquet on the great round lawn, surrounded by high walls of yew. The click of mallet on ball is just the right background sound for this strange and wonderful place.



Bowl parade: the massive kitchens, complete with the paraphernalia of cooking

HOW TO FIND IT

Castle Drogo, near Chagford, Devon (064 73 3306), is open until the end of October, daily 11am-6pm. Admission £2.50 for adults, £1.30 for children.

Restaurant, and croquet equipment for hire. No dogs allowed (except guide-dogs).

OUTINGS

PEARLY HARVEST FESTIVAL: Annual service attended by the Pearly Kings, Queens, Princes and Princesses — all in their finery. Arrive early if you want a seat in the church. St Martin-in-the-Fields, St Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square, London WC2. Tomorrow 3pm. Free.

CARDIFF CELEBRATIONS: To mark the re-birth of Cardiff's docklands, a full day of entertainment beginning with a fly-past by an RAF Hawks formation team which will release thousands of balloons. Other entertainments include a water carnival, Dragon Boat Race, air displays — helicopters and parachutes, street theatre, craft fair, balloon race, radio road show, jazz and dancing. The day finishes with a laser lightshow and fireworks spectacular. To coincide with the event, special open days at the Wales Railway Centre, Techniquet and the Welsh Industrial and Maritime Museum. Also HMS Endurance open to the public. Cardiff Bay, South Glamorgan. Today 2-7pm. Free.

RIDDLESSEN REVELS: Period dancing by the Arbeau Dancers and music by the Leeds Waits plus an exhibition of blackwork (black embroidery on a white background) and spinning. Teas.

East Riddlesden Hall, Bradford Road, Keighley, West Yorkshire (0535 507075). Tomorrow 2-6pm. Adult £1.40, child 70p.

CROPS SHOW 88: Last chance this year to see eight principal crops at close hand — oil seed rape, wheat, barley, beans, potatoes.

PEARLY HARVEST FESTIVAL: Annual service attended by the Pearly Kings, Queens, Princes and Princesses — all in their finery. Arrive early if you want a seat in the church. St Martin-in-the-Fields, St Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square, London WC2. Tomorrow 3pm. Free.

MOTHER AND CHILD 88: For parents-to-be and those with children under eight, many stands selling of

Pearly royals offer up their apples and pears



Safely gathered in: pearly royalty arrives for harvest festival

sugarbeet, mangelwurzel and turnips. Yorkshire Museum of Farming, Murton, York. North Yorkshire (0504 469966). Today, tomorrow, 10.30am-5pm. Adult £2, child £1.

PEARLY HARVEST FESTIVAL: Annual service attended by the Pearly Kings, Queens, Princes and Princesses — all in their finery. Arrive early if you want a seat in the church. St Martin-in-the-Fields, St Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square, London WC2. Tomorrow 3pm. Free.

MOTHER AND CHILD 88: For parents-to-be and those with children under eight, many stands selling of

promoting childrenswear, toys nursery equipment, maternity wear, gifts and books. Also advice and information from the Pre-School Playgroups Association, National Childbirth Trust, Save The Children Fund. Supervised play areas and plenty of children's entertainments. The Newport Centre, Gwent.

PUNCH AND JUDY FELLOWSHIP FESTIVAL: Very popular annual event with Punch and Judy "professors" from the United Kingdom — including our own Professor Percy Press II — and abroad. Continuous shows throughout the day. The Plaza, Covent Garden, London WC2. Tomorrow 10.30am-5pm. Free.

KENT ANTIQUES FAIR: 750 antique dealers from all over the country, 300 under cover, selling a wide range of antiques, collectable items and curiosity items. Refreshments. Kent County Showground, Detling, near Maidstone, Kent. Tomorrow 10am-5pm. Admission: £2 before noon, £1 after; accompanied child free.

THIRLESTONE CASTLE: Last chance this year to visit the ancient fort at Lauder, refuge for Bonnie Prince Charlie (the room in which he slept and his sword can be seen), along with many other treasures and a historic toy collection. Thirlestane Castle, Lauder, Berwickshire, (further information 05782 430). Tomorrow, grounds from noon-6pm, house 2-5pm. Admission adult £2, child £1.50.

Judy Froshaug

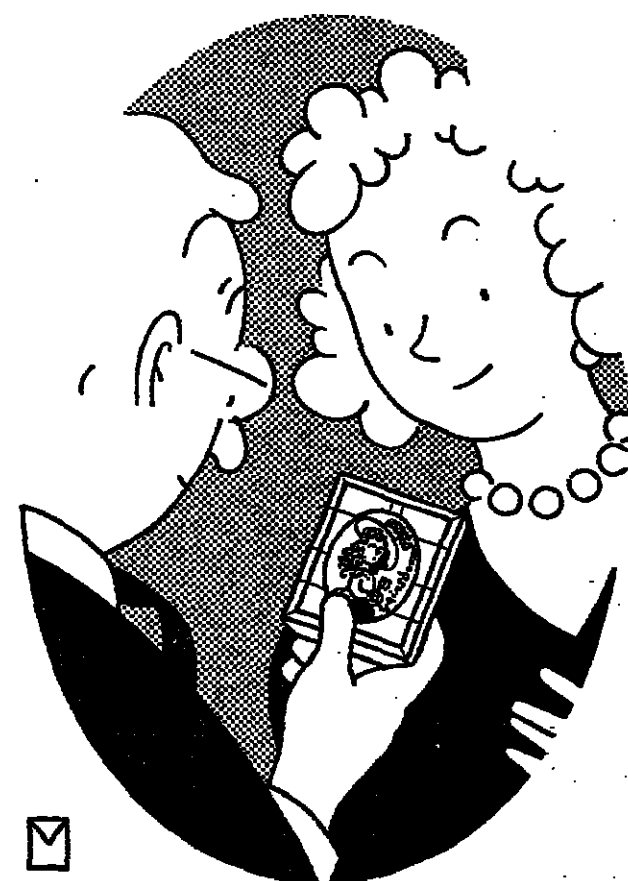


That's the way to do it: Punch and Judy will be enchanting children at the Covent Garden Fellowship Festival tomorrow

COLLECTING

A thumbnail sketch of the art of the miniature

Until the era of photography it was the miniaturist who supplied portraits 'in small compass'



'Made in 1920 along with thousands like it from the keys of redundant pianos'

"Made about 1920 along with thousands like it, from the keys of redundant pianos. You can see where the pieces are joined together."

"But at least it's painted on ivory, as all good miniatures were."

"Not until after 1690. Before that, the basic material was parchment laid down on a piece of pasteboard — usually a playing card."

"But were there any English miniaturists to speak of before then?"

"Nicholas Hilliard, Isaac and Peter Oliver, John Hoskins, Samuel Cooper. It was Hilliard who replaced the standard circular shape with the oval. He was appointed by Queen Elizabeth 'to make pictures of her body and person in small compass', and without any shadows. Every jewel she wore was painted to perfection, and that was a lot of jewels."

"If you've got it, flaunt it. But why no shadows?"

"It was the fashion in Italy; but Hilliard's pupil, Isaac,

Oliver, used grey and black shading. Both Isaac and his son Peter painted miniature copies of Old Masters as well as portraits. After Peter died, Charles II offered his widow £1,000 in cash or an annuity of £300 for some of his unsold work."

"I'd have settled for a grand, on the nail."

"She chose the annuity, but said later that she would never have parted with the pictures if she'd known they would end up as gifts to various ladies. When this was reported to Charles, her pension ceased."

"Put not your trust in princes. But what about protectors? There can't have been much work for miniaturists in Cromwell's time?"

"Until the invention of

photography, miniature portraits were the only means of preserving and conveying a likeness 'in small compass', so almost everyone who could afford it — including Oliver Cromwell — had his family painted."

"Warts and all. Who had the job of preserving them for posterity?"

"John Hoskins and his nephew, Samuel Cooper, a friend of Pepys, who paid him £30 for a miniature of Mrs Pepys. The price hadn't changed much in Georgian times, a century later. Lesser artists got from three to 10 guineas at a time, but John Smart charged 25 guineas and made £500-£600 a year. Richard Cosway and his wife, who was one of many gifted female

miniaturists, made a lot of money but spent it on a house in Pall Mall, fine clothes and entertaining the Whig aristocracy. Andrew Plimer and Jeremiah Meyer were also successful. So was George Engleheart, whose output was about 5,000 miniatures. And there were dozens more artists."

"So there should be plenty to choose from now. What would I have to pay for something a little less marvellous than Hilliard, but a bit more authentic than my Gainsborough?"

"For a good example by a minor Georgian artist, £200 upwards. For a Cosway or an Engleheart, at least £1,000, depending on the subject."

"Somebody important, you mean?"

'A pretty girl or handsome officer tends to fetch more than an old gentleman'

"It helps if the sitter is known, especially if he or she is good-looking. A pretty girl or a handsome young officer in a red coat tends to fetch more than an elderly gentleman."

"Did it all end with the Georgians?"

"Not quite. Some of the early Victorians — Robertson, Hayter, Thorburn and Ross — fetch very good prices too. It was Ross who said, when photography came along: 'It's all up with miniature painting. And it will be all up with a collection of miniatures, if they're not looked after properly. Never leave them exposed to strong sunlight — they'll fade if you do. Opaque colour was used for the clothes, but the flesh tints were in watercolour, so don't try to clean them with a damp cloth. The picture will simply disappear.'"

"My dear man, I wouldn't risk common water on my own face, much less on one that was painted on ivory. What about a spot of skin cream?"

Peter Philip

Cope

All aboard

NILE

21 days

Christmas in Bern

SWAN

TRAVEL

Copenhagen, that'll do nicely

The best thing to do in the Danish capital is leave as quickly as possible, Hilary Finch writes. And a plastic card for tourists can help you on your way

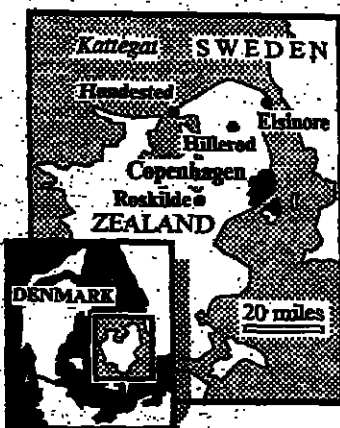
One of the most wonderful features about wonderful Copenhagen is the opportunities it provides for rapid exit. The authorities, who obviously recognize the value of getting out, offer a Visa-shaped piece of plastic called a Copenhagen Card which, for just £6.50 a day, acts as a passport not only to almost every museum, gallery and castle in town, but also for travel by bus or train anywhere at all in North Zealand. There are even healthy financial incentives to leave the country altogether and cross to Sweden.

Horrified by the serried ranks of tiny old ladies drowning in huge ice cream cones in the Tivoli, deafened by the yelling of fishwives on the Gammel Strand, and deprived of even a glimpse of the Little Mermaid's tail-fin, thanks to an impenetrable phalanx of photographers, I ran down the stairs of the railway station and boarded a red train for Hundested.

My destination was the house of Knud Rasmussen, the great half-Danish, half-Eskimo explorer and chronicler of Greenland, who according to *The New York Times* of 1927 understood the Eskimos better than they understood themselves. I changed trains at Hillerød without so much as a backward glance at Frederiksborg Castle, floating on a lake, with its coronation chapel, its Dutch Renaissance marble gallery, and its great Comenius organ. My loss, entirely. My gain, though, was the discovery, 18 slow steps further on, of a seaside station cosy as a Dulwich semi, with a scarlet hunting horn of a postbox diligently separating pissor and WC.

Past the tiny working harbour and up a path through the sand dunes, heady with the scent of wide hedge roses, was a small wooden signpost to Knud Rasmussen's Hut. Its custodian, white-haired and stooping, listens to a crackling radio, sells Christmas cards in aid of Greenland co-operatives, and lovingly guards the attic study with its books and lamps, the large wooden bedroom with its polar-bear bedspread, its square piano and its tall, tiled heater.

There was no time to go further down North Zealand's long north-western fjord to Roskilde, where five Viking ships were sunk but are now raised to glory in the museum, and where, so I am told, the odour of spices, herring and sugar loaves hangs in the air of the Merchant House museum, the

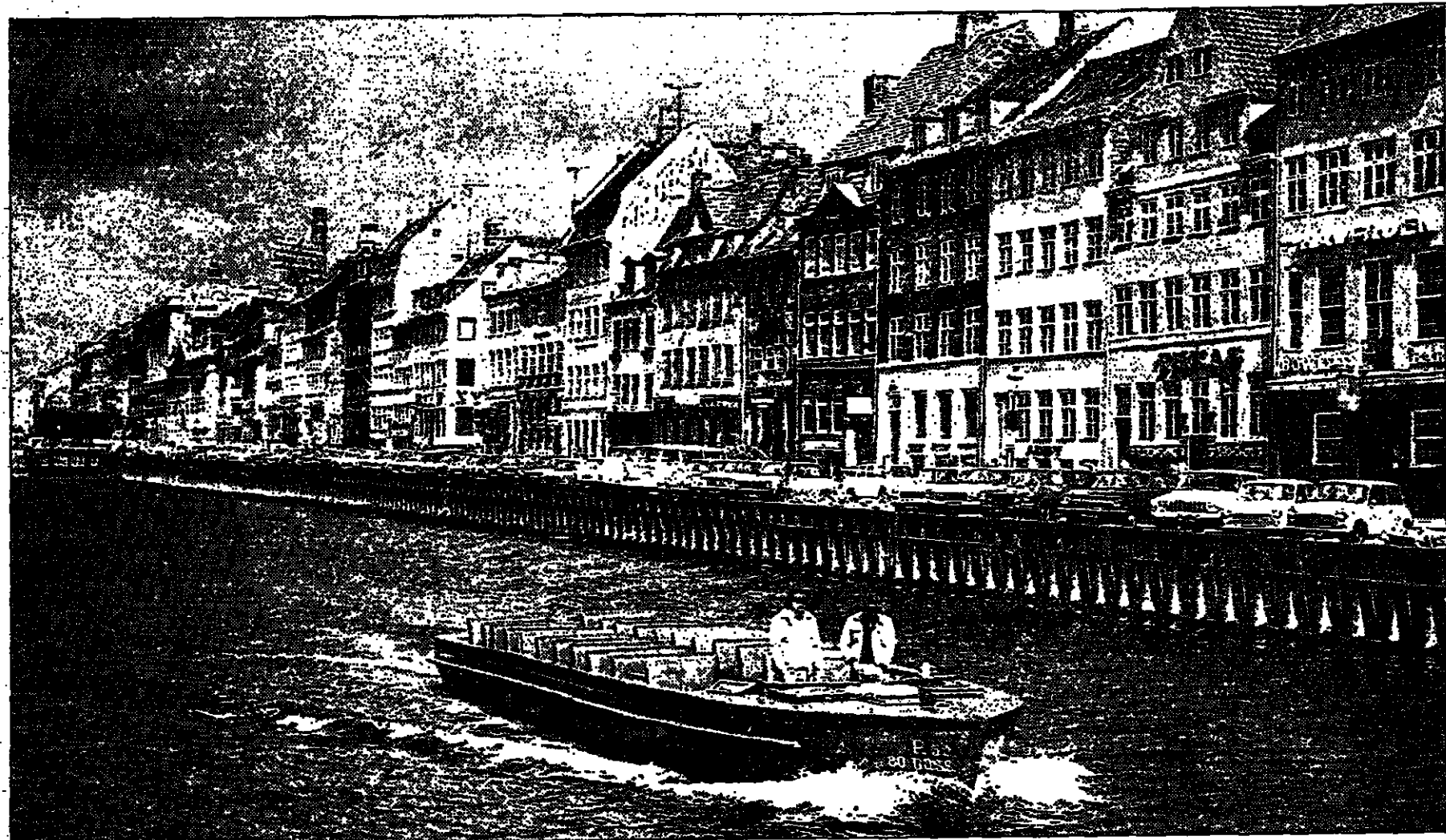


Kobmandsgård. I had to return to the great Merchants Harbour, København, to try to reconcile myself to its ever-voracious conservatism.

I passed the signs to Karen Blixen-land, to the castle at Kronborg which never was Hamlet's and Elsinore where Derek Jacobi was about to direct Kenneth Branagh as the Danish Prince. My evening's entertainment seemed to be a choice between Janet Baker or the Tivoli open air pantomime. I felt duty-bound to choose the latter, but the Copenhagen Card set up immediate problems at the gates of the gardens: numerous chains had to be lifted to allow passage without cash, and the attendants, who look for all the world like Ruritanian airmen, do not like it at all.

Columbine leered through her chalky mask, Harlequin hit the Cook on the head with a herring, the Woodcutter rolled around in a barrel, and the little boy sitting next to me polished off three of those glacial ice-creams. I set off for the Nyhavn, Copenhagen's answer to St Katharine's Dock, where surly Liselottes serve coffee at £2 a cup.

I strolled down the Stroget, foolishly pinning a last hope on finding the guide book's promise of "the very essence of the city, in relaxed and informal mood". I fought through the debris of Burger King, jostled with the sale of 1,000 pipes and another flaunting a million knives and forks. It was time to look upwards and follow the spires. Their green vertical mark out a better route for progress than any guide book: the twisting, glinting elegance of Vor Frøens Kirke, with its external spiral staircase; the four entwined dragons' tails that twist



Danish Deckland: Nyhavn, Copenhagen's answer to St Katharine's dock, and (right) the Tivoli Gardens

into the sky-piercing point of the Børsen, the pseudo-Baroque aspiration of the Christiansborg Palace.

I was lured onto one of those ludicrously wide, flat-bottomed canal boats, Copenhagen's aquatic answer to their triple width airport buses. Another Liselotte perched on the bow, twinkled at the ancient and ruddy-faced captain and switched on her manic rotating commentary in Danish, Ger-

man, English, French until the engines finally juddered to a halt at the Gammel Strand.

I then crossed the harbour with its bulwark-like ferries from Poland and the USSR, into Christianshavn, a little Dutch-style town on the island of Amager, with architecture, ramps and moat all its own. I ferried back to the mainland, walked the wide grey and white

pavement of the Amalienborg Royal Palace, with its cobalt-blue busbyed guardsmen, and struck out due west to the Statens Museum for Kunst. Here, filling the entire right hand side of the first floor, is the Denmark of the Golden Age, the Scandinavia Britain saw in the travelling exhibition *Dreams of a Summer Night*; and the silent Copenhagen of Vilhelm Hammershøi: grey, white, silver, still as a Dutch interior, and to be found today only behind firmly locked doors.

TRAVEL NOTES

British Airways and SAS offer direct flights to Copenhagen, from £145 (Aprox return) to £322 (Club Europe or Euroclass). Accommodation ranges from £4 for a youth hostel to £180 for a five-star hotel. Prices are generally comparable, or a little more expensive, than London. Weekend packages are available from Scantours (01-639 2927), Scanscope (01-251 2500) and Hamilton Travel (01-49 3199). The Danish Tourist Office publishes an excellent booklet called *Tourist in Copenhagen and North Zealand*. It is available from Scaptope House, 169-173 Regent Street, London W1R 8PY (01-734 2637).



Home from the pole: Explorer Knud Rasmussen's house in Hundested

All aboard for the country house party

Luxury cruises round the Western Isles of Scotland will be operated from next summer in a new vessel code-named "The Duchess," currently being built in Australia.

The Duchess will have 25 cabins "of deluxe hotel standard" housing a maximum of 43 passengers. Hebridean Shipping, which will operate the cruises, is aiming for the ambience of "a country house afloat". The itineraries will include the islands of Skye, Rhum, Eigg, Tona and the castle of Eilean Donan, Dunvegan and Duart.

TRAVEL NEWS

The price for a week's cruise is expected to be about £2,200 and reservations are already being taken on 032-656 1868.

Festive charters

The first Christmas-season charter flights to New York and Boston for more than 10 years are to be operated by Globespan, at a return fare of £89. Flights will leave Gatwick for New York on December 17 and to Boston on December 20, with return

flights from both cities on January 3. Globespan also has Christmas flights to Los Angeles from £399. For further information, telephone 0293 541541.

Lufthansa has come up with a new way of helping its passengers to avoid jet-lag and tiredness on its long-haul flights. It has a programme of "seat gymnastics" based on American astronaut training. Passengers time in to "diver" music over the in-flight audio system and are given tips from sports coach Jürgen Palm. These involve a series of

exercises during which passengers are exhorted alternately to tense and relax individual muscles. Lufthansa says the aim is to "ward off fatigue, stimulate circulation and improve oxygen flow".

New liner

P&O is looking at the possibility of building a new cruise ship which could eventually replace the 44,800-ton Canberra, now 27 years old. The company says it sees the need for a new vessel for cruises out of the UK during the early 1990s, although Canberra will continue to operate for at least five years. The veteran of the Falkland Islands campaign is currently being refurbished.

Celebrity safari

Five celebrities - Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers, William Travers (son of Bill), Joanna Lumley and Marie Helvin - will be leading EcoSafari's "It's a Wonderful Life" expedition to southern India this winter. The four

11-day safaris are being organized in association with the Zoo Check charity and include visits to the Ranganthittu bird sanctuary and the Nagarhole National Park. Price is £1,198 and the safaris operate in November, January and February. For further information, call 01-370 5032.

Rockies direct

Nine of the best-known ski hotels in the Rocky Mountains can now be booked in the United Kingdom through William Gayle International (01-935 5828), with special rates for British visitors starting at £125 (about £75) per night for a double room. The hotels available include the Aspen Country Hotel and Beaver Run Resort in Breckenridge.

Hyde away

Special weekend rates are being offered at five Inter-Continental and Forum hotels in London between now and

March 31. Prices start at £69 for two people for one night at the London Forum or £109 for two nights. At the top of the price range, one night for two people at the Mayfair Inter-Continental or the Inter-Continental London at Hyde Park Corner costs £99 or £169 for two nights. Information: 01-741 9000 or (from outside London) 0345 581444.

Limo lure

The Canadian airline Wardair is courting business-class travellers with the offer of free chauffeur-driven limousine transfers to and from anywhere within a 40-mile radius of Gatwick or free first-class rail tickets on the Gatwick Express from Victoria. It is also offering one free economy-class return ticket to any Wardair destination in Canada to all passengers buying a full-fare business-class return ticket between now and December 31. Information: 0800 234444.

Philip Ray

Mr Kipling's travels in Japan

If you like mapping the itineraries of literary giants, Kipling's Japan, edited by Sir Hugh Cortazzi and George Webb (Athlone Press, £14.95) should appeal. Kipling visited Japan twice - once in 1889, aged 23, when returning from India to seek fame and fortune in London, and again, newly married and already a celebrity, in 1892. Kipling captures the sense of a country opening up to foreign businessmen and

TRAVEL BOOKS

tourists. He is good, as might be expected, on club life; somewhat breathless and unilluminating about Japan.

What does one make of a book titled *Off the Beaten Track France*, which waxes lyrical about Saint Tropez "bursting with fine hotels, restaurants and night life"?

Andrew Lycett

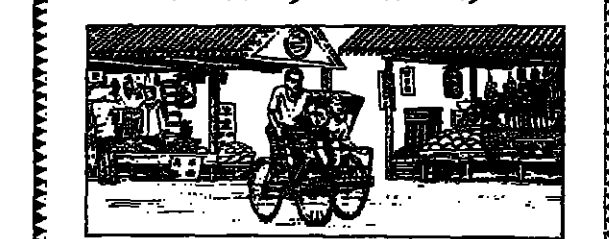
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IBERIA

TRAVEL

A slow boat around China

Luxury can have many different meanings, as Michael Watkins found when he took a cruise from Shanghai

To engage the People's Republic of China single-handed, you need to be young and fit. It would also be an advantage to speak *putonghua* and a couple of dozen attendant dialects. Then there are the lavatories and the drinking water — if one doesn't shorten your stay on planet earth, the other will. Which, all in all, is why I found myself waiting in that most delectable of hotels, the Hong Kong Regent, for my ship to come in. The Ocean Pearl took two days to steam into Shanghai, where *Gone With The Wind* played to packed houses at one of the city's 250 cinemas and where the cardboard boxes seemed to be waist high and venerated; more like house-gods than common containers. It also struck me that the entire population (1,008,175,288 at the 1982 census, but another 10,000 are born in the time it takes to say Scarlett O'Hara) was congregated on the precise section of pavement outside the Yu Yuan Gardens I was attempting to cross, the majority of them staring at me with unconcealed curiosity.

The Chinese are different from you and me, from the impregnable standpoint of history, they know that they are superior. It is a question of perspective: while we daubed ourselves in woad, the Chinese were spinning silk in 2640 BC; by the Shang Dynasty (1700-1600 BC) they were casting in bronze, glazing pottery. While we grunted at each other, they had perfected a character script. Then, threatened by barbarians from the north and by palace revolutions from within, China entered a period of decline in the third century

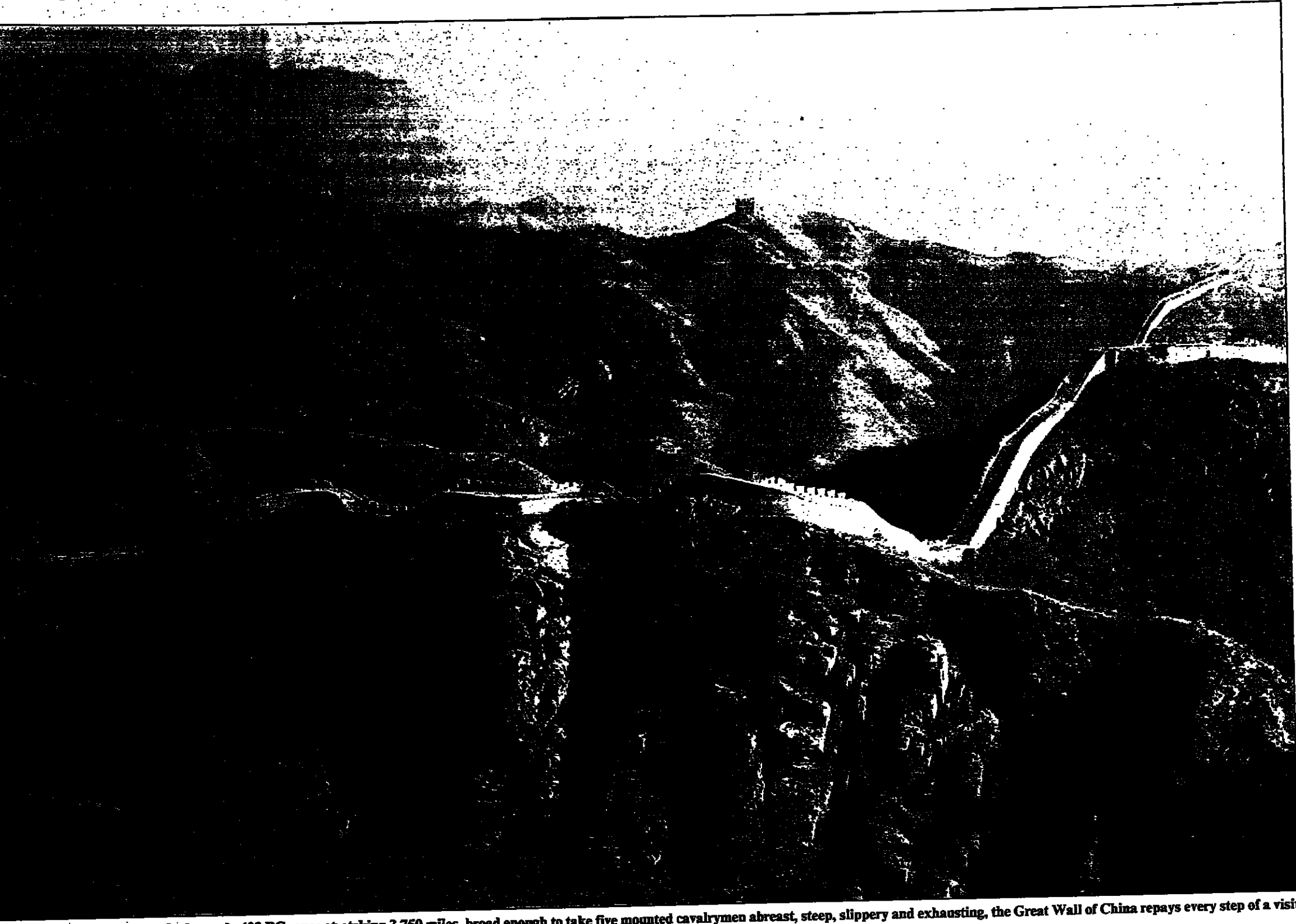
6 The Mongol invaders have been replaced by sweet old ladies in tennis shoes

AD from which it never fully recovered. Dynasties came and went — Xia, Ming, Manchu — but it was not until the abdication of the child emperor Pu Yi and the formation of the republic under Sun Yatsen that China began to expel corrupting foreign influence.

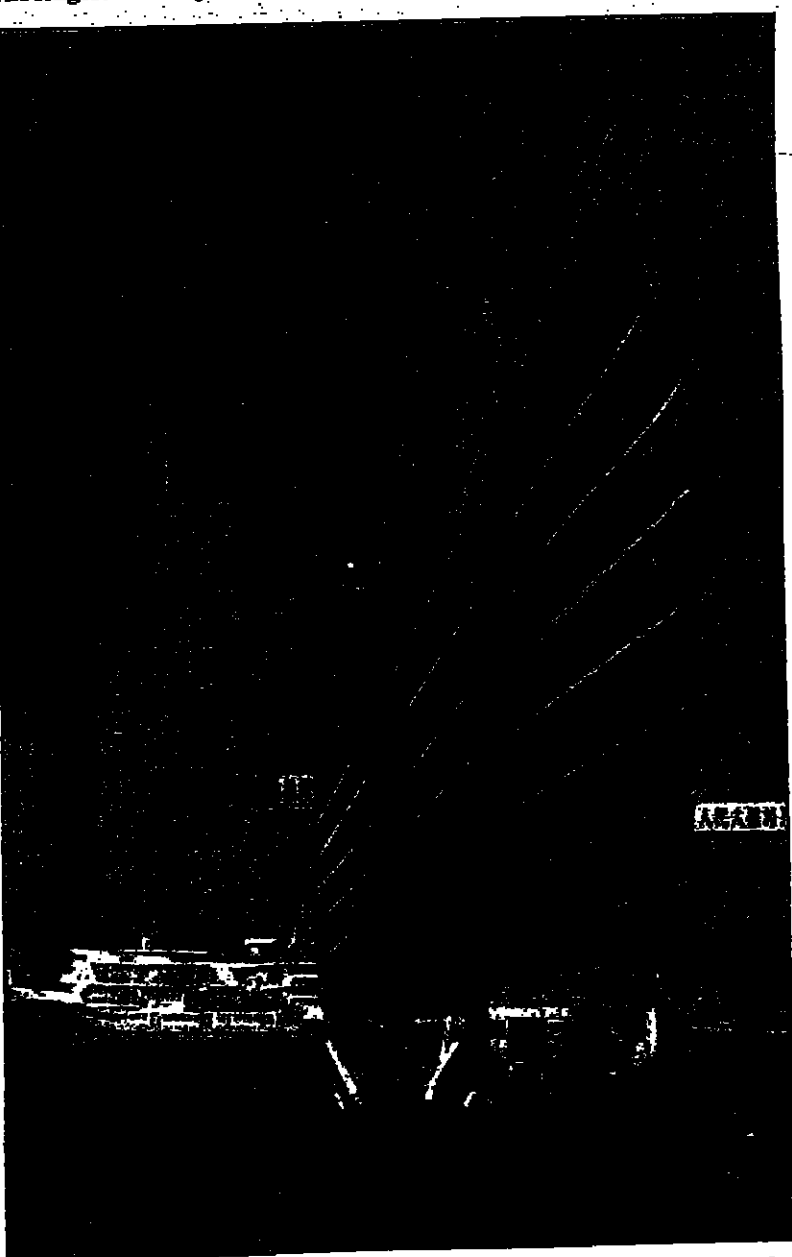
The transition from feudalism to republicanism was long and bitter, its toll enormous: even in the so-called Great Leap Forward, 1959-62, some 27 million were reported to have died from starvation and disease. The circle, or at least one of the circles in the intricate pattern of evolution, is almost complete: as recently as May this year the Chinese leader Deng Xiaoping declared "there will be a way out only when we further the reforms and open even wider to the outside world".

Meanwhile, the barbarians — that's us — swarm over the borders once more. Westerners are *kuai* (foreign devils) possessed of round eyes, big feet and bigger noses. Furthermore, we're all alike, not a good-looking among us. The thing to do, I learnt, is to stare back, eye-ball to eye-ball; then smile and nod, smile and bow. Do this and a warming tide of goodwill eddies and swirls about you. Chinese are hugely, inordinately, generous with themselves; give and ye shall receive. They are watchful too, disdaining extravagance, thrifty of gesture. You could also say that they are self-denying loving children, their townspeople are denied more than one child per family.

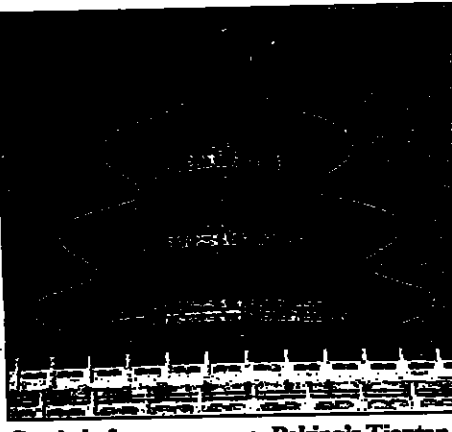
Deprived of doing what comes naturally, they turn to other forms of fun. To the cinema. *Guess Who's Coming To Dinner?* is an evergreen. I was told; *Kramer vs Kramer* is less ecstasically applauded on account of "Mrs Kramer is no good mother". As in India, cinemas are dream-factories, projecting a colourful dimension against a lacklustre backdrop, and there is no escaping the fact that Shanghai, despite its raffish past, is the mother and father of drabness. Yet this very drabness is misleading, for despite the privations of the Cultural Revolution (when more than



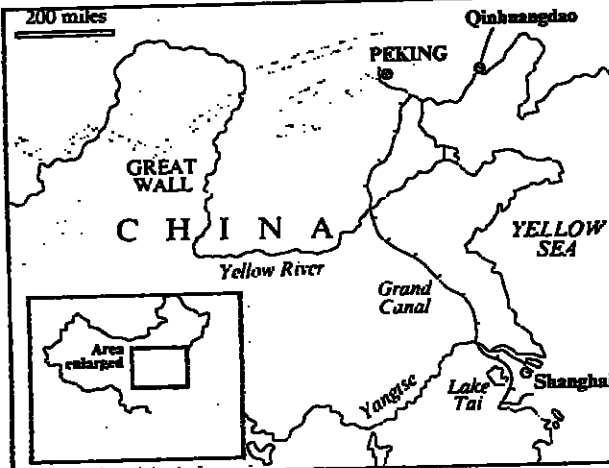
The longest cemetery on earth: begun in 403 BC, once stretching 3,750 miles, broad enough to take five mounted cavalymen abreast, steep, slippery and exhausting, the Great Wall of China repays every step of a visit



A junk in Shanghai harbour: still a western city, more Mersey than Manchou



Symbol of new openness: Peking's Tiananmen, or Temple of Heaven, first built in 1420 AD



TRAVEL NOTES

Michael Watkins flew British Airways to Hong Kong to join the Ocean Pearl's "China Explorers" 18-day cruise, during which he took the two nights/three days overland excursion from Qinhuangdao to Peking at £895 (a price including all shore excursions in China, two nights in Hong Kong and one in Osaka, transfers and economy round flight from London). Basic cruise prices are from £1,595. Details from Pearl Cruises, 10 Frederick Close, Stanhope Place, London, W2 2HD (tel: 01-262 3017). From the Ocean Pearl's final port, Kobe, he returned via Osaka to London.



Bank ranks at Wuxi: timeless houses huddling along the Grand Canal, which originally connected the Yellow River with the Yangtze

100,000 students were out-lawed to the remote province of Xinjiang), Shanghai remains almost swaggeringly a western city, more Manhattan than Manchou. Or Mersey than Manchou. Jeans and T-shirts are more evidence than Chairman Mao tunicas, "free shops" (as distinct from government-controlled retailers) trade briskly; advertisement hoardings, while implying that no self-respecting Jiangsu home is complete without a decent set of piston-rings, also show glimpses of silk-clad thigh, a wanton flash of cleavage.

Wuxi, two hours' away by train, is different. You can tell by the station waiting room with its deep armchairs, anti-macassars, potted palms. You can sense the difference from the huddled life along the Grand Canal, dating from 603 AD, when it connected the Yellow River with the Yangtze. On Tai Hu (Lake Tai) one is close to classical China of the mind's eye: with willow patterns, mists, a tracery of bridges upon which lovers sigh, reading poetry aloud.

This, as if we didn't know, is divorced from the world of

hungry mouths, of long hours in paddy fields, in achieving quotas on collective farms or on factory floors. Classical China is the stuff of almost forgotten dreams; whereas the here and now is more rigid, despite the maxim that Chinese are like bamboo, and bend with the wind. They do not really bend; they are more like a student I talked to: "I do not believe in dreams or in God. I believe in me."

In Yantai I met a man with a similar philosophy; a good man, if I was bright enough to penetrate the impenetrable layers between our interpreted conversation. He and his wife received me in their home, lavishly by most standards: three small uncarpeted rooms for the family of four, costing 10 per cent (including heating and water) of his monthly wage of 200 yuan (£29). He was an office worker, directed to the job with no appeal for an alternative. He will live in these same rooms until he dies, enjoying 52 days' holiday a year, in other words, a month or so of Sundays. He will never own a car.

I asked him what luxury I could grant him, were I able to

do so; to which he replied, a dowry of 5,000 yuan to offer the family of his son's fiancée. No, no, I said, that's taken care of. What frivolous luxury? But the interpreter translated that he didn't understand luxury, he had all he needed. His wife took me into her kitchen then, smiling shyly; and I could see what they meant. There was rice and vegetables; people do not starve in China as they used to. I thought of this later as the Ocean Pearl set sail for Qinhuangdao when, leaving the dinner table at 10pm, I noticed the staff preparing the midnight buffet.

On the train from Qinhuangdao to Peking, it was apparent that the Mongol invaders of old had been replaced by sweet old ladies in tennis shoes from Memphis, riding "soft seats" (first class). The journey takes four-

and-a-half hours, during each minute of which one becomes aware that China is still in servitude to the soil. It is not the horse-drawn wooden plough, the hand-hoeing, which astounds; it is the sheer numerical volume of labour. This baptism softens the culture shock of arrival in the capital, where one's sense of individuality is impounded along with the used tickets. Nowhere else has deprived me so briskly of my persona.

It is not much of a walk from Peking Station to those twin examples of China's insular, imperial past and its symbolic declaration of openness: the Forbidden City and Tian'anmen Square. But long enough, I thought, to realize that this is a curiously quiet, self-absorbed city, one of muted sounds to complement the shadowy ochres and greys; there are no strident voices, no

shrieking vermouths. No litter, either; you can be fined on the spot for shedding a dog-end. How quickly I came to revise these first false impressions, for almost subliminally, swatches of garish colour appeared: banners, slogans, exhorting long life to the revolution.

This is the real, powerful, purpose of Peking's chemistry: determination. It is writ large in the Monument to the People's Heroes, in the Great Hall of the People where, in 1972, 5,000 guests dined off Peking duck in honour of President Nixon who responded — if folklore can be relied upon — to a toast with the immortal word, "Quack".

Yet there is nothing original about this emphatic handwriting, the calligraphy of old, for all its grave delicacy, lacked nothing in emphasis. Mildness, temperance, were signally absent from edicts issued from the Dragon Throne in the Forbidden City, where 24 emperors ruled with unparalleled authority. No commoner or foreigner could enter

the palace complex without permission, on pain of death. The 9,000 rooms were a treasure house of precious objects until 1911 when the Manchus were overthrown. Today a farmboy from Guangdong or a seamstress from Shanghai may call each room their own; for the Hall of Perfect Harmony and the Palace of Heavenly Purity, brick upon eloquent brick, belong to them alone.

This ownership, unless I misconstrued the collective expression of awe, is an onerous business; if you really are a farmboy up from Guangxi, managing on 100 yuan a month, it might occur to you to wonder whether you can afford such extravagance. Which, possibly, is why the Great Wall itself shows signs of disrepair. The Huns desisted ages ago, Russians are as yet deterred from plodding in with snow on their boots; so the damage is purely self-inflicted, domestic wear and tear.

This great and wondrous wall — begun in 403 BC, once stretching 3,750 miles, costing so many lives that it is known as the longest cemetery on

earth — stands two hours' drive from Peking. Guidebooks tell you everything about it ("broad enough to accommodate five mounted cavalymen abreast"), except what a hell of a slog it is to walk along it. Vertiginously steep, treacherously slippery, palpitantly exhausting, it is worth every rotten step of the way. Arriving at its base feeling sore with life (I had just witnessed a brood of tourists instruct their guide, on 4 yuan a day — 59p — to buy a dozen Cokes at 5 yuan a can), my spirits were lifted by the sensation that, among my Chinese hosts, I had joined a pilgrimage. Mao Tse-tung denied that any Chinese deserved claim to heroism until he had climbed the Wall.

So much for hyperbole; and yet. The breeze blew clear and chill, from Ulan Bator in Mongolia, from the north, whence comes the threat, if threat there be. These are things I do not know. I only know what I saw: that this Great Wall is the Via Dolorosa of communism, along which are marked the stations of the hammer and sickle.

6 In Peking one's sense of individuality is impounded along with the used tickets

SATURDAY OCTOBER 1 1988

McColgan's perfect race is not quite good enough

From Pat Butcher
Athletics Correspondent
Seoul

Liz McColgan ran her perfect race yesterday, and lost. Her best was not good enough to beat Olga Bondarenko in the Olympic 10,000 metres final. There is no shame in that. The Scot came away with a silver medal for her pains, having led from 3,000 to 9,800 metres.

It is no consolation to McColgan, however, to know that, if this had been a cross country race over the same distance, she would have beaten Bondarenko, as she acknowledged, "by a lot".

John Ngugi usually has the same problem. The world cross country champion be-



Winning smile: Liz McColgan celebrates her silver medal with her coach John Anderson (Photograph: Ian Stewart)

McColgan stressed afterwards that she has a lot to learn. And returning to shorter distances next year should help develop the potential for mid-race surges, for which Barcelona rolls around.

Kristiansen's retirement from the race spoiled McColgan's plan to go past the Norwegian at half way. But, as McColgan said: "Even if I don't think it would have changed the result, I've said all year that Bondarenko was one to look at for winning."

None the less, it was a brave attempt by McColgan to win, in the only way she knew how. Katrin Ullrich had gone with Kristiansen's surge after two kilometres, and when the Norwegian dropped out two laps later, the East German was left in the lead, a position she is unused to.

McColgan said: "I knew

Kristiansen was going to surge, so it was no surprise. I wasn't going to do that myself. I planned to get back gradually. That is what she did, but took Bondarenko and the other Soviet runner, Zhupieva, too. The trio passed Ullrich before half way, but she hung on. And the battle of attrition began in earnest.

After a 3min 14sec fifth kilometre, McColgan increased the pace by around two seconds each kilometre. Ullrich lasted two kilometres, and Zhupieva one more. McColgan looked as if she might break Bondarenko any second, but it was at that point the Soviet woman knew she could win. "Three kilometres from the finish, I thought I could make it and I just waited and waited," she said.

The crowd, such as it was — one of the big disappoint-

ments of the Games — was behind McColgan. But Bondarenko used the only tactic she knows too. And one could not regret her biggest success. She led the World Cup 10,000 metres in Canberra three years ago, and sprinted away to victory — a lap early. She lost, and collapsed in tears afterwards, saying she would never run again. Unfortunately for McColgan, she did not keep her promise. But Louise Ritter did.

If Ritter had lived a hundred years ago, she would have been a drinking partner of Annie Oakley. For she is a good old gal from down Texas way, with only one pretension, to victory. Since it is 1988, she had to choose a different target. Yesterday it was Stefka Kostadinova, and 2,03 metres in the high jump.

Kostadinova ranks alongside Sergei Bubka in modern

athletics, as virtually unbeatable. That is what Ritter used to think, until she beat her last year, twice. She paid for her presumption in Rome, when Kostadinova took the world title easily. But Ritter lifted her sights again yesterday, and beat the Bulgarian in a shoot-out after they had tied at two metres.

Jordanka Donkova's job was made a little easier when Cornelia Oschkenat pulled a muscle at midway through the high hurdles. So there was at least one Bulgarian gold. Donkova won in 12.38sec.

Sally Gunnell made it to the semi-finals for her 100 metres hurdles swan song. But she will still return home as one of the most successful British Olympians, who did not win a medal, after her fifth place in what is now her first event, the 400 metres hurdles. In the process she set her fourth national record of the season.

Olympic spirit's tearful return

From Richard Evans



A day of mixed tennis and much emotion saw Miloslav Mecir become the first tennis player since Vinnie Richards, of the United States, in 1924 to win an Olympic gold medal when he defeated Tim Mayotte, of the United States, 3-6, 6-2, 6-4, 6-2 in the final of the men's singles.

Czechoslovakia nearly made it a double celebration when Helena Sukova and Jana Novotna just failed to beat Pam Shriver and Zina Garrison in the women's doubles, going down 4-6, 6-2, 10-8, after Garrison, on the brink of earning America gold, double-faulted on two of the five match points she missed on her serve, before clinching the title.

Afterwards, Shriver burst into tears and there were not many dry eyes when all the medal winners lined up on the podium that had been placed alongside the net.

It had been the same for the men. "I was crying, you better believe it," said the American team captain, Tom Gorman. "When those national anthems started playing and you realized this was the Olympics, that was it for me."

Fittingly, the quality of the tennis had matched the occasion. Mecir's victory over Mayotte was a connoisseur's delight, pitting players of contrasting styles against each other for the first time in competitive play. The tall American began with some explosive serve and volley tennis and often dealt deftly with the Slav's hard-hit service returns by picking half volleys off his toes.

But when Mecir started standing further back to receive serve and concentrated more on placement than power, he began stretching Mayotte and the American volley started to fray.

Jean Borotra, chatting non-stop to Kitty Godfree throughout the match, was in Seoul to offer a link with Olympic's past. And the two bronze medal winners in Paris could not have looked in better form — Mrs Godfree at the age of 92, and Borotra a sprightly 90.

But if they symbolized the Olympic spirit so, too, did Mayotte. "Playing for medals is just wonderful," he said. "Winning silver or bronze — it doesn't matter. It just makes you feel you have won something untainted and worthwhile. It's a great feeling."



Luca Cumani (left) and the Aga Khan, the trainer and owner of Kahyasi, tomorrow attempt to complete an unprecedented racing treble of the Derby, Irish Derby and Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe. The Aga Khan at the Arc, page 46

Kahyasi fit to go for unique treble

By Michael Seely

Kahyasi, the second favourite at 5-1 in the English ante-post betting for tomorrow's Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe at Longchamp, was yesterday reported to be fighting fit for his attempt to become the first horse to land the treble of the Irish and English Derbys and the Arc for the Aga Khan.

"The little horse is very well," said Luca Cumani, Kahyasi's trainer, at Newmarket. "I'm thrilled that the ground has remained good. What we need now is luck in running."

About 25,000 British racegoers are expected at Longchamp, hoping for a one-two-three for the British raiders. Mito, Kahyasi and Diminuendo, who make up the first three in the betting. The race is generally seen as a match between the finishing speed of Mito on the one hand and the stamina and battling qualities of Kahyasi, who has only been defeated once in his life, on the other.

Michael Roberts, who has

already ridden Mito to brilliant victories at Sandown and Ascot, faces the difficult task of obtaining a clear run in the 22-strong field. Diminuendo, Henry Cecil's challenger, has shown tremendous acceleration to win the English and Yorkshire Oaks and more recently was just beaten by Minster Son in the St Leger. Cecil said yesterday: "Diminuendo seems very well, but she is starting to go in her coat. Only the last furlong will tell."

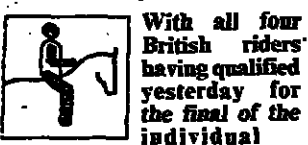
Pat Eddery is the Arc jockey extraordinaire. He shares a record four wins with Freddie Head and Jacko Doyasbere. He will be seeking a fourth consecutive win, on Indian Rose, having won the last three runnings on Rainbow Quest, Dancing Brave and Tremolino.

Yesterday Mito remained favourite at 2-1 with Ladbrokes, who had Kahyasi at 5-1, Diminuendo at 6-1 and Indian Rose at 9-1.

Full Arc guide and other racing, pages 52 and 53

Riches embarrass Massarella

From Jenny MacArthur



With all four British riders having qualified yesterday for the final of the individual showjumping competition — under the new and controversial formula — Ronnie Massarella, the team manager, must decide which one to drop, the rules permitting only three riders from one team to contest tomorrow's final in the main stadium.

The Hungarian-born Jo Tur, who has been competing at international level for only two years, had the best round of the four yesterday, collecting four faults after a confident round on Vital. Malcombe Pyrah, a former professional who has waited 16 years to compete in an Olympics, had the worst result, collecting an almost unheard of 20 penalties on the 17-year-old Anglezarke.

Although Pyrah is one of many riders here who has criticized the introduction of two qualifying rounds for the



Tur: best British round

final — on the grounds it involved too much jumping for the horses — he blamed the ground, not tiredness, for Anglezarke's performance. "It is not that the going is bad in the arena, it is just that it is fast and hardish and doesn't suit my horse. He was jumping like a stag in the practice arena where the track is two inches deeper."

It does not suit Mick Skelton's Apollo, either. He scraped home with eight faults yesterday and rolled several other poles. David Broome,

still disconsolate after the team's disappointing sixth place out of 16 on Wednesday, attributed Countryman's 12 faults to the new formula. "It is just too much jumping for the horses."

Massarella, who would like to see the Olympic team event count as a qualifier for the individual, will take several factors into consideration when he makes his choice today. Tur, although the least experienced of the four, is riding well and deserves a place in the final after finishing highest — 23rd — after the two qualifying rounds.

Pyrah, although the lowest placed (35th), is likely to regain his form Anglezarke on the grass in the main stadium, providing it is not too hard, and Massarella would like to give both Pyrah and Broome, who are probably competing in their last Olympics, the chance to end on a high note.

Skelton, however, has the best credentials for an individual medal. Apollo had a run of Grand Prix successes this summer and is at his best on

grass while Skelton, winner of the individual bronze at the 1986 World Championships, makes a habit of rising to the big occasion.

While only three of the United States riders qualified for the final, including their defending Olympic champion, Joe Farris on Mill Pearl, the French and West German team trainers are facing the same problems as Massarella.

All four riders in both teams finished in the top 20. Ironically, Pierre Durand and Jappeloup, one of the favourites for an individual medal, had the worst score of the four French riders yesterday, their mistakes, both rider errors, coming at both parts of the double.

Canada's individual favourite, Ian Millar with Big Ben, who was getting little spring out of the ground, also finished on eight faults. In contrast, Austria's Hugo Simon on the little known Gipsy Lady, had one of the few clear rounds yesterday and, having not contested the team event, will start at an advantage tomorrow.

Stewart strikes bronze



Seoul — Dennis Stewart forgot the drugs cloud hovering over British judo players yesterday to snatch a bronze medal in the light-heavyweight (95kg) class in the tournament.

Although upset by Kerrith Brown, his Wolverhampton club colleague failing a drug test, Stewart put the distraction out of his mind. Given little hope of any reward when he lost to Aurelio Miguel, of Brazil, on a points decision, the defeat was put in perspective when Miguel won the gold medal.

The repechages, three five-minute bouts in 28 minutes, against Bjarni Fridriksson, of Israel, Juri Fazi, of Italy and Jiri Sosna, of Czechoslovakia, became progressively harder, but Stewart, a chess enthusiast, planned each with clockwork precision to gain his greatest triumph.

Daring costumes will cost skaters marks

By Michael Coleman

Figure-skating judges will deduct marks from competitors if their costumes are too revealing or too theatrical, it was disclosed yesterday.

The cover-up will be introduced at an international event at the Skate Electric contest at Richmond next week. According to a new ruling of the International Skating Union, competitors' costumes "must be modest, dignified and appropriate for athletic competition". If not, the judges are required to deduct a sizeable 0.2 in the mark for artistic impression (or presentation if in the dance).

To help judges in their

decisions, the ISU has offered this "further guidance": women must wear skirts and pants covering the hips and posterior. A bare midriff is not acceptable. Costumes for men must not be sleeveless and must have a neckline that does not expose the chest. Theatrical costumes such as beads, sequins and, in the women's case, feathers are out.

As a concession, it is accepted that costumes may reflect the character of the music chosen, though the problem for the judges here will centre on their interpretation of the word "reflect".

Liverpool to rely on youth

By Ian Ross

Kenny Dalglish, the Liverpool manager, yesterday indicated that he will seek a solution to his continuing injury problems by tapping the club's reserves of youthful talent and not by wielding a cheque book.

In naming three unproven reserve team players in a 16-strong squad for the game against struggling Newcastle United at Anfield Dalglish was perhaps attempting to put paid to the notion that Liverpool stars are bought and not bred.

In addition to Stanniton, who played in the midweek Littlewoods Cup tie against Walsall, Dalglish has called

upon Durnin, a prolific goalscorer, in the Central League, and Jeffers, a 19-year-old left-side midfielder player with no first team experience.

The Football League champions will again be without six recognized seniors, including Barnes, the England winger, who still has not recovered from a hamstring injury. He sustained during the game against Aston Villa three weeks ago.

"Nobody here is picked because of how much money they cost or because of their birthplace. It all depends on ability. If you are good enough you will be given a chance," Dalglish said.

Colin Harvey, the Everton manager, will delay finalising the side which will face Wimbledon at Plough Lane until after three players have completed morning fitness tests. Watson, Poinson and McCall are rated as doubtful starters because of injury.

Harvey said: "I have written out five or six possible team selections but will have to wait until tomorrow to see which one I can name."

"We could do with a good performance after last week's disappointing home defeat by Luton Town, but having said that Plough Lane is a difficult place to go to; it is no place for faint hearts."

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A special day at the races



Whatever the result, the man least likely to show a loss at tomorrow's Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe

could well be the Aga Khan, a major shareholder in the hotel group sponsoring the race. Brian James reports on the owner whose victories in 1988 already include both the Epsom and the Irish Derbys



Flaming June: in the last two furlongs of the Epsom Derby, Ray Cochrane on the Aga Khan's Kahyasi gets up to beat Michael Hills on Robert Sangster's Glacial Storm



Home turf: the Aga Khan's third Epsom Derby winner



Double top: later in the month, Kahyasi shakes off a cut foreleg at the Curragh to carry Cochrane to a last-ditch victory over Insan and Richard Quinn in the Irish Derby

The Aga Khan, that most elegant of men, will go to the Arc tomorrow figuratively wearing two hats: owner of the favoured Kahyasi, and major shareholder in the CIGA hotel group whose sponsorship will provide the presentation and polish that racing's greatest classics events now demand.

But not even a thrilling victory for his horse against a formidable challenge will provoke him to throw either hat into the air. And thus once again the present Aga Khan, now 52, will probably fail to live up to other people's vivid expectation of his lineage.

To the plain regret of racing men who gasped at his flamboyant grandfather and grinned at his rakish father, lavish celebration is simply not the style of a man rich enough to enjoy his triumphs as soberly as he pleases.

After his previous Arc triumph with Akiyada in 1982, while even tearful losers in the aftermath of a great race were calling for another magnum, no celebratory noise broke the leafy calm of his Aghemom racing headquarters at Chantilly; one of the few lights burning illuminated the table at which the Aga Khan was dining, with a solitary racing friend.

I reminded him of that as we talked in his study, overlooking quiet yards full of horses with the potential to join the stream of classic winners whose portraits and trophies fill this room. He smiled, nodded, and clearly felt no need to explain.

What will he do then at a Kahyasi victory? "Absolutely no idea. Look here's my diary. For that day, nothing. But I can tell you what I will be doing the rest of the month. I go to Tanzania, then Zanzibar... But winning the Arc must mean triumph?"

"Oh, yes. This is not part of a championship, but a single event, a specific target one aimed at years before. And the tradition is tangible... so many years... It's a very challenging process of decisions and events, an extraordinary sequence of things you can easily get wrong."

"So anyone who is fortunate enough to live through such a sequence has a real sense of triumph. Ninety-nine percent of the horses I race I have bred myself."

mean that at end of the year we don't have some sort of celebration for the people in the training centres, the stud farms." The thrill for a horse-lover to lead in a Derby or Arc winner must be overwhelming... is there no urge to throw your hat in the air with a shout of "all down to the Ritz, champs on me?"

"I just don't work that way. It is not that I don't feel overwhelming pleasure. It is not that I don't have the personality to celebrate. But I have other commitments." Further verbal evidence that "the boy is no spark off the old blade" as one well-worn racing friend said he insisted.

Perhaps then the prize — a purse of £500,000 and millions added to the stud value of his horse — means little to a man whose controlled business interests tot up to about a billion dollars, and whose private wealth is at least equal. Perhaps personal prestige is no priority for a man who has been leader of 15 million Ismailite people in 25 countries, and is revered by them for crusades of development which have given them 300 schools, 200 hospitals, a medical university and uncountable rural self-help schemes.

"No it's not that," said a racing man who knows the Aga Khan well enough not to judge him on his ratings by either Dow or Dempster. "It is not what the horse wins but the fact that he created it that means everything. The paternity of it all... the intellectual exercise of putting the right sire to the right dam... that's where he gets his buzz. With horses, he likes playing God."

The Aga Khan, 49th in direct line from Mohammed and Imam of a sect seen as a calm oasis of Islam, grimaced at this irreverence, but accepted the import. "Yes, the whole process of breeding a classic winner, taking the young horse to the right trainer, having the trainer put up the right jockey... it's a very very challenging process of decisions and events, an extraordinary sequence of things you can easily get wrong."

"So anyone who is fortunate enough to live through such a sequence has a real sense of triumph. Ninety-nine percent of the horses I race I have bred myself."

That sounded like a dig: did he therefore have a greater sense of achievement at victory than his main rivals, the Arab sheikhs and princes who spend fortunes on yearlings to short-cut the process (and, incidentally, rival him in a wild annual scramble to find unused Arabic names for newly-registered horses)?

The Aga Khan swerved into an answer. "Any judgement I might make on that would not be fair. What I can say is that one of the immense satisfactions of our style is the continuum of the process... looking at whole families, asking what can do to improve an entire blood line. If you go into the sales ring you may have immense satisfaction to find you have bought a winner, but whether that is greater or less than having bred the family for 20 years, thought about it, cared about it, tried to bring to it the sort of resources that could enrich it... but I have never been tempted to try to work the other way. It has no appeal. None whatsoever. It is odd that so diplomatic and powerful a man and one so steeped in sport (he has skied in the Olympics, played football at Harvard, raced fast yachts and even faster motorboats) has so few close friends in racing."

This is clearly the Aga Khan's choice. A man who for months each year tours parts of the world where he is greeted by throngs with the recognition accorded Popes and presidents, had his way once barred by a steward when following the Queen's party towards the Epsom paddock. In America it can be worse. There they don't ask "the Aga Who?" but the Aga "what?" he has joked.

He does not have to be that anonymous in Britain unless he so chooses: Princess Margaret, the British Ambassador to France and David Niven led a cavalcade of British nobility and notables to his 1969 wedding in France to divorcee Sally Crichton-Stafford. He is a member of a number of British clubs. He has led in enough winners on televised racing to be as recognisable as Wogan if he chose to keep backing into the limelight, beating down on jockey and horse.

But in British racing circles the aloofness is determined. He wins. He stays just long enough to be polite. Then he

'The whole process of breeding a classic winner... it's an extraordinary sequence of things you can easily get wrong'

goes," said one observer. "Some of the insiders find this no-need-to-know-you attitude off-putting. In a much-used word he is not clubbable. He is just too damned organized." Organization, the Aga willingly explains, saved him at 20 when he and a stunned family learned that the old Aga Khan, he of the weighing-himself-in-diamonds gesture, had made a death-bed declaration that he should be succeeded as Imam not by his playboy son Ali, but grandson Karim. And organization was all he had to fall back on three years later when his father's car-crash death left him a new "empire" of horses, an empire with links back to the family's power in feudal Persia, to command.

"My first feeling was of diffidence, a sense of looking into the unknown. My grandfather and father had an extraordinary, a quasi-unique record of success. Now as head of the family I had institutional responsibility for something of which I knew nothing, absolutely nothing."

So a series of serious questions. Should I continue? Was I capable of continuing? Bloodstock was exceedingly

remote from all my areas of personal interest. Perhaps the sensible thing was to get rid of the entire stock? "To be blunt, that was my first reaction. This was something outside my domain. Beyond my horizons. Why did I need these complications?" But once he decided that the bequest was an unshirkable responsibility, the Aga Khan began with an extraordinary precision. Racing was abuzz with sneering remarks — "more a clerk than a Khan" — about the young man with his files and folders, touring the boxes, and standing beside the gallops, judging horse merit from bits of paper, and would later become the first to computerize all records and proposals.

"On this I have no shame. If people find it strange that my processes of learning should have been through files and documents... well I am open to listen to other processes of learning anyone may care to suggest. I had to learn quickly. There was no point in my taking over unless I could do so competently."

"One of my first questions,

the hardest, was 'what does it take to learn? From whom can you learn? My father was dead. So the people who had significantly moulded my life in every other way were not there. I went to people I knew, acquaintances. But because the subject we now spoke about was new, they were effectively strangers. A chore? No it was a fear."

Despite that professed ignorance, he made very stern decisions very early on: the sacking of the universally popular Alec Head as his main trainer (to be replaced by the stern Francois Mathet), and the abrupt closing down of the old Aga Khan's British stables.

"Yes I did. I made them on the basis of what I had learned about running other things. I don't think I made hasty decisions. Harsh, they had to be... the front-end decisions on what stock to sell to finance estate duties. On those I had to rely on advice, because I wasn't qualified to do it alone."

"Would I have made different decisions with my present knowledge? Certainly. For example, we took extreme risks with the totality of the mares at stud. I am not sure in economic terms I could have done otherwise, but we sold the best we had, keeping young fillies out of training or young mares whose record was not confirmed."

The consequences have not turned out too badly. The Aga Khan's 220 mares, the 200 horses now in training, have three times given him the Derby and then the Irish Derby with the same horse, a string of classic French successes to make him easily Europe's leading single owner-breeder, and the quality of his 300 or so foals and yearlings suggest much more to come.

Most of the race world's glimpses of the Aga Khan are fleeting. A man standing impassively beside the gallops at 5 a.m., or arriving unexpectedly at a distant racecourse with eyes for only one horse and no habit of lingering when his race is done; but is this a businessman examining his stock or enthusiast absorbed in his sport?

"Now I am genuinely excited by the activity. A personal happiness that makes it not difficult to get up at 4 o'clock in the morning. But also I am not sure how an owner who does not know

his stock can keep an operation going for decades. The nature of the industry is not one you can run successfully by proxy."

We talked beside a magnificent bronze of Shergar, his double-Derby winner of 1981 who was kidnapped and almost certainly slaughtered by an IRA gang two years later: this surely was memorial to his blackest day. "A dark day. But not the worst." The Aga Khan said that the mention of two other horses makes him more depressed. He meant the animals central to two cases in United States and England, when suspicion fell on his horses after drug tests.

The Aga Khan fought a furious campaign, exposing the inefficiency of one testing authority and the inadequate scientific knowledge of another, to clear both animals. But for him, a straight-backed preacher for racing ethics, the initial suspicions had been bitter.

"Those days marked me. This is why I fought so strongly. To me there was never any doubt. The system was therefore incorrect. I had to fight to make sure this could not happen to others."

"It is not enough to simply have drug testing, you must also monitor the quality of the work done. That two scientific centres, reputed to be centres of excellence, existed was thought enough. There was no challenge across the great and terrible divide between the scientist and the non-scientist. We crossed it for the good of the industry. "Racing is an industry through which breeders observe the competence of their activities. If the evidence is false, then as a breeder you are totally at risk. This is my strong commitment to making sure that racing is run correctly."

The argument that falsified racing leads to faulty breeding judgement is the logical case for vigilance. But there is an ethical case at least as strong: "That goes without saying. If you did not understand that this was my attitude then the corollary is something you would not want to say to me." The tone of his voice made it clear that for his words "want to" I should mentally substitute "dare", and it was easy to recall a racing man who said, "The Aga? He is charm itself, but the smile has died from his eyes before he has finished turning away."

Walking the wooded grounds near Chantilly, where behind electrified gates the Aga Khan lives and works in various blocks of silently humming offices, as luxurious as hotels, you sense the power of the man. Even so vast a racing empire takes up the time of only 15 of his 120-strong staff (from 17 nations); the rest wield his business power, manage the huge programme that turns a title of the income of his people immediately into a well of resource for their development.

What in the sport of Khans would such a man do if granted the absolute power of King for a day? "I would make racing a more secure industry for young people. They should have a fifty-fifty chance of survival if they do their job properly — as owners, as breeders, as trainers, or owners of stud-farms. The bloodstock industry has no specialised institutions for finance, or insurance. Young men are at direct, personal risk. The smaller you are, the fewer horses you have in training, the smaller number of mares, the less your chances of success. Or even survival."

The industry could limit the chances of failure by increasing prize money in races accessible to people with a small stable of animals, and by creating financial institutions willing to accept bloodstock as collateral. "Costs today are intimidating, whether you have two horses or 500." A concern for racing's poor from one of the world's richest men. Why? "These views come directly from my own first 10 years. Years of huge difficulty, of being exposed. There were not many smiles in sport for me those in those years. Not until the black type [in which winners of listed races are indicated in the stud books] started to grow."

By what passes for tea-time in France tomorrow there may well be yet another line of black type in the Aga Khan's impressive records. Then, undoubtedly, he will permit himself another smile. But those in racing who remember improvident celebrations with his family colours lit by candles burning briskly from both ends, will regret the lack of extravagant delight.

LIFE AND TIMES OF THE AGA KHAN

Born: December 13, 1936
Educated: La Rosay School, Switzerland; Harvard University, Massachusetts.
1957: Succeeded as Imam of the Ismaili sect.
1969: Married Sarah Poole. Top races won: Derby (Shergar, 1981; Shahrastani, 1986; Kahyasi, 1988); 2,000 Guineas (Oryon, 1985); Irish Derby (Shergar, 1981; Shahrastani, 1986; Kahyasi, 1988); Prix du Jockey Club (Top Ville, 1979; Darshaan,

1984; Mouktar, 1995; Natroun, 1987). Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe (Akiyada, 1982). Aga Khan institutions: Aga Khan Foundation, promoting development in the Third World; Aga Khan University, Karachi; Aga Khan Rural Support Programme, helping the rural poor in northern Pakistan; Aga Khan Health Services, Aga Khan Education Services, Aga Khan Trust for Culture. Business interests: Consorzio Costa Smeralda, Sardinia; Cipahotels; Nation Printers and Publishers Ltd.

THE TIMES AT THE OLYMPICS

Aouita and Crabb provide a moral

From David Miller

The absence of Said Aouita, of Morocco, and Steve Crabb, of Britain, from the 1,500 metres final today, one through injury and the other through inability, raises two issues, general and particular. Each affects the quality and character of the Olympic Games.

Aouita has probably paid the price, as Steve Crabb did in the 800 metres, of being over-raced and thereby over-stressed during the four seasons since the last Games in Los Angeles. The disappointment of Crabb, who performed neither worse nor better than was to be expected under the demands of the Olympic environment, really emphasises the extent to which the British Amateur Athletic Board has their priorities of selection badly astray.

No other sporting competition gives to a winner an equivalent prestige to that of being Olympic champion. Aouita recognized that when, having come third in the world championship 1,500 of 1983 in Helsinki, he decided the following year to

Steve Crabb and Peter Elliott qualified comfortably for today's final of the 1,500 metres, finishing second and third respectively behind Kip Cheruiyot, of Kenya, in their semi-final yesterday. Steve Scott, of the United States was the other semi-final. In addition to Cheruiyot, two other Kenyans qualified, Peter Rono and Joseph Chesire. The line-up for the final was completed by Han Kalker (The Netherlands), Jeff Atkinson (United States), Omar Khalifa (Sudan), Mario Silva (Portugal), Jens-Peter Herold (East Germany) and Marcus O'Sullivan (Ireland).

Between 1985 and this summer, Aouita avoided Crabb and Sebastian Coe in the Los Angeles Games and to go for the 5,000, which he rightly reckoned was the easier target. His subsequent ambition was to consolidate his place in history by winning the 1,500, and even the 800 as well, here in Seoul. Along the way, he forgot what he requires.

Between 1985 and this summer, Aouita

pursued so many titles, rewards, grand prix events and financial bonuses that he finally cracked at the moment when it most mattered. He failed to win the 800, being left with only a bronze, and inevitably his muscle failed to respond in the first round of the 1,500 which he finished limping.

From his second Olympic Games he is left, in his terms, with nothing, and for all he knows there may not be another opportunity. Nothing in sport is guaranteed, and he may not be the same runner by 1992. He could come to be remembered as one of the foremost record breakers of all time who never really proved himself to the limit in the Olympic Games, the same as Ron Clarke.

Maybe Aouita considers that all those triumphs around the grand prix circuit in Europe, all that money and the mansion back home in Casablanca, the friendship of his monarch, are sufficient to counter-balance his Olympic failure, but I doubt it. He had pronounced himself, in the recent documentary made by my colleague Pat

Butcher, *Arabian Knight*, to be unbeatable. Now he has egg on his face.

The pinnacle of Olympic excellence is something few achieve. Its exclusivity, and its difficulty, are what make the achievement worth other sacrifices. Sebastian Coe recognized this throughout his career, never mind his record-breaking, and had twice proved himself equal to the pressures of the Olympic Games. He consistently under-raced. At the risk of sounding repetitive, the BAAB has made itself a mockery by excluding Coe, seemingly out of perversity, from these Games.

In doing so, the BAAB council has probably cost Britain, not to mention Coe, at least one and possibly two medals. It would be rash to say he could have won either 1,500 or 800, but on the evidence of both events so far he would, with his record of mental resilience over seven races in Olympic competition, have been a contender for the top three.

The performance of Tom McKean in the 800 and Crabb in the 1,500 have for them

uncomfortably confirmed that the selection policy was likely to promote people unequal to the task. It is they, and not Peter Elliott or Crabb, who filled places which, had the selectors been prepared to wait for a proven champion to recover from a cold, might have been occupied with rather more distinction.

Crabb is a capable, determined runner, but it did not take exceptional judgement to see that he was going to be hard-pressed.

The representatives of Wales and Scotland on the BAAB council, who voted Coe out of the team against the selectors' recommendation on the one hand, and because of their pre-determined policy on the other, now look exceedingly foolish. So too does Tony Ward, their Press officer, with his repeated assertion that there was a cavalcade of future young champions waiting to take Coe's place.

Real champions, such as Daley Thompson and Coe, occur only occasionally, and that is why they are worthy of a more intelligent, considered assessment.

Turning on the heat in last test

From Pat Butcher

The last test of these Games of the XXIVth Olympiad is arguably a trial at the best of times but for reasons best known to the National Broadcasting Corporation and the Seoul Olympic Organizing Committee, the men's race begins at 14.35 local time (05.35 BST tomorrow). And that is when the sun is at its highest and hottest.

That might seem to bestow an additional advantage on the Africans, who have virtually annexed the territory. But there is one man who has been there and survived, and who wants to come back with another tale to tell.

John Treacy collapsed in the heat of the Moscow Olympic 10,000 metres, woke in what he thought was another world, came back to run his fastest 400 metres in qualifying for the 5,000 metres final three days later, when he finished seventh — "still my greatest achievement in the sport" — and got the record straight by winning a silver medal in the marathon last time.

His recovery from heatstroke in Moscow was nothing short of miraculous, as was his way of doing it.

The Irishman drank only water for two days. But the same diet got him through the marathon in Los Angeles, where with equal lack of thought for the athletes, the race was run in mid-afternoon.

Unlike Charlie Spedding, British bronze medal winner last time, Treacy feels he has a chance to emulate Los Angeles. "It's wide open, 10 guys could win it. I'm not the favourite, but I've had a good year."

"I'll run as well as I can, and if I feel I've run myself to a standstill, I'll be happy. Like last time, one week later I went for a run, and I was so exhausted, I only got half a mile, and had to walk back."

Spedding, aged 36, admits that it is, "very different to last time. I'd finally made it, and it was an enormous thrill. But I had a disaster in the Commonwealth Games, and couldn't go to the world championships last year, because of injury. I just wanted another target, to finish my career on a positive note."

That is the way Carlos Lopes did it last time. Interestingly, Lopes is among the entries, but since he looks more like a candidate for Weight Watchers than world record marathons, his participation is unlikely.

The favourites are Douglas Wakiburi, the surprise world champion last year, Takeyuki Nakayama, the Asian Games winner on this same course two years ago, Ahmed Salah, Steve Monaghan, and the Italian trio of Gelindo Bordin, Orlando Pizzolato and Gianni Poli.

Rob de Castella, Toshihiko Seko and Juma Ikangaa will probably find that their reputations are insufficient for victory.

And it is just possible that another unknown, like Wakiburi, could win again. But that is unlikely to be Jack Waitz or Arve Kristiansen, who have only got there on the strength of their connections. They are married to Grete and Ingrid respectively.

● The marathon runners, accustomed to training in solitude, contest the marathon amid claustrophobic police protection.

Village boy makes good with bronze in the steeplechase

From Pat Butcher, Athletics Correspondent

Mark Rowland yesterday took up the challenge of the masters of the steeplechase in the recent years — the Kenyans. And while Julius Kariuki made it five out of the last seven Olympic titles for a Kenyan, coming close to the world record in the process, with Peter Koeh following up, just in case, Rowland's efforts were rewarded with a bronze medal and the fifth fastest time ever.

It was a marvellous performance from the Briton, yet not entirely unexpected, although Rowland had run only 10 previous steeplechases, two of those here, and won only one of them, the Olympic trial.

Rowland had looked very good throughout the heats and semi-finals and in the final he looked just as comfortable through the early world-record pace set by Francesco Panetta. The Italian world champion, like his 10,000 metres silver medal colleague, Salvatore Antibo, uses tactics normally connected with the Kenyans themselves, that is to say,

consecutive mid-race surges. They are designed to drop the opposition. But you need to be on peak form to do it. Panetta was not, and succeeded only in dropping himself. But everyone else took advantage of his pace without knowing it. For Kariuki slowing up 50 metres from the line, having satisfied himself of victory, and, as he said later, "couldn't be broken the world record if I'd known I was running that fast". He won in 8min 05.51sec, 0.11sec outside the record of his illustrious predecessor, Henry Rono.

Kariuki and his colleagues, Koeh and Patrick Sang, had looked potential medal winners all season. But Sang dropped back when the other two made their run to victory, with two laps to go. And it was Rowland who ensured his bronze medal even then.

"When the Kenyans went I thought, this is it," he said afterwards. "I had to go with them or finish tenth. I felt I was due to run 8.10 or 8.12."

Rowland ran 8min 07.55sec, 0.34sec outside Joseph Mahmoud's European record. He queried, as much

to himself as anybody else. Rowland and the folks from his home village of Watersfield, near Arundel, can feel well satisfied with his run. He gave up his job as a mechanic four years ago to concentrate on his running and became a part-time home decorator. But even that got in the way last year and his parents-in-law and some of the villagers offered to assist him financially.

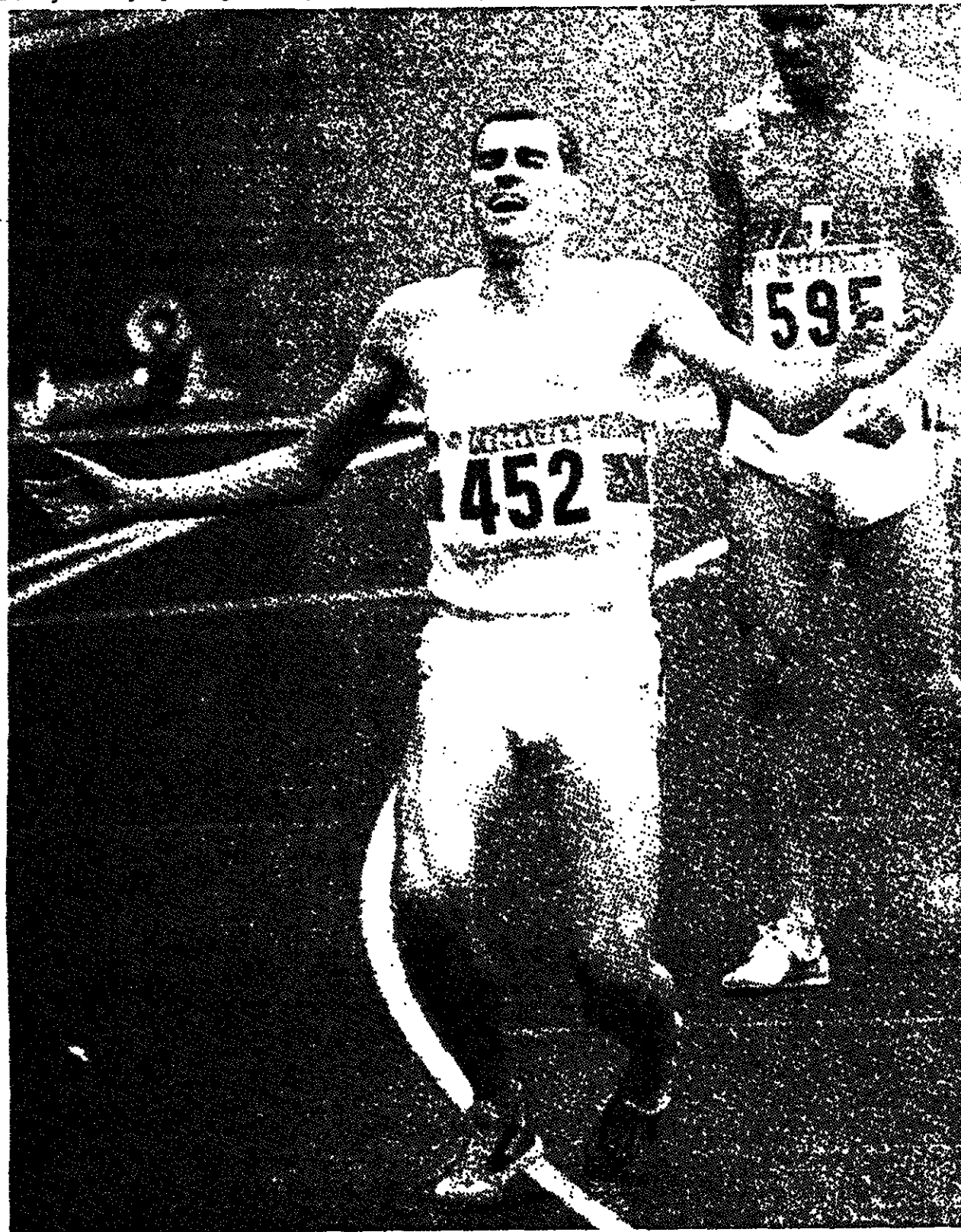
Rowland, who is married with two children, said: "It's a bit like charity, and I can't take too much of that. But I knew I had to accept the offer, because to the public it's a great thing just to go to the Olympics. Rowland did a lot better than that."

And so did Carl Lewis. But, in the end, even with the 100 metres gold medal he reclaimed from Ben Johnson, it was a lot less than last time, when he won four of them.

He will go home with two golds, the sprint and the long jump. The United States 4 x 100 metres relay team was disqualified yesterday without Lewis even getting a run.

The whole affair was laced with irony, considering the arguments, promoted by Lewis during the last month, over the composition of the team. Lewis wanted Joe DeLoach, his club colleague, who beat him in the 200 metres, to be in the squad. The administration refused.

Then Lewis's replacement for the first heat, Mark McNeil, helped mess up the changeovers, which eliminated the Americans. Calvin Smith tried three times to give the baton to McNeil. By the time he achieved it, McNeil was out of the changeover zone and the United States were out of the relay.



Welcoming his medal with open arms: Rowland comes off third best in the steeplechase (Photograph: Ian Stewart)

Ivanenko sets record

SEUL (Reuters) — Vyacheslav Ivanenko, of the Soviet Union, pulled away from the East German pair, Ronald Weigel and Hartwig Gauder, to reverse the world championship's order and win the 50km walk gold medal yesterday.

Ivanenko, the bronze medal winner behind Gauder and Weigel in Rome last year, strode confidently to victory to claim his first title. The European silver medal winner from 1986 wiggled his way home 150 metres clear of Weigel, with the 1980 Olympic champion, Gauder, taking the bronze.

Ivanenko took control of the race after working with his East German rivals to overhaul the early leader, Martin Bermudez, of Mexico. The Russian acknowledged the cheers of the crowd as he entered the stadium and swept on to victory in an Olympic record of three hours 38 minutes 29 seconds.

Gauder finished 250 metres behind Weigel, the 1983 world champion and silver medal winner in last Friday's 20km event. The pair embraced at the finish in celebration of another impressive performance. Weigel clocked 3:38:56 while Gauder recorded 3:39:45.

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To think of archery is to make Robin Hood jokes as a simple reflex, or to remember Monty Python's Denis Moore and his famous cry: "Zzzzz over your lumps." Not everyone finds it easy to be serious about archery. For all that, yesterday afternoon, there was a serious British medal hope in the final. This great was held at a place called Hwarang, which is perhaps an onomatopoeia. Joanne Franks made it through to the last eight. A great triumph, if the world had known it. She is 21 today, so happy birthday.

She is reading mathematics at Warwick University, runs a Bible study group, claims her

hobby is "writing letters" ("why, oh why, is there not more sensible coverage of archery in The Times...") and is so convinced that she is the sanest person in Seoul.

She did awfully well to get into the last eight, and with a splendid exhibition of acute Britishness, said: "Every round I got into was a bonus, and to be in the final was wonderful. My aim was not to come last, and I did, even if it was only just." She was seventh out of eight. She had a shoot-out for sixth and seventh place, which she found "an horrendous experience".

Cruel, isn't it, pitching so young a girl into the pressures of Olympic competition? Except that the first, second and third placed archers were all Korean

schoolgirls. It was enormously cheering, in fact, to see them roaring with delight on the podium. They are product of a Korean hot-house system, of course. They all learnt to shoot bows and arrows in primary school. The gold went to Kim So-yeon, who shot with phenomenal calm and unwavering accuracy.

Kim is just 17, and her coach, Lee Ki-shik, said, rather ungenerously I thought, that she "has the makings of a good archer". She added: "Her strong point is that she can enter the range with a cool head and that she can shoot arrows with audacity."

For all her Britishness, Franks shot her own arrows with an awful lot of her own audacity.

Mill tears Italians to shreds

West Germany 3 Italy 0

Seoul (Reuters) — West Germany fielding six internationals, seized the lead in the first five minutes and retained the initiative for the rest of the match. The Italian defence fell apart in their second successive Olympic third-place play-off.

Klinsmann opened the way for the Germans before Kleppinger and Schuster, the substitute, gave them their first Olympic football medal.

Forced into extra time twice in 48 hours, the Italians lacked sharpness up front and badly missed Ferrara, their European championship defender, who was sent off in the semi-final.

Klinsmann took his goal tally for the tournament to five after Mill, the captain, beat Benigni for pace and presented Klinsmann an easy goal to add to the three he scored against Zambia in the quarter-final. Mill again helped in the 17th minute when his corner was flicked on by Schulz and Kleppinger planted a free header into the net.

As the Germans relaxed, Viridis had a goal disallowed. Crippa's fierce shot hit the angle of crossbar and upright and Colombo ballooned over. That was the end. Within a minute, Schuster, the substitute, greeted his arrival six minutes earlier by scoring from Kleppinger's cross.

The match was anti-climactic after the Germans were beaten on penalties by the Brazilians and the Italians lost 3-2 to the Soviet Union, was often scrappy and strewn with fouls, although only Schulz, Galia and Crippa were booked.

Italy: Tacconi; De Agostini, Tesacci, Galia, Crippa, Colombo, Benigni, Crippa, Milani, Carnevale, Viridis (sub: Galia). West Germany: Kamps, Furler, Hoeser, Schuster, Gerschlager (sub: Schuster), Kamps, Hoeser, Viridis (sub: Schuster), Gerschlager, Kamps, Hoeser, Viridis (sub: Schuster).

EQUESTRIANISM

Princess Royal is all for drug purge

From Jenny MacArthur

The Princess Royal, in her role as President of the International Equestrian Federation (FEI) at the Seoul Equestrian Park, yesterday said that the organisation was fully behind the IOC's strict regulations on drugs.

Asked whether she was grateful that the drug problem had not, so far, affected the equestrian scene in Seoul, she said: "I would be very surprised if any rider was positively tested and we are very strict about the dope testing of the horses. We would be in total agreement with the IOC in the way it has approached the problem with athletes in other sports."

The Princess Royal, a member of the IOC general committee, had earlier dismissed the suggestion that equestrian sports might be pulled out of the Olympics on the grounds of expense and the small number of participating countries. "I think it is just a rumour, it hasn't been mentioned in a session and as far as I know the executive committee haven't discussed it. If people feel equestrian sports are too expensive to compete in internationally, then they will cease to exist of their own accord."

Commenting on other issues which have surfaced here, she said that the introduction of two qualifying rounds for the individual eventing final — criticised by many of the riders — would not necessarily continue. "It is very important to establish a standard for the final and with the number of horses here, we would not have been able to hold the final in the main stadium unless we had reduced the numbers. I am perfectly prepared to change the regulations but I think that some kind of qualifying round is necessary."

Asked whether she still held her much publicized views on the show jumping world ("greedy, selfish... and in serious danger of becoming a second rate circus"), the Princess Royal said: "If I have understood the question correctly, the answer is yes."

Later, in reply to a question on the standard of stewarding around the precise arenas in view of the attempts by some riders to rap their horses when "schooling them" — she said: "Some riders go to considerable trouble to jump their horses out of sight — it is a sad commentary but altogether I'm satisfied that the stewarding is all right."

Seoul (Reuters) — China won their first table tennis gold medal yesterday when their men's team held off a Yugoslavian challenge in the doubles final. The Chinese world champions, Chen Longcan and Wei Qingguang, beat Zoran Primorac and Ilija Lupulesku, 3-2, 21-8, 21-9 in 30 minutes at the University gymnasium.

Their victory came after Jiao Zhimin and Chen Jing had lost

the women's doubles title to Yang Young Ja and Hyun Jung-hwa, of South Korea. Four gold medals are on offer in the sport, which is making its debut at the Games.

The Chinese victory denied the Yugoslavs revenge for defeat last year in the world championship final, when they were one point from taking the title. But, surprisingly, China, the leading table tennis nation, has failed to have a man in the singles semi-finals today.

SEUL (AFP) — The surprise winner yesterday in the light-heavyweight (59kg) class was Aurelio Miguel, of Brazil. He defeated Marc Meiling, of West Germany, but the final was a scrappy, defensive match decided on penalties. Meiling received three warnings for non-aggression and Miguel two. Miguel was third in last year's world championship and Meiling's best was in the 1986 European championship when he was third.

Old man of the mat, Robert van de Walle, of Belgium turned back the clock to win a bronze. The 1980 Olympic champion, aged 34, reckons he has had an operation a year for the past 15 years because of injuries from the sport, but he looked anything but infirm in pinning Ha Hyung-Ju, the South Korean defending champion before the crowd at the Changchung stadium could put aside their instant noodles and unfurl their flags.

He next pinned Victor Poddubnyi of the Soviet Union, but was then thrown for a full 10 points by the past 15 years because of injuries from the sport, but he looked anything but infirm in pinning Ha Hyung-Ju, the South Korean defending champion before the crowd at the Changchung stadium could put aside their instant noodles and unfurl their flags.

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IN BRIEF

Chatrier welcomes growth

Seoul (AP) — The continuation of tennis as an Olympic sport "is a must for the development of the game around the world," Philippe Chatrier, the president of the International Tennis Federation said yesterday. He called the Olympics "the second most important thing that happened to our sport since open tennis 20 years ago."

Chatrier expressed confidence that tennis, an Olympic medal sport for the first time since 1924, would retain that status at Barcelona in 1992 when the matter will be discussed at the International Olympic Committee meeting in Puerto Rico next year.

Survival plan for hockey

Seoul (AFP) — The International Hockey Federation is to launch an aggressive marketing campaign in an effort to ensure hockey's survival as a leading international sport. Nearly 70 per cent of world hockey's funding is provided by the International Olympic Committee, Etienne Ghilichich, the IHF president, said here. But the \$1 million the federation will make in the share-out of Seoul Olympic profits is not sufficient, he added. Hockey must take a dramatic step forward.

Stolen pictures

New York (AP) — Up to 3,000 Olympic photos which were to make up the bulk of photo-illustrations in the next issue of Sports Illustrated were stolen yesterday.

In disgrace

Troy Dalbey and Doug Gjersten, United States swimmers gold medal winners, flew home from Seoul yesterday in disgrace. A U.S. Olympic Committee spokesman said the relay pair had been questioned by Korean police over an alleged theft. They were not charged.

ARCHERY: FRANKS IGNORES BRITISH LEVITY TO MOUNT A SERIOUS CHALLENGE

Koreans pierce the eccentric image

From Simon Barnes

If a sport has martial overtones, the Koreans are certain to adore it. Wrestling, boxing, judo, shooting, women's handball: that's the stuff to give them. These are major television sports here during these Games. It follows, then, that archery is another natural Korean sport. Korean women are the finest archers in the world.

Archery is a mainstream sport here. In Britain, everyone but the dedicated insiders thinks archers must be the feyest, most eccentric, and most romantic bunch in sport. The archers themselves are no doubt convinced that they are perfectly

normal, sane people. They are quite unaware of the fact that as far as most of the world sees it, they are all completely sane.

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FOOTBALL

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JUDO

Japanese are lurching into depths of despair

Seoul (Reuters) — Contemplating their worst result, the Japanese judo coaches have become less inscrutable as the week has passed, even Hitoshi Sugai, the double world champion, failing to add to his team's meagre medal haul yesterday.

So far Japan have just three bronze medals from six days' competition. Their last hope for gold is Hitoshi Saito, the heavy-weight champion who fights today.

Sugai was outwrestled and outmanoeuvred by Stephane Traineau, of France, and never had a chance to show the devastating uchi-mata leg throw which won him his world crowns. Traineau dumped Sugai with a counter-throw.

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BASKETBALL

Soviets get upper hand on their close rivals

Seoul (AP) — The Soviet Union won the men's basketball gold medal yesterday with a 76-63 victory over Yugoslavia. It was the second gold for the Soviets in this event, earned with none of the controversy surrounding the tainted victory at the 1972 Munich Games.

After beating the United States 82-76 in the semi-finals, the Soviets easily handled Yugoslavia, a team which had beaten them in four out of five meetings in the last three months, including the opening game of the preliminary round at Seoul.

The U.S. team, which failed to reach the final for the first time, won the bronze medal by beating Australia 78-49 on Thursday.

Sharmas Marchoulis led the Soviets with 21 points, while Arvydas Sabonis added 20 and 15 rebounds. Drazen Petrovic led Yugoslavia, the gold medal winners in 1980, with 24 points. The first half was sloppy and marked by streaks of cold

shooting by each team. The Soviets outshot the Yugoslavs 33 to 31 in the opening half. Yugoslavia went out to a 24-12 lead in the first half but went scoreless for nearly six minutes while the Soviets went on a nine point spree to get within three points.

Petrovic broke the scoreless string with two free throws with 2:30 left, but the Soviets scored the next 10 points. A fallaway jumper by Zelimir Obradovic with two seconds left in the half cut the Soviet lead to 31-28. The Soviets maintained at least a nine-point lead over the final 8:10 of the game.

The only Yugoslav threat came with 5:35 to play when a free throw by Vlade Divac cut the Soviet lead to 64-55. But the reserve guard, Savras Tarakanov, hit two straight jumpers and Titi Sokk added a layup.

Oscar Schmidt scored 41 points yesterday as Brazil beat Canada 106-90 in the fifth-place game of the men's basketball tournament. Schmidt finished as the tournament's leading scorer with 338 points.

CHANCE FOR DIVISIONAL PLAYERS TO STAKE THEIR CLAIMS FOR PLACES AGAINST THE AUSTRALIAN TOURING TEAM

Clough eager to use first London outing to impress selectors

By David Hands, Rugby Correspondent

On Tuesday, London and the North will announce their sides to play the Australians this month, adding considerable point to the matches in which potential divisional players are involved today. London have a full-scale warm-up in Cork, against Munster, but the North's leading players are scattered over club and county territory.

It is difficult to envisage many changes to the London XV but one, certainly, will be at centre: Salmons, the Harlequins' centre and divisional captain, has withdrawn to rest a strained tendon, giving Lozowski the opportunity to play alongside his club colleague, Clough, whose first outing for London this will be.

Clough would dearly love to add to the number of his England caps — four — though the competition at centre is intense with Halliday, Carling, Buckton and Salmons, himself standing in the way. Of equal interest will be the perfor-

mance at No. 8 of Ryan, the soldier from Saracens, whose advance is enhanced by the experience he gained on tour with the Combined Services and British Police in New Zealand during the summer.

Most of the North's players are involved in the fullest day so far of the Toshiba county championship, in the one area of the country where the competition still draws support from the senior clubs. The problem there is who to leave out, notably at second row where Dooley — involved today on Lancashire's behalf against Northumberland — will probably be partnered by Howe (Sale) or Cusani (Liverpool-St Helens).

Bainbridge's recovery from the shoulder injury he suffered at Gateshead on September 18 has probably come too late to affect the issue. He is due to play for Gosforth against Broughton Park today, missing Durham's first outing of the championship season.

Glen Ennis, No. 8 for Canada during the World Cup and a member of British Columbia's tour party in Britain last month, is to remain in England for the rest of this season and Blackheath are delighted to have his services — if not the league side until his period of qualification is complete.

The club match of the day, despite all the gloomy noises emanating from the principalities, is that between North and Llanelli. Last season's Schweppes Welsh Cup finalists, all the Llanelli backs who helped towards a 28-13 defeat for Neath last May are there today, and that includes four Davieses; another Davies, Phil, plays a second-row role which has been filled in recent weeks by an Englishman, Tony Copsey.

Copsey, a product of the Old Edwards club in Romford, is studying at the South Glamorgan Institute, whose term began this week, thus limiting his availability.



Clough: faces intense competition for England centre place

Unions aid game for Dutchman

By Chris Thau

The four home unions have agreed to a French request for players to take part in a charity match in aid of a disabled Dutchman, Marcel Bierman, who broke his neck in the Hong Kong sevens last year.

Rory Underwood represents England, David Pickering, Wales, Alan Thomas, Scotland and Willie Anderson, Ireland. The French, approached by the Dutch Rugby Union, said the side — a Rugby sans frontières XV — is likely to be captained by Daniel Dubroca. Jean-Charles Orsa, Patrice Lafage and Jean-Baptiste Lafont have agreed to take part in the match in Hilversum on October 16.

Four unions touring Europe in October — Argentina, Australia, the New Zealand Maoris and Western Samoa — have also agreed to contribute players. The team will be managed by Marcel Martin, the French representative on the International Rugby Football Board, and coached by Jacques Fouroux.

James insists on full commitment

By Peter Bills

Swansea are to spell out clearly to their players the commitment they expect over the next three months to solving what is threatening to become a crisis at St Helens. The Swansea coach, Trevor James, has taken his players away for a special week-end training camp in conjunction with the match against Harlequins at Twickenham today.

Heavy defeats by Gloucester, Ebbw Vale and Pontypool and the loss at Bristol concern James. "I just hope everyone now recognizes the urgency of the job which has to be done. The trouble is now a few months into the campaign, I intend to communicate a lot of ideas to the players over this weekend. After it, no one will be under any illusions as to what I want."

Swansea make eight changes from the side beaten by Pontypool in midweek. Robert Jones and Mark Wyatt are unavailable but John Davies, aged 19, from Neath, has been named in the first Welsh B squad of the season to prepare for the international against France at Brecon on October 29. There are seven senior internationals in the 27-strong party, though no more than five will be allowed to play against France.

Questions over the fitness of Turnbull

By Alan Lorimer

Hawick, often dubbed the "green machine" because of the clinical efficiency of their forward play, face Glasgow Academicals at Mansfield Park today in one of only two matches where winners from last Saturday's opening round face each other.

Even without the injured Sean McGeachy and Brian Rennie, the Hawick front eight make a formidable pack. The Scottish cap, Alister Campbell, is played at No. 8 and in the second row Stewart Graham partners Adam Tomlinson.

Derek Turnbull missed the Scotland squad training on Wednesday and there must be doubts over his fitness for today's encounter. His role in the Hawick's offensive plans is crucial, but the pity is that he will not have McGeachy alongside for the forward thrusts that have made the Scottish flanker such a menacing player.

Behind the scrum Colin Gass proved his worth last Saturday taking 11 points in Hawick's win over Jed-Forest and outside him Ian Harris, plays at centre, partnered by Nigel Baanman.

Glasgow Academicals look a better prepared side this season if their 23-8 win over Watsonians last Saturday is a reliable indicator. Duncan Cameron, at full back, has a threat with his accurate kicking and at scrum half Graeme MacGregor will be opposite Greig Oliver.

In the other winner-meets-winner match Borthwick will meet Selkirk at Mossburn.

Miller returns to action for Ballymena

Peter Miller, the Ballymena forward, returns to action today against the Collegians at Deramore Park. He has been out since a groin injury (George Age writes). Miller, equally at home on either side of the scrum, will be at right hand to accommodate Simon Booth, who played for Ireland last Saturday, at loose head.

A few seasons ago Miller was rated one of the best loose heads in Ulster and strongly favoured to win an Irish cap, but he had a harrowing experience against Leinster who had Des Fitzgerald at tight head.

The Ulster selectors have long memories, however, and apart from a couple of games for them in Zimbabwe last year, Miller, who is a fine mobile forward, will have considerable turn of speed, has been something of a forgotten man.

RUGBY LEAGUE

World Cup casts a shadow over clubs' aspirations

By Keith Macklin

The shadow of the forthcoming World Cup final between Australia and New Zealand hangs over tomorrow's games. Wigan are the worst hit, with the loss of four New Zealanders for their home game with the Castleford, the league leaders.

As well as losing Bell, Shefferson and the two brothers, Wigan have suffered a host of injury problems in recent weeks. They could have requested a postponement but the coach, Graham Lowe, decided to rely on his squad's strength in depth and hopes Lydon, Case and Wane will be fit to return.

Widnes, in tremendous attacking form, are without Kurt Sorenson, their New Zealand captain, at Salford, and cannot be too complacent about visiting the most improved side in the league. Hadley has yet to make an impact at The Willows, but Salford are showing all-round strength and skill, and have Williams and Bloor back in the squad.

Wakefield Trinity will be without their inspiring New Zealand forward, Mark Graham, and may fall again at St Helens. However, Trinity put up an excellent performance in a narrow defeat in the Yorkshire Cup at Leeds on Tuesday, and are capable of upsetting a Saints team which has conceded 64 points in two games.

Leeds hope to have their Australian winger, Clive Gurnea, in action in the final Test Cup semi-final rehearsal at Hull, while Halifax, chasing Bradford Northern's international winger Phil Ford, should take advantage of Wakefield's poor form at Thrum Hall.

Oldham should win their first game of the season at home to Hull Kingston Rovers, another team who have been struggling, while Bradford Northern should take advantage of the slump by newly-promoted Featherstone Rovers.

CRICKET

Floods threaten to cut revenue

From Richard Streeton, Lahore

Flooding which caused yesterday's one-day international between Pakistan and Australia in Cutralpa to be cancelled will cost \$50,000 in lost revenue, an untimely setback since crowds have been moderate at the first two Tests and the two remaining one-day games must succeed financially if tour costs are to be recovered.

An ironic twist to the one-day international was that they formed little part of the thinking by those such as Imran Khan, who criticised the decision to stage a tour at this time. The likely excessive heat and humidity was their complaint and they have been proved right. Both teams have been affected and further out-of-season tours are unlikely.

This weekend, a good performance by Craig McDermott, the Australian fast bowler, in the

three-day game with the NWFP Governor's XI in Peshawar could earn him a place in the final Test next week. McDermott has been carefully nursed on this tour to complete his recovery from injuries. Australia's spin defences, however, could see McDermott's job. Reid and Dudenmaide in a three-pronged pace attack.

Ijaz Faqih, the off spinner, leads the Governor's XI and three other Test players, Amir Durrani, the wicketkeeper, Zakir Khan, a fast bowler, and Farrukh Zaman, a left-arm spinner, are expected to play. Youngsters on trial include Ahsanullah, a batsman who was captain of the Pakistan under-19 side in the junior world cup last year, and the Test captain Javed Miandad's youngest brother, Sohail, an off spinner and batsman.

SHINTY

Easy ride for holders

While the Bank of Scotland-Glasgow Celtic Society Cup gets under way in the South, all eyes in the North will be on the first clash this season of the Badenoch rivals, Kingussie and Newtonmore (a Special Correspondent writes).

Oban Camanachd, the Cup holders, should find little difficulty in overcoming Kilmarly, while the other Oban side, Celtic, have a big task to remove Kyles Athletic. Newtonmore meet Kingussie, looking for their 45th victory.

GUIDE TO THE WEEKEND FIXTURES

30 unless stated

Barclays League

First division

Coventry v Newcastle
Liverpool v Middlesbrough
Millwall v QPR
Norwich v Charlton
Nottingham Forest v Bristol
Sheff Wed v Villa
Southampton v Derby
Tottenham v Manchester Utd
West Ham v Arsenal
Wimbledon v Everton

CENTRAL LEAGUE: First division

Everton v Liverpool (2.0)
Oxford United v Luton
VAUGHAN-OPPEL LEAGUE: Premier division

Doncaster v Barnsley
Hull City v Lincoln
Leeds v Bradford City
Sheff Wed v Barnsley
Tottenham v Barnsley
Wigan v Barnsley

SENIOR HOMES LEAGUE: Premier division

Doncaster v Barnsley
Hull City v Lincoln
Leeds v Bradford City
Sheff Wed v Barnsley
Tottenham v Barnsley
Wigan v Barnsley

SENIOR HOMES LEAGUE: Premier division

Doncaster v Barnsley
Hull City v Lincoln
Leeds v Bradford City
Sheff Wed v Barnsley
Tottenham v Barnsley
Wigan v Barnsley

SENIOR HOMES LEAGUE: Premier division

Doncaster v Barnsley
Hull City v Lincoln
Leeds v Bradford City
Sheff Wed v Barnsley
Tottenham v Barnsley
Wigan v Barnsley

SENIOR HOMES LEAGUE: Premier division

Doncaster v Barnsley
Hull City v Lincoln
Leeds v Bradford City
Sheff Wed v Barnsley
Tottenham v Barnsley
Wigan v Barnsley

SENIOR HOMES LEAGUE: Premier division

Doncaster v Barnsley
Hull City v Lincoln
Leeds v Bradford City
Sheff Wed v Barnsley
Tottenham v Barnsley
Wigan v Barnsley

SENIOR HOMES LEAGUE: Premier division

Doncaster v Barnsley
Hull City v Lincoln
Leeds v Bradford City
Sheff Wed v Barnsley
Tottenham v Barnsley
Wigan v Barnsley

SENIOR HOMES LEAGUE: Premier division

Doncaster v Barnsley
Hull City v Lincoln
Leeds v Bradford City
Sheff Wed v Barnsley
Tottenham v Barnsley
Wigan v Barnsley

SENIOR HOMES LEAGUE: Premier division

Doncaster v Barnsley
Hull City v Lincoln
Leeds v Bradford City
Sheff Wed v Barnsley
Tottenham v Barnsley
Wigan v Barnsley

SENIOR HOMES LEAGUE: Premier division

Doncaster v Barnsley
Hull City v Lincoln
Leeds v Bradford City
Sheff Wed v Barnsley
Tottenham v Barnsley
Wigan v Barnsley

SENIOR HOMES LEAGUE: Premier division

Doncaster v Barnsley
Hull City v Lincoln
Leeds v Bradford City
Sheff Wed v Barnsley
Tottenham v Barnsley
Wigan v Barnsley

SENIOR HOMES LEAGUE: Premier division

Doncaster v Barnsley
Hull City v Lincoln
Leeds v Bradford City
Sheff Wed v Barnsley
Tottenham v Barnsley
Wigan v Barnsley

Second division

Birmingham v Barnsley
Bradford v Portsmouth
Brighton v Leeds
Cardiff v Bristol
Chesterfield v Bury
Huddersfield v Fulham
Mansfield v Notts Co
Northampton v Aldershot
Preston v Southend
Reading v Chester
Wolverhampton v P Vale

Fourth division

Colchester v Lincoln
Aldershot v Notts Co
Barnsley v Gillingham
Bristol City v Swindon
Cardiff v Bristol
Chesterfield v Bury
Huddersfield v Fulham
Mansfield v Notts Co
Northampton v Aldershot
Preston v Southend
Reading v Chester
Wolverhampton v P Vale

Wales and Barnsley

Wales: Swansea v Cardiff
Barnsley: Barnsley v Gillingham
Bristol City v Swindon
Cardiff v Bristol
Chesterfield v Bury
Huddersfield v Fulham
Mansfield v Notts Co
Northampton v Aldershot
Preston v Southend
Reading v Chester
Wolverhampton v P Vale

ABACUS WELSH LEAGUE: National division

Cardiff v Bristol
Chesterfield v Bury
Huddersfield v Fulham
Mansfield v Notts Co
Northampton v Aldershot
Preston v Southend
Reading v Chester
Wolverhampton v P Vale

ABACUS WELSH LEAGUE: National division

Cardiff v Bristol
Chesterfield v Bury
Huddersfield v Fulham
Mansfield v Notts Co
Northampton v Aldershot
Preston v Southend
Reading v Chester
Wolverhampton v P Vale

ABACUS WELSH LEAGUE: National division

Cardiff v Bristol
Chesterfield v Bury
Huddersfield v Fulham
Mansfield v Notts Co
Northampton v Aldershot
Preston v Southend
Reading v Chester
Wolverhampton v P Vale

ABACUS WELSH LEAGUE: National division

Cardiff v Bristol
Chesterfield v Bury
Huddersfield v Fulham
Mansfield v Notts Co
Northampton v Aldershot
Preston v Southend
Reading v Chester
Wolverhampton v P Vale

ABACUS WELSH LEAGUE: National division

Cardiff v Bristol
Chesterfield v Bury
Huddersfield v Fulham
Mansfield v Notts Co
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Preston v Southend
Reading v Chester
Wolverhampton v P Vale

ABACUS WELSH LEAGUE: National division

Cardiff v Bristol
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Preston v Southend
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Wolverhampton v P Vale

ABACUS WELSH LEAGUE: National division

Cardiff v Bristol
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Northampton v Aldershot
Preston v Southend
Reading v Chester
Wolverhampton v P Vale

ABACUS WELSH LEAGUE: National division

Cardiff v Bristol
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Huddersfield v Fulham
Mansfield v Notts Co
Northampton v Aldershot
Preston v Southend
Reading v Chester
Wolverhampton v P Vale

ABACUS WELSH LEAGUE: National division

Cardiff v Bristol
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Preston v Southend
Reading v Chester
Wolverhampton v P Vale

ABACUS WELSH LEAGUE: National division

Cardiff v Bristol
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Huddersfield v Fulham
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Northampton v Aldershot
Preston v Southend
Reading v Chester
Wolverhampton v P Vale

ABACUS WELSH LEAGUE: National division

Cardiff v Bristol
Chesterfield v Bury
Huddersfield v Fulham
Mansfield v Notts Co
Northampton v Aldershot
Preston v Southend
Reading v Chester
Wolverhampton v P Vale

ABACUS WELSH LEAGUE: National division

Cardiff v Bristol
Chesterfield v Bury
Huddersfield v Fulham
Mansfield v Notts Co
Northampton v Aldershot
Preston v Southend
Reading v Chester
Wolverhampton v P Vale

Third division

Bottom v Sheffield Utd
Brentford v Gillingham
Bristol City v Swindon
Cardiff v Bristol
Chesterfield v Bury
Huddersfield v Fulham
Mansfield v Notts Co
Northampton v Aldershot
Preston v Southend
Reading v Chester
Wolverhampton v P Vale

Fourth division

Colchester v Lincoln
Aldershot v Notts Co
Barnsley v Gillingham
Bristol City v Swindon
Cardiff v Bristol
Chesterfield v Bury
Huddersfield v Fulham
Mansfield v Notts Co
Northampton v Aldershot
Preston v Southend
Reading v Chester
Wolverhampton v P Vale

Wales and Barnsley

Wales: Swansea v Cardiff
Barnsley: Barnsley v Gillingham
Bristol City v Swindon
Cardiff v Bristol
Chesterfield v Bury
Huddersfield v Fulham
Mansfield v Notts Co
Northampton v Aldershot
Preston v Southend
Reading v Chester
Wolverhampton v P Vale

ABACUS WELSH LEAGUE: National division

Cardiff v Bristol
Chesterfield v Bury
Huddersfield v Fulham
Mansfield v Notts Co
Northampton v Aldershot
Preston v Southend
Reading v Chester
Wolverhampton v P Vale

ABACUS WELSH LEAGUE: National division

Cardiff v Bristol
Chesterfield v Bury
Huddersfield v Fulham
Mansfield v Notts Co
Northampton v Aldershot
Preston v Southend
Reading v Chester
Wolverhampton v P Vale

ABACUS WELSH LEAGUE: National division

Cardiff v Bristol
Chesterfield v Bury
Huddersfield v Fulham
Mansfield v Notts Co
Northampton v Aldershot
Preston v Southend
Reading v Chester
Wolverhampton v P Vale

ABACUS WELSH LEAGUE: National division

Cardiff v Bristol
Chesterfield v Bury
Huddersfield v Fulham
Mansfield v Notts Co
Northampton v Aldershot
Preston v Southend
Reading v Chester
Wolverhampton v P Vale

ABACUS WELSH LEAGUE: National division

Cardiff v Bristol
Chesterfield v Bury
Huddersfield v Fulham
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Northampton v Aldershot
Preston v Southend
Reading v Chester
Wolverhampton v P Vale

ABACUS WELSH LEAGUE: National division

Cardiff v Bristol
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Huddersfield v Fulham
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ABACUS WELSH LEAGUE: National division

Cardiff v Bristol
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ABACUS WELSH LEAGUE: National division

Cardiff v Bristol
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Reading v Chester
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ABACUS WELSH LEAGUE: National division

Cardiff v Bristol
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Preston v Southend
Reading v Chester
Wolverhampton v P Vale

ABACUS WELSH LEAGUE: National division

Cardiff v Bristol
Chesterfield v Bury
Huddersfield v Fulham
Mansfield v Notts Co
Northampton v Aldershot
Preston v Southend
Reading v Chester
Wolverhampton v P Vale

ABACUS WELSH LEAGUE: National division

Cardiff v Bristol
Chesterfield v Bury
Huddersfield v Fulham
Mansfield v Notts Co
Northampton v Aldershot
Preston v Southend
Reading v Chester
Wolverhampton v P Vale

ABACUS WELSH LEAGUE: National division

Cardiff v Bristol
Chesterfield v Bury
Huddersfield v Fulham
Mansfield v Notts Co
Northampton v Aldershot
Preston v Southend
Reading v Chester
Wolverhampton v P Vale

B and Q Scottish League

Primier division
Dundee Utd v Hearts
Hibernian v Celtic
Motherwell v Aberdeen
Rangers v Dundee
St Mirren v Hamilton

First division

Aberdeen v Dundee
Dundee Utd v Hearts
Hibernian v Celtic
Motherwell v Aberdeen
Rangers v Dundee
St Mirren v Hamilton

Second division

Aberdeen v Dundee
Dundee Utd v Hearts
Hibernian v Celtic
Motherwell v Aberdeen
Rangers v Dundee
St Mirren v Hamilton

Third division

Aberdeen v Dundee
Dundee Utd v Hearts
Hibernian v Celtic
Motherwell v Aberdeen
Rangers v Dundee
St Mirren v Hamilton

Fourth division

Aberdeen v Dundee
Dundee Utd v Hearts
Hibernian v Celtic
Motherwell v Aberdeen
Rangers v Dundee
St Mirren v Hamilton

Fifth division

Aberdeen v Dundee
Dundee Utd v Hearts
Hibernian v Celtic
Motherwell v Aberdeen
Rangers v Dundee
St Mirren v Hamilton

Sixth division

Aberdeen v Dundee
Dundee Utd v Hearts
Hibernian v Celtic
Motherwell v Aberdeen
Rangers v Dundee
St Mirren v Hamilton

Seventh division

Aberdeen v Dundee
Dundee Utd v Hearts
Hibernian v Celtic
Motherwell v Aberdeen
Rangers v Dundee
St Mirren v Hamilton

Eighth division

Aberdeen v Dundee
Dundee Utd v Hearts
Hibernian v Celtic
Motherwell v Aberdeen
Rangers v Dundee
St Mirren v Hamilton

Ninth division

Aberdeen v Dundee
Dundee Utd v Hearts
Hibernian v Celtic
Motherwell v Aberdeen
Rangers v Dundee
St Mirren v Hamilton

Tenth division

Aberdeen v Dundee
Dundee Utd v Hearts
Hibernian v Celtic
Motherwell v

SPORTS BOOK OF THE WEEK

Woosnam and Wentworth

Severiano Ballesteros caused a few laughs after I had won the Suntory World Match Play at Wentworth in 1987 with his quip: "Woosnam will be a great golfer when he grows up." I have never seen my 5ft 4in as a disadvantage. In golf the old adage "A good big 'un' is better than a good little 'un" is just not true. Look at Gary Player, barely 5ft 7in; Hogan and Watson are no more than 5ft 9in.

Golf is very much a game of balance. The taller you are, the more you are liable to sway and create greater body movement. The smaller you are, the more turn you can get. That is why I am among the big hitters in the game. Sandy Lyle and I have been friendly rivals from the days of our Shropshire youth when he won the junior prize and I was runner-up. I vowed there and then that I was going to beat him one day. "You'll have to grow a bit first," Sandy told me. That's the least of my worries.

When I turned professional in 1976 at the age of 18, I was christened "the toy bulldog". I am sturdily built for my height, weighing 11 stone, and I have the strength where it matters—in the legs, in the arms and, above all, in the hands, which is important because I'm a wristy player. As soon as I was old enough for my feet to touch the pedals, I was driving the tractor on my father's farm. There was no power steering then, and that gave me powerful forearms. I would also practise steering the tractor with just the index finger and thumb of my left hand, and in that way developed great strength.

I swung my first golf club when I was seven and my father says that even now he still picks up the balls I hit on the farm when I was practising. He took up golf in his 30s and at one time played a very competitive game off a five-handicap, though nowadays it's nearer eight. We played at the Llanyrhedn Club where 15 holes are in Wales and three in England. That's a bit like me. I was actually born on the border, just in England, at the village of St Martin's near Oswestry, but I regard myself as a Welshman through and through.

By the time I was 13 I was down to a six handicap. When I was 16 I left school and took a job with Albert Minshall at the Hill Valley Club near Whitechurch. First I helped in the pro's shop, but that was too quiet for me. So after a couple of weeks I joined the green staff, a 7.30 a.m. to midday job which gave me plenty of time for practice in the afternoons, though I probably spent more time playing than practising. Playing is the real way to improve your game, by which I mean getting round in fewer strokes. You can learn far more by playing than by practising.

After spending three seasons at the players' school at Foxhills, Chertsey, in Surrey I borrowed my father's old Volkswagen caravanette for the professional tour. It was white going off-white so I painted it blue to make it look a bit more respectable. It became a real home from home as we travelled round. I and a few other young pros slept in it, dried our clothes in it, and ate my rather monotonous fare of crisps, soup and endless tins of baked beans.

Life at the bottom end of the professional circuit was a lot of laughs and a lot of fun, but quite a lot of heartache too. No one would endure that kind of perdition and frustration for many months unless he was really determined to succeed, and I was. In 1979 I was 122nd in the order of merit and won £1,049. Often I had to quit the tour and get a part-time job as a barman or labourer to gather together enough money for another stab at it—anything to scratch a few bob together.

In 1980 I struck it rich: all of £3,481, and I was No 87 on merit. Then in 1981 it all fell apart when I slipped back to 104th and earnings of only £1,884. I couldn't seem to qualify and I felt like giving up the tour. I was going to apply for the pro's job at Oswestry Golf Club.

I spent two weeks feeling very sorry for myself. Deep down I still wanted to be the best golfer in the world, but there were times when that objective became submerged. I got stuck: I couldn't even see what I was doing wrong. I could hit the ball as well as the rest of them, but I wasn't scoring. Yet something inside me told me to hang on in there.

In 1982 a chance encounter changed everything for me on the eve of the Nigerian Open. I was on the practice ground with Gordon Brand Sr. While I was hitting the ball well, he looked awful: pushing one over the fence on the right, pulling the next one yards left. But while he got round in 68, I was taking 76. Suddenly it clicked: bad shots didn't worry him.

All he worried about was getting a good score on his card. I thought it was a great attitude. It changed my whole outlook on the game and also my life. I just went out and never worried about my bad shots again. I stopped putting myself under too much pressure by trying to hit perfect shots all the time, and adopted the oldest saying in the game: "It's not how, but how many."

By finishing third in the African Safari Tour money list in 1982, I became exempt from qualifying in

Europe and that was the start of the big time. After that I got my temper under control: no more putters smashed in anger, no more clubs hurled in a rage. I went on to win the Swiss Open, my first big victory, and came second in the Italian Open. I didn't have to pre-qualify now. I won £48,794 and finished eighth in the European order of merit. I was on the road from golfing pauper to golfing millionaire.

In 1987, I became the first player to top £1 million in tournament winnings. The year had got off to a whirlwind start when I won the Hong Kong Open with a four-round total of 275. I was the first Briton to win the tournament in its 29-year history, which pleased me a lot. After that came victory in the Jersey Open and the winning streak was well and truly on. In the Madrid Open at Puerto de Hierro I clipped one shot off the 270-stroke championship record set by Ballesteros seven years before. In July I had my third victory of the European tour by winning the Bell's Scottish Open at Gleneagles with seven shots to spare, having led from start to finish. The Lancôme Trophy gave me my fourth European win of the season and I was on the crest of a wave when I joined the European Ryder Cup team at Muirfield, Ohio.

We were defending the trophy we had won at the Belfry two years before and playing in the four balls and foursomes with Nick Faldo we achieved 3½ points out of a possible four. To be the first European team to win on American soil was a very emotional experience. Just as emotional was winning for Wales with David Llewellyn in the World Cup, where I had a 14-under-par for the best individual score. The icing on the cake was victory in the \$1 million "Winner takes all" tournament at Sun City, the richest prize in golf.

This may shock generations of golfers but if things are going well I try to practise less, not more. Even today I don't like to practise more than 45 minutes at a time unless there's some specific problem to work out. Practice sometimes leads to fiddling, to experimenting with different gimmicks and ideas, and that can be positively damaging. As the Americans say, "if it ain't broke, don't fix it". And that applies to a golf swing which is working well.

Before a big tournament I will arrive about an hour before tee-off and hit about 80 shots, largely just to loosen up. I then finish off with about half an hour's chipping and putting to get the feel and the pace of the greens.

Although I had some tuition in the early days—much of it was from the professional Cyril Hughes, a disciple of Henry Cotton—basically I'm a self-taught player. I learn from watching myself on video and from watching others whose swing I admire, notably Tom Watson and Gary Player. And, of course, I can always take a tip. Sam Torrance says: "Clear your hips quicker on the down swing." If it feels good and it looks good when I see it on video, I can believe in it. If I'm not playing well, I settle down to watch myself on video: it usually works. In the European Open at Walton Heath in 1987, for example, I shot a poor 73 and then watched the television recording. I soon spotted the fault. My legs were too straight at the address. I was coming up on the ball too much and either pushing or hooking. Next day I made sure that I flexed my knees a bit and I shot a 65.

I know pretty well what works for me now and I generally know how to put myself right, though it's usually necessary to watch a video because that shows you exactly what you are doing rather than what you think or feel you are doing. I have a set method of addressing the ball, an identical set-up and stance, and I always grip the club in the same way. I usually hit the ball at 90 per cent power with woods and 85 per cent with irons. If I hit the ball more softly I can still put it off-line.

Many people are amazed to hear that I don't play regularly in the winter months and I don't want to either. In the winter times in three months I like to rest and I need to rest from golf. I believe it's very important to pace yourself. It's very easy when you have a big success to overdo it, to accept too many offers and engagements. Then you get tired and stale and lose your zest and enthusiasm for the game. That way lies premature retirement. You won't catch me making that mistake, nor Seve. He plays only about 20 times a year now and he still knows how to score.

Mind you, I swing the club quite often without the ball to make sure that I'm in the groove. Mostly I do it in the kitchen at our house at Oswestry, choosing the right time on a winter's evening and Glendryth is not somewhere underfoot demanding attention. I line myself up so that I'm reflected in the kitchen window (it's like a mirror at night-time) with the central strut of the window exactly bisecting my head. At the end of each swing I make sure that my head is still in the same place, bisected by the strut. If that sounds like rather a primitive practice facility, I can only say that it suits me.

Usually I know precisely what I want to achieve or correct. That is one of the things that distinguishes

Ian Woosnam sets out on Thursday to defend his World Match Play title at Wentworth. His 1987 victory helped him towards record earnings of more £1 million in a year, but as Woosnam himself reveals, life was not always so full of riches

the professional from an amateur, who will often knock the ball around on the practice ground without much thought. But, and this may console the amateur golfer, just like an amateur the professional can hit a bad patch and not know the reason why. Sometimes it's a technical fault, sometimes a mental one. Then, as Seve says: "It can all change. You wake up one morning and you feel different and know you're ready. Sometimes you just don't know when it will happen."

A strong left hand and wrist is very important for control but I try to hit the ball with the right side. Being a wristy player, I want to feel my right side and hand coming into the ball. Seve tends to use the right side more now and to do that he's trying for a flatter swing. There's more to Seve than most people know. He's changing his swing so as to last longer and he doesn't hit the ball so hard now.

I am very precise about just how far I hit the ball with each club. In average conditions, I use a driver for 270 yards; a one-iron for 235 yards; a two-iron for 215 yards; a three-iron for 200 yards; a four-iron for 190 yards; a five-iron for 180 yards; a six-iron for 170 yards; a seven-iron for 155 yards; an eight-iron for 145 yards; a nine-iron for 133 yards; and a wedge for 125 yards.

I certainly haven't conquered putting but I'm probably unique among top golfers in not having a settled putting style. I keep changing my method, thinking I've found the secret, and it works very

well for a while. Then, as with all such "secrets" in golf, you go on doing it, exaggerating it perhaps, and quite suddenly it doesn't really work very well any more. So then it's time to turn to a new secret. At one time I used to line the ball up facing the hole square, then I'd move round, leaving the club face where it was. Another time I used to try reaching out for the ball.

Then David Llewellyn, my partner in the World Cup, said that I should lengthen my back swing. At the moment I favour a crouching style, right arm well bent, no wrist movement, hitting the ball on the up (so as to impart top spin and steady line) with the right hand. Next year it might be something different. Perhaps I should stick to one thing, but I've yet to pick the style that works well all the time, even though I've been a pro now for 12 years.

They say that to be a great player you have to have a good golfing brain. In some ways, because I've gone all out for golf, I have a sort of tunnel vision. I don't want to clutter my head with information that doesn't help my golf career. I'm not much of a one for books, unless they are about golf. I'm proud of what I've achieved, but I don't dwell on it too much. In fact, I try to forget my scores, even the successful ones, because I'm concentrating on the future. I have to think if asked how many holes I've done in one: it's about six. The important thing in golf for me now is to win a major tournament.



The matchless charm of Wentworth

The Americans have a satirical story about the archetypal television watcher who possesses the blinkered view that Arnold Palmer invented the game of golf and everything flowed from there with the aid of the television studios. It was, however, another legendary American, Walter Hagen, who was captivated an awakening golfing public at the time Wentworth's East Course was opened in 1924. It was laid out by H S Colt, who became the first secretary of Sunningdale in 1900 and went on to become one of the greatest of golf architects.

The club was just an infant of two years when it first earned a place in golf history, playing host to the unofficial match between Britain and the United States in 1926. This fixture had been tried out at Gleneagles in 1921 and this time was to implant the idea of the Ryder Cup in the mind of millionaire seedman Samuel Ryder. Britain—believe it or not—won 13½-1½. Another Wentworth "first" was the launching of the Curtis Cup between Britain and the US women's teams on the East Course in 1932. This time the Americans won 5½-3½.

Through the 1930s the longer and more exciting West Course began to build a reputation that still stands as one of the supreme inland tests of golf in the whole of the British Isles. When the fighting Servicemen were demobilised from 1945 onwards, the West Course renewed its climb to international stature. It is easy to visualize a suffering campaigner, having at last reached the haven of the 19th, likening his ordeal to the Burma Road, a name so eloquent that it stuck.

The Burma Road received its international hallmark in the 1950s when first the Ryder Cup

Ronald Heager, the former golf correspondent of the Sunday Express and Daily Express, gives his assessment of Wentworth's special qualities and traces the history of one of the great inland courses in the British Isles

and then the Canada Cup—now World Cup—were staged there. The legendary Ben Hogan and Sam Snead formed the US team for the 1956 Canada Cup contest. The Americans inevitably won, with Hogan as the individual winner. When golf moved into the age of Palmer, Player, Nicklaus and beyond, Wentworth was ready. The World Match Play brought the modern giants there and a new chapter of golf history unfolded. Palmer, appropriately, was the first winner. The next year saw Player's epic fightback from seven down and 17 to play, still five down and nine to play, against Tony Lema before winning their semi-final at the 37th.

But even if the club had never opened its doors to a single tournament it would still possess a special place in golf simply on the merit and the charm of its courses, on the subdued grandness of the clubhouse, and for all the accompanying amenities.

The West Course was also laid out by Harry Colt in collaboration with his partners John Morrison and Charles Alison. No lay-out has better stood the test of time: the only changes came with the building of super "tiger" tees for the 1953 Ryder Cup, making the course the exacting test it is today.

The West Course has had so much exposure that even a first-time visitor could hardly feel a stranger. You would already know that Arnold Palmer ranks the 17th as one of the world's greatest par five holes and that Bobby Locke includes the par four 11th in his gallery of the best 18 he has played round the world.

The course winds in a vast hairpin through the first six and laid seven holes, with a loop of five holes in an undulating clearing of heathery slopes. Neil Coles names the third as one of the supreme holes, as does Bernard Gallacher, the club professional and latest in a line of distinguished Ryder Cup

players to hold the office, with Archie Compston, Jimmy Adams and Tom Haliburton preceding him. The continuity of the World Match Play has provided a fascinating spin-off of statistics and if anything can be proved by figures there is confirmation that the third is Wentworth's toughest hole: it has had the highest aggregate of strokes over par and the lowest yield of birdies.

By the same yardstick the professionals have found the downhill, dog-legged fourth the most rewarding of all the Burma Road stages, for it has the highest birdie yield, together with the 12th, and the biggest aggregate sub-par total. But then few can make birdies in the manner I recall Gary Player once achieving here: after a pernickious hook had put him in the trees, he came out sideways, hit a four-iron to the green and holed a long putt!

Player, as you would expect, was defying the first rule of Wentworth

Woosnam: a winner again?

— if you miss the fairway, you are dead; it is certain to cost you one shot, if not more. That is a fact of golf as you thread your way through the trees, heather, sand, gorse and water to the turn, tangling with a well-bunkered 5th green, a tee shot that demands restraint and accurate placement at each of the 6th, 7th and 8th, and the most formidable par fours at the 460-yard 9th.

Now the "easy" half is over and one of the most intimidating of par threes starts the par-38 back nine, so difficult as almost to be unfair—unless you have hit the green with a high tee shot. The 11th has its dogleg and two ditches to negotiate, the 12th a line of conifers defying the tee shot and the 13th dog-legged left with a fairway that falls away to the jungle on the right. There just is no respite as you face not only an uphill tee shot but a terraced green again at the par three 14th as the preliminary to the finish of three par fives in the last four holes.

One of the tests of a golf course is how easily the holes are remembered after a casual acquaintance. By this standard the East Course rates as highly as the West. The East possesses five short holes, and such is their quality that it is not one too many. Though measuring only some 6,200 yards, the challenge and variety measures up to the West. Holes particularly to savour are the 2nd—for the glorious panorama from the tee—the 11th and the three finishing holes.

These articles are adapted from Ian Woosnam's *Golf Masterpieces*, published this week by Sidgwick & Jackson (£15). The book, written in conjunction with Peter Grosvenor, features Woosnam on his career, plus many essays by leading golfers and golf writers.

Consistent Park Street appears pick of the Cambridgeshire weights

By Mandarin (Michael Phillips)

I can think of few things guaranteed to give Mr Leonard Sainer more pleasure than winning the William Hill Cambridgeshire at Newmarket this afternoon with Park Street.

For he is the former chairman of the Sear Group under whose umbrella the sponsoring company shelters. Casting sentiment aside, Park Street can be given an excellent chance with only 7/13 to carry.

Had Hoy stood his ground he would have been meeting his selection on 14lb worse terms compared with when they clashed in the spring at Salisbury. On that occasion there were three lengths between them.

Granted Hoy has done well in the meantime. But Park Street has not exactly stood still either as his form figures clearly indicate. In my view the handicapper has treated him leniently.

I was particularly smitten by the way that he won his last race at Goodwood five weeks ago. On that occasion he shouldered 9st 6lb and won more easily than the judge's verdict of 1½ lengths might suggest.

Significantly, he escaped picking up a penalty for today's race unlike Le De

Cypre who has been penalized 5lb for that comfortable win at Newbury a fortnight ago. That means that he must carry 9st 8lb and in recent years no three-year-old has won this cavalry charge with as much on his back.

For all that I still expect to see Le De Cypre run well on the far side of the course. Wherever he finishes, Quinlan Terry should not be far away, especially as he has been drawn low right along the side of the course, from whence came the first three last year.

The impression gained at Newbury was that Quinlan Terry would improve after that race behind Le De Cypre, his first for 12 weeks. Pantevechio Norte is another strong local tip on the strength of recent races at York and Yarmouth which were both brimful with promise.

Coeur De Miel is my idea of the best outsider. By all accounts his recent homework with the Arc favourite Mito has suggested that anyone who snags up the sponsors offer of 33-1 each-way will get a good run for their money.

No matter how Coeur De Miel runs, his jockey Michael Roberts should have the per-

fect send-off for that ride on Mito at Longchamps tomorrow by landing a double on Indian Skimmer (3.0) and Lady Tap (4.0).

Henry Cecil has been waxing lyrical about the way that Indian Skimmer has been going recently. So the Cheveley Park Stud Sun Chariot Stakes looks the perfect stepping stone to tread along a path that will take in the Champion Stakes and the Breeders' Cup.

Now that she is running over six furlongs again, Lady Tap appears as the best of the day in the Mams and North-Western Fosters Trophy. With a little further to go she would have been a comfortable winner at Newbury last time out. Instead, she was beaten half a length by Hafiz who has not finished out of the first three this season.

On the jumping front, Chepstow's Timeform Hurdle heralds the publication of National Hunt racing's annual bible, *Chasers and Hurdles 1987-88*, which predictably lives up to its past high standard.

Following that sound run at Carlisle a week ago, Blazing Walker is my choice to win the race, the outcome of which is less predictable.

GOODWOOD

Selections

By Mandarin

2.00 Mailman. 2.30 Primrose. 3.0 Panikla. 3.30 Run Don't Fly. 4.0 Timourath. 4.35 Northern Printer. 5.10 Minsmere.

By Our Newmarket Correspondent

2.0 La Grande Danseuse. 2.30 Monfard. 3.0 All Is Revealed. 3.30 Lily's Lover. 4.0 Sharp As Glass. 4.35 Mahib. 5.10 Oh Lucky Day.

Going: good Draw: 67-71, high numbers best

2.0 GEORGE TODD APPRENTICES' CHALLENGE TROPHY (Handicap: £3,528: 1m 20) (10 runners)

1 1981 INAD 37 (5.0) (M) J. Thompson 4-10-0. 2 544 ARBAS 18 (5.0) (M) J. Thompson 4-10-0. 3 2140 ALPINE 18 (5.0) (M) J. Thompson 4-10-0. 4 2140 ALPINE 18 (5.0) (M) J. Thompson 4-10-0. 5 2140 ALPINE 18 (5.0) (M) J. Thompson 4-10-0. 6 2140 ALPINE 18 (5.0) (M) J. Thompson 4-10-0. 7 2140 ALPINE 18 (5.0) (M) J. Thompson 4-10-0. 8 2140 ALPINE 18 (5.0) (M) J. Thompson 4-10-0. 9 2140 ALPINE 18 (5.0) (M) J. Thompson 4-10-0. 10 2140 ALPINE 18 (5.0) (M) J. Thompson 4-10-0.

2.30 POLAND INSURANCE BROKERS STAKES (3-Y-O: £2,335: 1m) (8)

1 3214 MONFARD 22 (5.0) (M) J. Thompson 4-10-0. 2 3214 MONFARD 22 (5.0) (M) J. Thompson 4-10-0. 3 3214 MONFARD 22 (5.0) (M) J. Thompson 4-10-0. 4 3214 MONFARD 22 (5.0) (M) J. Thompson 4-10-0. 5 3214 MONFARD 22 (5.0) (M) J. Thompson 4-10-0. 6 3214 MONFARD 22 (5.0) (M) J. Thompson 4-10-0. 7 3214 MONFARD 22 (5.0) (M) J. Thompson 4-10-0. 8 3214 MONFARD 22 (5.0) (M) J. Thompson 4-10-0.

3.0 ISLE OF WIGHT STAKES (£3,843: 2m 30) (6)

1 1048 EL CONQUISTADOR 4 (5.0) (M) J. Thompson 4-10-0. 2 1048 EL CONQUISTADOR 4 (5.0) (M) J. Thompson 4-10-0. 3 1048 EL CONQUISTADOR 4 (5.0) (M) J. Thompson 4-10-0. 4 1048 EL CONQUISTADOR 4 (5.0) (M) J. Thompson 4-10-0. 5 1048 EL CONQUISTADOR 4 (5.0) (M) J. Thompson 4-10-0. 6 1048 EL CONQUISTADOR 4 (5.0) (M) J. Thompson 4-10-0.

3.30 SILENT MAIDEN GUARANTEED SWEEPSTAKES (2-Y-O: £958: 6f) (8)

1 1048 EL CONQUISTADOR 4 (5.0) (M) J. Thompson 4-10-0. 2 1048 EL CONQUISTADOR 4 (5.0) (M) J. Thompson 4-10-0. 3 1048 EL CONQUISTADOR 4 (5.0) (M) J. Thompson 4-10-0. 4 1048 EL CONQUISTADOR 4 (5.0) (M) J. Thompson 4-10-0. 5 1048 EL CONQUISTADOR 4 (5.0) (M) J. Thompson 4-10-0. 6 1048 EL CONQUISTADOR 4 (5.0) (M) J. Thompson 4-10-0.

3.50 CLAIMING STAKES (3-Y-O: £2,040: 1m 20) (10)

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NEWMARKET

Selections

By Mandarin

2.00 Ivory Tower. 2.30 Greedless. 3.00 Indian Skimmer. 3.35 Park Street. 4.10 Kneller. 4.40 LADY TAP (nap). 5.10 Emeralds.

By Our Newmarket Correspondent

2.00 Lady In White. 2.30 Adrijyna. 3.00 Indian Skimmer. 3.35 Quinlan Terry. 4.10 Kneller. 4.40 LADY TAP (nap). 5.10 Brizincote.

By Michael Seely

2.30 ADRIJYNA (nap). 3.00 Indian Skimmer. 3.35 Le De Cypre. The Times Private Handicapper's top rating: 3.35 PONTEVECHIO NOTTE.

Going: good

2.00 OH SHARP STAKES (2-Y-O: £5,519: 7f) (6 runners)

102 (1) 123 ALBANIA 22 (5.0) (M) J. Thompson 4-10-0. 103 (2) 01 ARMAN 18 (5.0) (M) J. Thompson 4-10-0. 104 (3) 01 ARMAN 18 (5.0) (M) J. Thompson 4-10-0. 105 (4) 01 ARMAN 18 (5.0) (M) J. Thompson 4-10-0. 106 (5) 01 ARMAN 18 (5.0) (M) J. Thompson 4-10-0. 107 (6) 01 ARMAN 18 (5.0) (M) J. Thompson 4-10-0.

Draw: no advantage

2.30 EBF ALINGTON MAIDEN FILLES STAKES (2-Y-O: £5,033: 6f) (8 runners)

201 (1) 01 ARMAN 18 (5.0) (M) J. Thompson 4-10-0. 202 (2) 01 ARMAN 18 (5.0) (M) J. Thompson 4-10-0. 203 (3) 01 ARMAN 18 (5.0) (M) J. Thompson 4-10-0. 204 (4) 01 ARMAN 18 (5.0) (M) J. Thompson 4-10-0. 205 (5) 01 ARMAN 18 (5.0) (M) J. Thompson 4-10-0. 206 (6) 01 ARMAN 18 (5.0) (M) J. Thompson 4-10-0.

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OUTDOOR LEISURE

Captured by the call of the Tay

I enjoy tremendously the diverse wildlife of Tayside through watching and painting it, and I hope that I can impart some of this pleasure. I can't bring alive the sounds, smells and broader environment of the Tay, just try to give a little insight into a transitory moment in time for its flora and fauna. Sketching and painting wild birds and animals must be one of the most difficult of artistic disciplines, for seldom can one arrange to find a long-term stationary model, in the pose one wants.

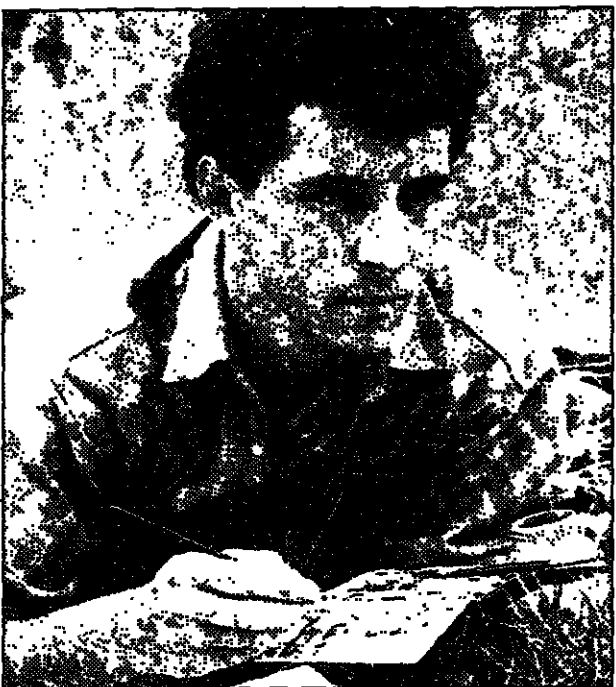
It helps, however, at least to know how, when and where to find one's subjects. With much of my work I travelled to specific locations to look for subjects. Otherwise I ventured out on the off-chance that I might spot something interesting.

Time and the weather largely dictated my movements and what I could draw, and I had to choose those subjects which interested me but didn't impose too many insuperable difficulties. For example, sketching others in the wild would have taken up too many twilight hours to have achieved anything meaningful.

As it was, I didn't see any wild others during my extensive fieldwork, although I kept finding their sprains (droppings) in various riverside locations. There were other disappointments, too.

I missed some rare and interesting species within the area. An immature sea eagle was present in an upland area for a few weeks but, although I searched far and wide, I couldn't locate it. All I found were moulted feathers and pellets where it had been roosting. This was a wing-tagged bird, one of the sea eagles brought in from Norway as part of a reintroduction scheme by the Nature Conservancy Council. Initially released on the island of Rhum,

Scottish wildlife artist Keith Brockie opens an exhibition of his work next week in London to mark the launch of his third book, *The Silvery Tay*. These descriptions of his working methods and pictures are taken from the book*



Keith Brockie: The artist with an intense joy in nature

these magnificent eagles are now breeding successfully on the west coast of Scotland. Another bird I failed to see was a red-rumped swallow, a rare migrant more usually found in the Mediterranean.

This bird had been frequenting a street bordering the beach at Broughty Ferry but, as luck would have it, it departed some twenty minutes before I arrived!

I am always happy with what I have done at the time,

but never wholly satisfied. If I was, it would be the moment to give up, for it would mean the end of the addictive agony of striving for some sort of aesthetic perfection.

My joy in nature is an intensely private and emotional one, but I always hope that what I do captures on paper some of my innermost feelings. Much of my time in the field is spent in contemplative watching - waiting for a flash of inspiration for some

composition or a particular pose.

Sketching can be a frenetic, nervous experience especially if one is trying to capture some fleeting moment. Art to me heightens and deepens human awareness and brings another dimension to the natural world. I'm not consciously trying to do something different.

I simply don't pretend to understand some of the modern artwork whose hidden meanings critics often muse over. Sketching and painting among wildlife is what I revel in, hopefully evolving through greater familiarity with technique and subject.

As man's greed and technological advances ever more rapidly impoverish our natural environment, a greater conservation lobby is necessary to ensure its survival for future generations. All I can hope is that I may have helped in this process.

For any painter of wild birds and animals the most important piece of equipment is an extension of one's eyes - preferably a telescope. It is invaluable for the close observation of normally distant species. I use one with a close-focusing facility that enables me to do intimate work from the hide.

Binoculars are passable, but much less effective. A telescope on a tripod or car window mount leaves one's hands free to draw without the hassle of constantly manoeuvring binoculars. A 30x magnification and a good-sized object lens are perfectly adequate for most situations. With larger magnifications one tends to lose the quality of light.

Hides are generally excellent places to work from. Despite its bright colour my Volkswagen camper makes a good hide because it is some way above the ground. In bad



Pride in the peregrine: "I am always happy with what I have done at the time, but never wholly satisfied."

weather it is also a spacious vehicle in which to work.

Permanent reserve hides are good venues especially if you can use them at odd hours when few people are about; occasionally the subjects I've been drawing have fled because of the unthinking, noisy behaviour of people coming into hides.

A portable canvas hide is an excellent way of getting close to such wildlife locations as nesting birds or a roost site. So long as I take great care, I can get very near to my subjects without disturbing them.

My portable hide is just big enough to take me, a telescope and tripod, a collapsible seat and sketchbooks or painting blocks. Sufficient light can be introduced through side windows covered by flaps. At the moment I am modifying the roof with a clear material so that I can paint more easily in dull and overcast conditions.

Plants offer less of an artistic challenge than birds or animals simply because they don't move. The only problem is finding them, particularly the rarer species - and of course waiting for a suitable "window" in the weather in which to paint them.

In this book I have tried to show plants in their habitat as far as possible, using the backdrop to highlight the flowers. When I'm engaged on botanical work, insects are usually the worst nuisance to deal with, often driving me to distraction; stationary for hours, I am truly a sitting target.

Tentsmair (N E Fife) was especially bad in this respect, with hordes of biting flies such as clegs and mosquitoes. To counteract them I covered myself with the full-length mosquito net which I had last used on an expedition to the North Yemen. Using my tripod as an overhead anchor-point I pegged the sides to the ground surrounding the plant. Thus I had a relatively trou-

ble-free environment to paint in - except that I then had to cope with the crawling ants!

Some of the fish, such as the sea trout, I placed in a glass tank with an aeration pump. Whenever a friend caught a fish for me I put it straight into the fishing hut to drop in the tank. They were ideal models because, after some initial thrashing about, they tended not to move much.

Compared with a specimen fresh out of the water they look much flatter underwater, with a few highlights. Dead fish discolour very quickly so, in such cases, one has to paint them almost immediately.

The right equipment:

Container with a selection of pencil, 6B to H; pair of dividers for measuring specimen; scalpel for sharpening pencils etc; rubber; selection of sable watercolour brushes in a plastic holding tube; watercolour sketching box with a selection of half-pen artist's watercolours; tube of

permanent white gouache; metal box with a range of coloured pencils, water soluble; plastic water container; old army surplus gas mask bag with lots of useful compartments; waterproof canvas holder for watercolour blocks; sketchbook for quick drawings of subjects and initial composition ideas; choice of pre-stretched watercolour blocks with different grains of paper; paper stretched on a board with gumstrip.

A torch helps me to sketch in dark locations and leaves my hands free. This was how I drew the female gossander incubating in her nest in a dark tree hole and also the long-eared bat in a house attic. Standing on a box I was able to get within a foot of the bat and, although it looked at me occasionally in a puzzled sort of way, it was not unduly disturbed.

Normally I sketch a subject from several angles so as to improve on each continuously as it moves around. I initially sketch the rough outline and form as quickly as I can, adding as much detail as possible while the subject

stays near-by. Eventually I may get enough details to start a composition. Many of these sketches don't amount to much more than a few lines but are stored in the sketchbook, and may be a spark for a future painting. Having sketched a particular species I often see just the location for such a composition months or even years later. These sketches, however, quick and simple, have a spontaneity and freshness impossible to emulate in a more detailed work.

Virtually all my initial field sketching is done in pencil, which I find to be the most immediate and sensitive medium. I usually carry a partitioned container with various grades hard and soft pencils. The more familiar I am with the species the easier it is to record movements - a certain posture or the way a shadow falls on the subject - with only a few lines. I'm drawing what I see, not what I know should be there. It's all about practice. Not everything succeeds in the way I hope, but I'll always learn something new.

It's important not to be prejudiced by preconceived textbook ideas of what the subject should look like. Light transforms colours constantly, and very few people really look deeply at wildlife for any length of time. For instance, a drake tufted duck which may look basically black and white can be transformed into blues, purples, greens and browns at certain angles in strong sunlight. The onset of evening sees yellow and, later, red light influencing plumage, as in the paintings of mallard drakes and the heron at Morton Lochs.

The weather is the final arbiter in which I can achieve day by day. It can also influence me aesthetically as in the roosting cormorants on the old steamer pier near Kenmore on Loch Tay. I sketched the first bird through

a slight December snowfall, and became equally interested in depicting the weathered wooden remains of the pier and the rusted bolts. An hour later the atmosphere had changed totally, the sun was shining and a mist was rising from the loch. Another of the cormorants was drying out its wings on a lower perch so I tried to capture that, too, a much more tranquil scene. I think there is really only one golden rule to follow - enjoy it, regardless of the results!

* An exhibition of the original paintings and drawings from *The Silvery Tay* will open at the Tryon Gallery, 23 Cork Street, London, W1, on October 5.

The Silvery Tay by Keith Brockie is published by J M Dent on October 6 at £15.95.



An adult cormorant: "Sketching and painting among wildlife is what I revel in."

OUTDOOR LEISURE



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Continued from page 42

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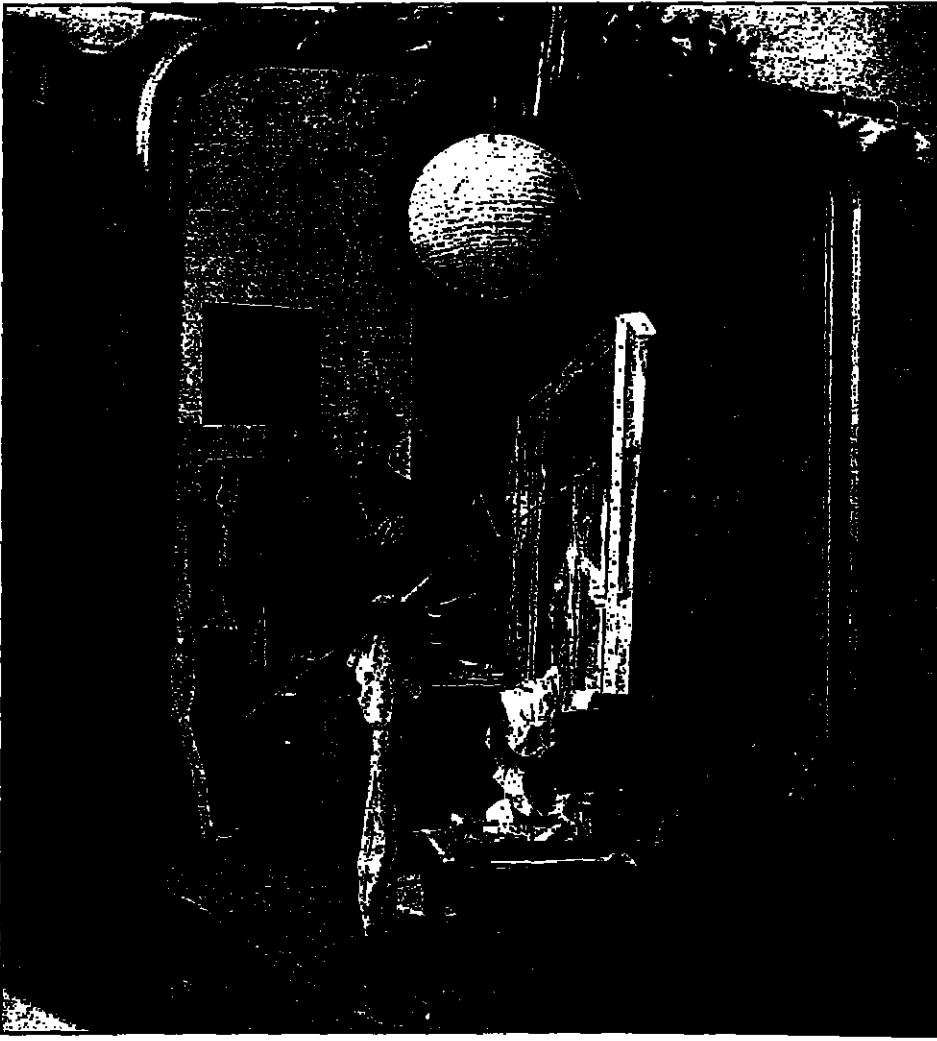
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SUSAN BLACKMORE

MIDGE URE's latest album, *Answers to Nothing*, was made entirely in his personal recording studio, beneath the garage in the garden of his Georgian townhouse in west London. "We transformed it from a dank cellar into a gentleman's club. There are no outside pressures or other musicians to distract you," he says. And since it is underground there is natural sound-proofing.

JILLY COOPER has lived at her 13th century Gloucestershire home for six years. It was once inhabited by monks, and is "ravishingly beautiful, oozing serenity". The number of bedrooms? "I can't remember. Probably quite a lot." Tucked between bedroom and bathroom, her study overlooks tree-hung valleys. "It's an inspiring place to work — as much as any can be when you have to slog it out." There are files everywhere, hundreds of books, wall-to-wall Bonio crumbs on the floor. New technology hasn't penetrated: the novels flow from a manual Olympia.

JULIET DUNN, fashion designer, works on a Sheraton dining table in her house in Clapham. "It was a Sixties Victorian conversion with orange ceilings and ripped-out fireplaces. It took two years to knock it into shape." Overlooking the garden, her work-cum-dining room is like a ballroom — about 40ft by 25ft — with a wedding cake ceiling. Telephone, telex and fax and two industrial sewing machines complete the picture. One drawback: having the children at home. "It's difficult to sound professional on the phone when they're knocking at the door."

DEBBIE OWEN, literary agent, has lived in Limehouse, east London, throughout her 20-year marriage to Dr David Owen. "The house isn't everyone's cup of tea — tall and thin — but I love the East End. Working from home means no commuting and never being in the wrong place for the children. It's messier than having two clearly defined lives but it's a luxury to check something in the office at 10pm."

JOHAN WARD, Royal Academy artist, has worked for 30 years in what was once an Elizabethan courthouse outside Ashford in Kent. "One rarely gets a room this size [about 20ft by 30ft]. It looks like a barn and is full of junk, casels, books, bottles and inevitably an unfinished picture. It's very soothing. I had a two day a week job with J. Walter Thompson in 1947 but it only lasted a fortnight. I couldn't bear it," he sighs.

PETER PORTER is a pioneer: he bought his country townhouse near Esher 20 years ago, expressly to work from home. "It has a London feel in a country setting, which is why I fell for it," he says. His architectural practice operates from a huge basement.

SUSAN BLACKMORE's children aren't allowed in the study of her house just outside Bath, where she writes articles about the paranormal and prepares TV programmes. Equipped with word processor and billiard table, she "clears the brain" by gardening briskly.

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INSIDE STORY

All comfortable in the cabin?

As Europe inches closer to 1992, Harvey Elliott reports, business passengers still pay more than they want for convenient air travel

A small group of senior officials within the Department of Transport are beginning to wonder what they have to do to bring about the longed for drop in European air fares.

They have struggled for years, often against seemingly immovable opposition from their opposite numbers on the Continent, to persuade Governments to agree a formula that will enable airlines to reduce their fares across the board, bringing relief to the thousands of businessmen who have to make regular trips from Britain's congested airports.

Now they have such a deal. And, to their growing frustration and impatience, hardly anyone seems prepared to take advantage of it.

So far only one major airline — the rapidly expanding Air Europe — has bothered to apply under Article Three of the European Council of Ministers Directive, which became law in December, for permission to lower what many are convinced are excessive business fares.

Acting almost as barristers before a sceptical jury, the Department of Transport officials successfully argued Air Europe's case for reducing fares from Gatwick to Paris from £105 to £92. Admittedly they had to compromise slightly.

Air Europe had originally proposed cutting the fare to £85, but the French, who pored over the figures in minute detail, were not convinced that such a low fare would realistically reflect Air Europe's costs, as it must do under the terms of the agreement.

Nevertheless, it was a step in the right direction and, flushed with success, the officials, led by the formidable

Elizabeth Hopkins, head of the European Division of the ministry's International Aviation Directorate, confidently expected others to make similar applications, if only to match Air Europe. But nothing has happened.

The reason for the deafening silence from the airlines was perhaps best summed up by Sir Colin Marshall, chief executive of British Airways. "We are not followers, we are leaders," he said. "Air Europe coming on to the route has had no effect on our load factors so we do not necessarily have to respond to what they do. Like all newcomers on to a route they are naturally trying to undercut their competitors."

"The fact of the matter is, however, that we and other airlines are in business to make money. Low fares are available — in the back of the aircraft in economy. If anyone wants to fly cheaply with us he can do so. But if he wants service and flexibility then our fares in Club Europe reflect the cost of providing that."

In other words, as long as the aircraft is full and passengers are prepared to stump up high prices, then British Airways, or any other airline, would be mad to reduce them. Cutting the cost of business travel would affect that all important airline god, "yield". This is the amount of profit that is made on any aircraft, taking into account all the classes of service it offers.

If the aircraft is filled with cut-price passengers, then the yield drops. So British Airways has just spent £25 million improving its business-class product instead, in the hope that the more comfortable seats, free drinks and china plates, together with special check-in gates and the flexibility to switch flights,

will persuade companies to book their executives a seat costing £105 to Paris instead of £59 for a special excursion fare. And it is clearly working.

Since the revamped Club Europe was introduced six months ago the number of passengers using British Airways Club class, both in Europe and around the world, has soared. On inter-continental flights it has risen by 20 per cent, and on European flights a more modest, but still important, 9 per cent. Club Europe alone attracted a total of 1,755,000 passengers, proving, according to the airline, that the demand is there despite the cost.

The reality of the apparent willingness of business passengers to pay up to 50 per cent more for their own cabin

on board the inter-European jets is in stark contrast to the rhetoric which suggested that if cheaper business class fares were more readily available they would be more used.

It is now almost impossible to get a seat in Club World or Club Europe. Indeed the airline is forced to upgrade passengers on longer flights into first class, just to make more seats available in Club.

Yield managers, of course, are delighted with all this, since it is their job to sell as many high-priced seats as they can.

Although they are prepared to cut prices where they are allowed to do so — to compete with rival airlines bidding for the "floating" number of leisure or discretionary pas-

sengers — they argue that they need the money produced by the full fare-paying passenger not just to make profits but also to finance new aircraft.

British Airways alone has 50 aircraft worth a total of £3.9 billion on order, and even with their profits (£81 million in the first quarter of this year) that is still a lot of money to find.

Not that cheap fares are unavailable. Approximately half the people who travel by air within Europe are on charter flights, where the seat is usually included in the cost of a holiday package.

Of the other half, the passengers using scheduled services, three-fifths travel on tickets costing less than the standard economy fare.

According to the International Air Transport Association (IATA) there has been a 57 per cent increase overall in the number of round-trip discount fares available over the last three years. Britain has easily led the way, they say, with a 273 per cent increase in the number of cut-price fares between 1985 and 1988 and a 395 per cent increase in "deep discount" prices, which provide reductions of up to 75 per cent off the normal economy fare.

But all such discounted, cut-price fares are subject to severe restrictions. Passengers must pay in advance; stay at least one Saturday night; be aged more than 60 or less than 25; travel in a group or any one of a whole range of restrictions which the less liberal-minded countries have insisted on including in the overall package.

The big scheduled airlines argue that the only way they could reduce the cost of flying in the "front end" of the aircraft is by increasing prices for those travelling on low-cost tickets in economy. This in turn would reduce the number of people who fly with the scheduled carrier, inevitably leading to fewer services and therefore less choice for the businessman who must fly at a specific time of the day.

"Our members have to fly on a wet Thursday afternoon to Sofia even if there are only two passengers on board," an IATA official said. "Their fares have to be higher because of the need to have High Street outlets, marketing teams and ticket agents, none of which the charter airlines need. They simply fill up with seats and off they go."

"But selling an airline ticket is little different from selling anything else. You simply cannot survive by selling only potatoes and bread. You have to offer more high-priced items to enable you to keep the costs of the basics as low as possible, and that is what they now do. They have yield management down to a fine art, using computers to tell precisely what is the best mix between low-cost, cut-price passengers (to give you the high load factors) and high-cost, business passengers (prepared to pay more for service and frequency). If the market will bear it then you have to do it."

In Air Europe, however, there is a growing confidence that, with the help of the Department of Transport, they can begin to make real inroads on what is still a tangled and confused mass of regulations covering European air fares. They are already well into negotiations with the Germans which they hope will enable them to cut prices on the Gatwick to Munich route; and they promise that others will follow soon.

"Every airline now has the

right to apply for lower fares, irrespective of what the others are doing," said Charles Powell, schedule services director of Air Europe. "We are fortunate in having in the British Government a team of people who are prepared to be very robust on our behalf and who will argue our case strongly within the EEC. Within the next few years we will see a whole range of these applications, which we are confident of getting because we are a much lower-cost airline than British Airways."

"The reason the myth has developed that the businessman is not interested in price is that until now he has never had a real choice."

Many critics of European air fares would argue that that choice has been denied for so long only because airlines in mainland Europe have fought tooth and nail to prevent it. Repeated efforts, mainly led by the British, in recent years

was followed by mergers and bankruptcies as the bigger, more powerful carriers simply swamped the smaller operators and forced them out of business. Now fares are rising steeply again, and there is even less choice on many routes than there was before deregulation.

They also remember what happened to Sir Freddie Laker's Skytrain and People Express, both of which made an immediate appeal to the cost-conscious flying public, then found that it was impossible to cut prices to the bone. Long-term investment in new aircraft and rapidly expanding fleets lead inevitably to the need for a much larger and more costly infrastructure.

The next major challenge facing the airlines is the creation of the single European market in 1992. In theory, the existing web of regulations governing fares will by then have been swept

growth simply because newcomers to the scene — long the dream of officials from the Department of Transport — will not be able to get the necessary landing and take-off slots to enable them to compete. If such competition is really desirable, as the Government insists it is, then the bigger incumbent airlines will have to be told forcibly to give up some of their slots to allow them in. And that — apart from being fiercely resisted by British Airways and others — will automatically mean a return to regulation.

So, will fares fall in the future? IATA would argue that, in real terms, they already have. Between 1979 and 1986 — the most recent figures available — they say that inflation in Britain rose by 73 per cent while air fares rose by only 64 per cent. Hotel prices, meanwhile, rose by 171 per cent.

The Government are also convinced that we are on the brink of large reductions in fares as competition begins to bite. They point to last month's substantial reductions on the north Atlantic routes, where airlines cut the cheapest fares to £199 return in an attempt to keep their share of the market, and to the astonishing success, as they see it, of the Amsterdam route, which was thrown open to completely free competition as the result of a bilateral agreement in 1984.

From a cosy agreement among three main airlines the route mushroomed, with eight airlines now flying regularly and a 58 per cent growth in the number of passengers.

The airlines on the route see it differently, however. "There was a 100 per cent increase in the number of seats being offered," said KLM manager Barry Evans. "But the number of passengers did not increase by anything like that amount. Now prices are going back up and capacity is being cut. The trouble is that none of us are really making money on the route now, simply because there are too many seats for the number of people wishing to travel."

But this pessimistic view is not shared by Ryanair, which blew a hole in the fare structure surrounding air services between Ireland and Britain in 1986 and is now making healthy profits.

Following a sudden easing of the Irish Government's attitude towards competition in 1986, fares plummeted and the number of passengers grew. Between 1976 and 1985, when the restrictions were in force, the annual traffic between Britain and Ireland grew just 6 per cent to reach 830,000; since then it has risen to 2,130,000 and is still growing.

The cheapest unrestricted fare was £176 return in 1986. It is now just £64. Even the very cheapest Apex fare has dropped from £34 return to £27 and the standard economy fare has dropped from £154 to £104.

It is estimated that the average businessman now pays £100 a trip less to fly between Dublin and London than he did in 1986, and the average leisure passenger pays £30 less, amounting to a total saving of more than £50 million in the last two years alone.

The officials at the Department of Transport are convinced that these figures could be repeated many times over if only similar agreements could be reached throughout Europe.

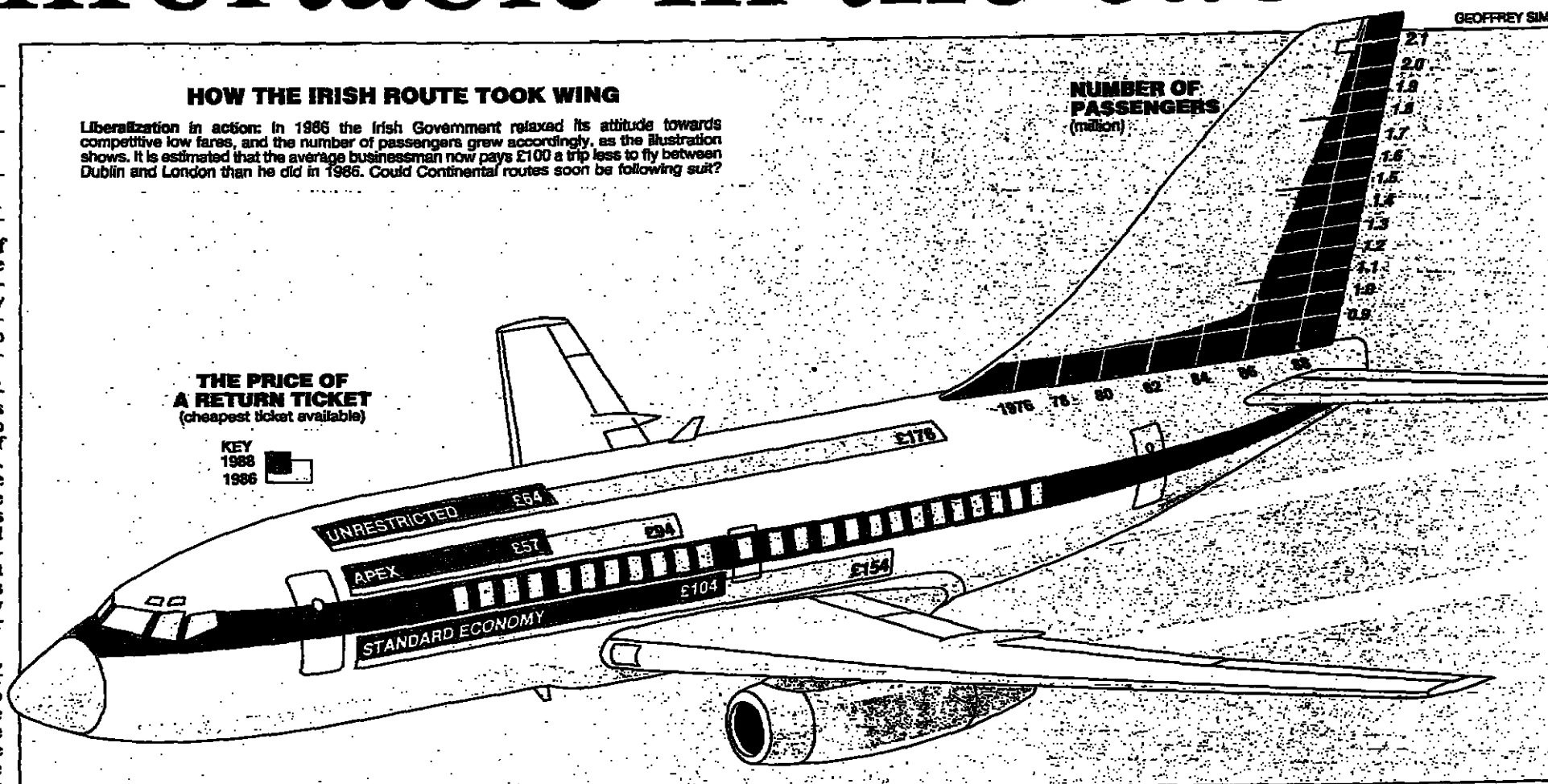
And they are determined to give the more innovative airlines the chance to prove it.

HOW THE IRISH ROUTE TOOK WING

Liberalization in action: In 1986 the Irish Government relaxed its attitude towards competitive low fares, and the number of passengers grew accordingly, as the illustration shows. It is estimated that the average businessman now pays £100 a trip less to fly between Dublin and London than he did in 1986. Could Continental routes soon be following suit?

THE PRICE OF A RETURN TICKET (cheapest ticket available)

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WHEN PASSENGERS CLUB TOGETHER

Consumer groups representing business passengers are not only putting pressure on airlines to reduce the costs of travelling in comfort, they are also putting forward practical suggestions — but all to no avail.

One such proposal has come from the Geneva-based International Foundation of Airline Passengers Associations (IFAPA), which asked Hugh Welburn, inventor of the popular APEX economy fare, to come up with a similar plan to help the Club class traveller. He produced a detailed scheme for BPEX — Business Passengers Extra — which has now been formally presented to more than 20 European airlines through IATA.

The idea is simple. If businessmen were prepared to pay for their seats 72 hours in advance and give up some of the flexibility of a full Club class fare, they would get a discount ranging from 10 per cent in peak periods to 50 per cent for off-peak travel. The normal business class standard of service would remain.

In return the passenger would not only have to pay in advance but would lose his automatic right to cancel or change his flight, paying 50 per cent of the ticket price if he did not use it.

It took Welburn four years to persuade Governments and airlines to allow APEX (Advanced Passenger Excursion) fares on the north Atlantic routes. He had proposed it while working for BOAC in 1969. "It always takes time for something like this to gain acceptance," he said. "So far it has met with the kind of response I would have expected from the airlines, but we will continue to fight."

A recent survey of business travel managers, published by the CAA, revealed that 70 per cent of them were dissatisfied with the current level of European Club class fares. Among the suggestions was the introduction of a "season ticket" to enable regular travellers to buy their seats in advance at a discount.

The airlines have reacted in the same way as they have with the BPEX proposal — "No thanks."

to introduce some form of liberalization had failed until last year.

The negotiations led to an agreement enabling airlines to offer across-the-board price reductions if both sides agreed, and if they were based on genuine costs and not simply an attempt to "dump" below-cost fares into an already saturated market place.

The more cautious European carriers still look askance at the experience in the United States, where complete deregulation led at first to an explosion of new small airlines and a massive fall in ticket prices. This, however,

away, allowing far greater freedom for any carrier to offer services from one country to another, and from one city to another, at whatever price he chooses.

Already even Air Europe is beginning to jib at this. "We recognize that there has got to be some protection for the smaller carriers," Charles Powell said. "We have to protect the smaller airlines from the problems of dumping, both of capacity and of fares, and to have some form of anti-trust legislation."

He and other small airlines fear that the congestion in airports will stifle the planned

Sir Colin Marshall,
chief executive of British Airways

"We are in business to make money. Low fares are available — in the back of the aircraft"

Half-time profits up to £34m at Jardine

From Stephen Leather Hong Kong

Jardine Matheson Holdings yesterday declared profits of HK\$430 million (£34 million) for the six months ending June 30, 38 per cent higher than at the interim stage last year. The dividend is being raised 36 per cent, to 17 cents a share.

Mr Simon Keswick, the chairman, who is now based in London, said that Jardine Matheson had increased its stake in Jardine Strategic Holdings, its investment arm, from 46 per cent to 55 per cent by buying in the market. The purchases make the Keswick-controlled companies now virtually bid-proof.

Jardine Strategic is the lynchpin of the Keswick empire in Hong Kong. It now controls 32 per cent of Jardine Matheson, 43 per cent of the Mandarin Oriental International hotels chain, 33 per cent of Hong Kong Land, the Crown Colony's biggest landlord, and 40 per cent of Dairy Farm, a supermarket group.

Mr Keswick said the outlook for the full year was favourable and that he expects to see sustained growth in earnings per share.

"The half-year saw continued progress throughout the group," he said. "Jardine Matheson & Co, our Hong Kong-based regional trading arm, performed well, and good contributions came from our other main businesses."

Gammon, Jardine Matheson's construction subsidiary, continues to suffer from difficult market conditions and a tight labour supply, but has a healthy order book. Mr Keswick said. Turnover rose from HK\$5.5 billion to HK\$6 billion.

Jardine runs a chain of 7-Eleven stores in Britain, Hong Kong, Taiwan, Singapore, and Malaysia and holds Pizza Hut franchises in Hong Kong, in the Canadian province of British Columbia, and the Australian states of South Australia and Victoria.

Elders to bid for Sherwin

Melbourne (Reuters) — Elders IXL is to make a bid for the 80.1 per cent it does not already hold in Sherwin Pastoral, a land owner and beef producer. The bid is 88 cents a share, valuing the bid at about Aus\$46.6 million (£21.6 million). The bid will open on October 17 and close on November 16. Sherwin, which has 72.2 million shares in issue, has traded infrequently in recent months and was last quoted at 85 cents.

GrandMet hotels net £1.35bn

By Cliff Feltham and Joe Joseph

Grand Metropolitan, the food and drinks group, yesterday agreed to sell its Inter-Continental Hotels chain to the Japanese conglomerate Seibu Saison for £1.35 billion.

The British group, in an intriguing move, also said it plans to explore a number of joint venture deals with the Japanese company, whose interests range from department stores to leisure.

The sale of the 100 hotels worldwide — put on offer as part of Grand Metropolitan's intention to concentrate on food and drink businesses — will leave it with a clear profit of at least £500 million after tax. Profits of Inter-Continental are expected to be at least £50 million for the year just ended.

Grand Metropolitan, now flush

with cash, is widely expected to make a massive acquisition, most likely in the food sector. Analysts believe the group could afford to pay up to £2.5 billion without putting its balance sheet under any strain.

There was widespread interest yesterday over the plans by Grand Metropolitan to cement the deal with the Saison group by exploring possible joint ventures in retailing, food, and property.

Mr Allen Sheppard, Grand Metropolitan's chairman and chief executive, said yesterday: "This is a further major step in making a reality of our desire to have a significant presence in Japan and the Far East in the future."

Mr Tatsuo Aoki, a Saison director, said in Tokyo: "Access to Grand Metropolitan's wide interests in many sectors and our own retail strength in

Japan form the basis of an excellent alliance. We are delighted that Grand Metropolitan has agreed to review with us the opportunities for joint ventures."

Seibu Saison is now discussing ways of spreading the financial burden of its acquisition by bringing in outside investors, both Japanese and foreign.

Saison, which has made no secret of its ambition to join the senior league of world hoteliers, had a trial run in February when it took part in a consortium that bought the Old Course Golf and Country Club, which overlooks the Scottish golf course at St Andrews.

Tobishima Construction, a leading Japanese construction company, and the Long-Term Credit Bank of Japan have already been mentioned as two likely partners.

Seibu's purchase of the luxury

Inter-Continental chain is likely to boost the overseas profile of a group that is regarded as one of Japan's most dynamic, despite its anonymity abroad.

Famous in Tokyo for its lavish department stores and its grand ambitions, Seibu has diversified and prospered. It has set up its own credit card and has been looking for some time to develop its interests in hotels and in the leisure industry.

A string of luxury hotels will both broaden the market for a Seibu Saison credit card and offer fresh means of lightening the wallets of the Japanese, whose eagerness to travel rises in step with the yen's advance.

Seibu believes that many Japanese will be attracted by foreign hotels at which they can use the same credit card as they do in their local Seibu supermarket or department store.

Four offer to buy ailing shipyard

By Derek Harris, Industrial Editor

State-owned British Shipbuilders has received four bids for the beleaguered North East Shipbuilders (NESL) yard at Sunderland, and is expected to decide this month whether to nominate a preferred bidder.

Neither the number nor the identities of bidders were being disclosed by British Shipbuilders when the deadline for noon yesterday was reached.

However, trade union sources indicated that four bids had been received.

The bidders are Mr Alex Copson's North Venture Shipping group, Mr Peter Zaachi's PZ Shipping Company, Mr Albert le Blond, who has ship-repairing and shipbuilding interests on Wearside and Teesside, and Mr Nat Puri, the millionaire head of Melton Medes, a Nottingham conglomerate.

Mr Puri, the last bidder to show his hand, is a consultant engineer. He was involved in the construction industry until five years ago when he launched his own company and diversified to build what has become a £100 million-a-year operation covering construction, engineering, carpet manufacturing and paper and plastics manufacture.

He is chairman of the Prince of Wales Youth Business Trust for Nottinghamshire. Mr Puri said: "The proposal would involve a continuation of shipbuilding on Wearside."

Because there are strings of various kinds attached to all the bids hopes on Wearside are far from high. The toughest stipulations appear to be those of Mr Copson.

AB doubles to £16.4m

By Alexandra Jackson

AB Electronic Products Group shares rose from 440p to 465p yesterday as the company reported pre-tax profits more than doubled at £16.4 million (£8.0 million).

Since sales increased from £171.6 million to only £198.7 million, there was a significant widening of net margins from 4.7 per cent to 8.3 per cent. Fully diluted earnings per share rose from 23.8p to 40p. The final dividend of 12p makes a total of 15p for the year, up from 12.5p in 1986-87.

All divisions, except telecommunications, contributed to this strong performance with the motors division moving back into profit.

The group is continuing to expand its electronics businesses internationally, according to Mr Peter Phillips, the chairman.

It also aims to develop new products through investing in research and development.

The board is confident that the group will continue to make progress, although this is unlikely to be at the rate achieved last year.



In the driving seat: Peter Phillips of AB, which makes accessories for Jaguar (Photograph: Adrian Brooks)

Granada sells Vistec to management

By Our City Staff

Granada Group is selling its Vistec business, acquired as part of the Electronic Rentals Group last December, to the management for £8 million in cash. The sale represents a further step in Granada's rationalization of businesses acquired with ERG.

Disposals of the Australian and Hong Kong rental subsidiaries, TWC General Telephone, NR Components, Langdons, Europlume, the Northern Ireland Connect stores and now Vistec will realize £30 million.

Fortnum & Mason rise on record export sales

By Our City Staff

Fortnum & Mason, the London department store, is lifting its interim dividend from 5.5p a share to 6p after more than doubling its pre-tax profits from £70,000 to £162,000 in the 28 weeks to mid-August. A trading loss of £15,000 was more than offset by £177,000 of interest receivable. Earnings per share are 22.5p, against 9.4p.

While performance of the non-food departments has remained at the same level as the previous year, export sales achieved record figures, almost doubling in value over the same period last year. The bulk of the profit remains to be earned in the second half of the year if further improvement is to be achieved, the board says. Sales remain extremely volatile compared with last year, and Mr Garry Weston, the chairman, does not expect them to maintain the rate of increase achieved in the first half.

Benlox in £4.7m cash call

By Our City Staff

Benlox Holdings is asking its shareholders to fund its joint purchase of the Wentworth Golf Club through a £4.7 million rights issue.

They are being offered one new share for every four held at 45p a share.

Holders of 23.2 per cent of the shares — including Mr Simon Berrill, the chairman and chief executive — have agreed to subscribe for the new shares.

The balance has been underwritten.

Benlox says that Wentworth is valued at £32 million and that its own net assets have, therefore, increased by £17.1 million to £28.4 million.

RECENT ISSUES

EQUITIES	
BMS (118p)	117-2
Buckland Asia (110p)	116
Buster Gp (125p)	121
Caldwell Inv	40-1
China Gp (145p)	168
Colony (150p)	159-5
Computer People	197-1
C upid	110
Enron Group (165p)	185-2
European Colour	28-1
Henage (85p)	158-3
Herring Son (150p)	156-2
Hi-Tech Sports	143-2
Jackon Group	112-2
Lincoln (115p)	168
Lowndes Oldenshaw	75-1
Nat Telecom	149
Palmerston Hodge	235-15
Pennamaster	51
Rockford	109-1
Sanderson Elec (130p)	146
Savills (125p)	119
Seaford	219-1
Sovereign-R (80p)	92
Sonic Tape (15p)	105-1
Steeley	226-2
Tamars	58
Tams (John) (80p)	90
Thorne (125p)	128
Zurich Group	57
RIGHTS ISSUES	
Canon St N/P	21
ESC Gp N/P	3-1
Elton (8) N/P	16-2
Ellis & Seward N/P	20
First Tech N/P	26
Kayron N/P	18-2
Sherrin N/P	125
Thompson Gave N/P	

(Issue price in brackets).

BUSINESS ROUNDUP

Eagle Trust reaches £6.4m at half-time

Eagle Trust, the fast-expanding Midlands holding company, made pre-tax profits of £6.4 million on turnover of £103 million in the first six months of the year. This compares with £1.3 million in the first half of 1987, the period in which the company was formed by Mr Richard Smith and Mr John Ferriday in the shell of the former Audiotronics group.

Earnings are up from 4p to 5.5p per share and an interim dividend of 0.16p is being paid against 0.1p. But Eagle Trust shares eased a farthing to 144p on the news. Mr Leslie Thomas, the chairman, said the group, which now includes Samuelson Film Services, Mitchell Somers forgings and distribution and merchandising businesses, expected accelerating growth through to the year-end and beyond. Mr Ferriday will take over as chairman at the end of the month.

Sherwood up to £3.05m Property deal completed

Sherwood Group, the lingerie manufacturer, more than doubled pre-tax profits from £1.26 million to £3.05 million in the six months to July 1, on turnover up 111 per cent to £21.96 million. Earnings per share rose to 18.3p, up from 10.0p. The interim dividend was raised to 1.6p from a previous 1.5p. Since the beginning of the year the group has made three acquisitions. The Sherwood share price rose 8p to 421p.

Top Value profit slips

Pre-tax profit at Top Value dropped from £686,000 to £516,000 in the six months to end-June, on sales down from £6.95 million to £4.75 million. The interim dividend was maintained at 1p. The shares dropped from 70p to 62p on the results.

The board reported that the outlook for the group in the short term is clouded by the duller prospects for consumer expenditure against a background of higher interest rates. But in the medium term the board considers that Top Value's prospects are good. The company's most recent acquisition, Continental Textiles, is trading well with sales and profits in line with the budget.

London Shop sells Trend Leiko shares trade again

London Shop Property Trust is to sell the Trend Housing Group, its housebuilding subsidiary. Trend, which is based in Newmarket, operates from seven sites in Cambridgeshire, Suffolk and Norfolk and has a land bank containing 675 units. In the financial year to end April 1988, Trend completed 211 homes earning £3 million in profit. The company has continued to perform strongly since then.

£1m Cityvision deal

Cityvision has acquired Pandi Entertainment, which has 13 video film rental stores in Middlesex, Surrey and Birmingham, for £1 million, to be paid in shares. It has also brought forward completion of the purchase of the outstanding 10 per cent of Video Club (GB), trading as Videorex, from CBS Fox. The Pandi acquisition brings the company's stores to 135 — though Cityvision estimates that it will have 130 by the end of 1988. Pandi's turnover from video film hire is running at about £1 million a year. Of the £1 million shares payment £400,000 has been placed with institutional investors.

Acquisitions help Coates to £17m

By Wolfgang Münch

Coates Brothers, the printing inks and synthetic resins maker, raised first-half pre-tax profits by 65.9 per cent to £17.02 million. They are the first results since it took over Lorilleux International, the French inks group, this year.

Turnover during the period was up 63.1 per cent. Lorilleux was consolidated for five months and accounted for £5.1 million of pre-tax profits and £50.3 million turnover, indicating organic profit growth within the group of 14.25 per cent against a 5 per cent industry average.

In January Coates, long-rumoured as a bid target for Mr John Spalvin's Adelaide Steamship Company, agreed to a reverse takeover deal with

VW may sell off shares on SE

By Daniel Ward, Motor Industry Correspondent

VW, the German car maker, will consider placing shares on the London Stock Exchange next year following this week's share listing.

A listing was also established on the Paris exchange and Dr Carl Hahn, VW's chairman, expects arrangements for dealing in Tokyo to be completed by the end of this month.

He said that it was important to become closer to the financial market after the DM1.2 billion (£378.97m) sale of a 16 per cent stake in VW by the West German government.

A similar stake is owned by the state of Lower Saxony but the VW chairman said the government disinvestment

had made it a different company and this must be shown. One-fifth of VW is now held outside Germany, mainly in Switzerland. Dr Hahn is confident VW can fund the planned DM24 billion five-year investment programme.

The issue last week of a DM800 million in marks, dollars and Swiss francs was the "beginning of a long-term investment strategy."

Part of this will go to VW's Spanish subsidiary Seat to fund expansion. Components are being re-sourced to reduce costs. VW already spends £150 million annually with British component makers and a significant piston order for Britain will soon be announced.

One genuine achievement was the final resolution of the details of the scheme, launched by Mr Lawson 18 months ago, to help the poorest countries of sub-Saharan Africa. West Germany eventually withdrew its objections and the Paris Club will now go ahead with the additional assistance on a case-by-case basis.

Finally, consideration of the ninth review of quotas was put off until the next meetings in April. This postpones the delicate question of Britain's seniority in the Fund and the growing claims of Japan.

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The Fund is now open and will close on November 30 unless the invitation is extended. Applications may be for a minimum of £2,500 up to a maximum of £40,000. The Inland Revenue has, as a concession, recently extended the deadline for carry back of income tax relief and thus, if investments are made on your behalf by October 26, 1988 you may deduct one-half of the amount invested for you, up to a maximum deduction of £5,000, from your 1987/88 income when the top income tax rate was 60%. To make investments for you by October 26, we need to receive your cheque by October 18 so contact us quickly to ask for our Memorandum.

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Questions linger as IMF hibernates

From Rodney Lord Economics Editor West Berlin

As the annual meetings of the International Monetary Fund and World Bank ended here on Thursday a 'tribunal' of demonstrators issued a ritual condemnation of the Fund, the Bank and all their work. "That's life," said the IMF's seasoned managing director, M Michel Camdessus, rather wearily.

M Camdessus and his staff have had to develop a good deal of resilience and pragmatism which they have needed this year more than ever before.

A relatively high rate of growth in the world economy and the approach of the US election induced a strong sense of complacency among the industrial countries. "If it ain't broke, don't mend it," has been the prevailing attitude, and many countries believe there is no point in action until a new US president is in the White House.

However, the IMF, in its view on present policies, says the trade imbalance between the US and Japan and West Germany is unlikely to reduce any further next year and could lead to more exchange



rate instability. A reversal of the recent recovery in the dollar is required, thinks the Fund, backed by a cut in the US budget deficit.

Everyone, even the US, has been prepared to subscribe in principle to the idea of a cut in the American budget deficit. Since only the US Congress, members of which have not been present, could actually deliver such a thing, the commitment is safe enough.

The G7 countries, however, were not prepared to subscribe to the idea of a lower dollar. Mr Nigel Lawson, the Chancellor, was more forthright than most, referring to the warnings over the dollar as "an extraordinary fuss."

He was clearly irritated by

INTEREST RATES ROUND-UP

Nikkei index advances in moderate trading

Michael Clark

Sun Life surged 157p to £11.30 after UAP, the French state-owned insurance group, launched a dawn raid on the shares. With Cazenove, the broker, bidding £12.25 for stock, UAP was able to pick up 6.3 million shares, or 10.7 per cent of the company. Sun Life welcomed the move by UAP and said that it had been done with knowledge and approval.

Government securities, which have been cheered this week by the more settled outlook for the economy,

Michael Clark

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STOCK EXCHANGE PRICES

Subdued close to account

ACCOUNT DAYS: Dealings began September 19. Dealings ended yesterday. \$Contango day October 3. Settlement day October 10.
\$Forward bargains are permitted on two previous business days.

Prices recorded are at 4pm. Changes are calculated on the previous day's close, but adjustments are made when a stock is ex-dividend. Where one price is quoted, it is a middle price. Changes, yields and price/earnings ratios are based on middle prices. (a) denotes Alpha Stocks.

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No.	Company	Group	Close or Bid
1	Bristol	Newspapers, Pub	10.00
2	Volvo	Electronics	10.00
3	Anglo TV 'A'	Leisure	10.00
4	Lloyds	Electronics	10.00
5	Olive Ridge	Paper, Print, Adv	10.00
6	Lon Ind	Industrials L-R	10.00
7	Canary St	Industrials A-D	10.00
8	Central TV	Leisure	10.00
9	Stashley	Industrials S-Z	10.00
10	Plumrose	Electronics	10.00
11	Whitman Reave	Industrials S-Z	10.00
12	Laird	Industrials L-R	10.00
13	UEI	Electronics	10.00
14	Unigate (a)	Food	10.00
15	Town Centre	Property	10.00
16	THORN EMI (a)	Electronics	10.00
17	Hall Eng	Industrials E-K	10.00
18	Arlon	Electronics	10.00
19	Photo-Me	Industrials L-R	10.00
20	HTV Group	Leisure	10.00
21	Laird Prop	Property	10.00
22	Cape Ind	Industrials A-D	10.00
23	Und Newspapers (a)	Newspapers, Pub	10.00
24	Roadshow	Property	10.00
25	RMC Gp (a)	Building, Roads	10.00
26	LWT Hides	Leisure	10.00
27	Lex	Motor, Aircraft	10.00
28	Barclay & Dobson	Food	10.00
29	TWS	Electronics	10.00
30	NEL	Electronics	10.00
31	No-South Inds	Industrials L-R	10.00
32	Savley	Industrials S-Z	10.00
33	BICC (a)	Electronics	10.00
34	Invergonia Dist	Breweries	10.00
35	Tarriff	Building, Roads	10.00
36	Delta	Industrials A-D	10.00
37	Sistron	Electronics	10.00
38	Sovereign	Oil, Gas	10.00
39	Cowie (T)	Motor, Aircraft	10.00
40	Coopers (a)	Industrials A-D	10.00
41	Wholesale Fittings	Electronics	10.00
42	Warrigall	Property	10.00
43	Granada (a)	Industrials E-K	10.00
44	Bapak	Industrials A-D	10.00

Please take into account any minus signs

Weekly Dividend						
Please make a note of your daily totals for the weekly dividend of £8,000 in today's newspaper.						
MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT	TOTAL

BRITISH FUNDS

1988	High	Low	Stock	Price	Change	%
1	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
2	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
3	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
4	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
5	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
6	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
7	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
8	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
9	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
10	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
11	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
12	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
13	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
14	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
15	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
16	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
17	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
18	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
19	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
20	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
21	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
22	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
23	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
24	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
25	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
26	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
27	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
28	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
29	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
30	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
31	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
32	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
33	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
34	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
35	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
36	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
37	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
38	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
39	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
40	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
41	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
42	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
43	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
44	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
45	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
46	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
47	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
48	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
49	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
50	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
51	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
52	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
53	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
54	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
55	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
56	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
57	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
58	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
59	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
60	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
61	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
62	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
63	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
64	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
65	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
66	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
67	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
68	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
69	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
70	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
71	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
72	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
73	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
74	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
75	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
76	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
77	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
78	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
79	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
80	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
81	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
82	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
83	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
84	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
85	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
86	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
87	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
88	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
89	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
90	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
91	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
92	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
93	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
94	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
95	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
96	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
97	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
98	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
99	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
100	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00

FIVE TO FIFTEEN YEARS

1988	High	Low	Stock	Price	Change	%
1	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
2	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
3	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
4	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
5	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
6	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
7	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
8	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
9	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
10	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
11	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
12	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
13	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
14	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
15	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
16	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
17	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
18	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
19	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
20	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
21	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
22	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
23	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
24	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
25	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
26	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
27	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
28	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
29	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
30	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
31	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
32	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
33	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
34	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
35	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
36	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
37	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
38	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
39	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
40	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
41	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
42	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
43	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
44	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
45	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
46	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
47	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
48	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
49	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
50	10.00	9.80	100	9.90	-0.10	-1.00
51	10.00					

FAMILY MONEY

Edited by Vivien Goldsmith

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Vivien Goldsmith reports on the fight by members against plc status

Abbey goes to vote

The Abbey National Building Society must now call a meeting before the end of December to vote on whether the protest group opposing its flotation should be given official status.

An Abbey Members Against Flotation (AMAF) delegation presented the necessary 100 signatures and £5,000 at the society's headquarters in Baker Street, London, yesterday, the last day a petition for a special general meeting could be delivered — any later and the vote on the protest resolutions would be taken at the society's normal annual meeting in April.

The six million members —

savers and those with mortgages — will now have to decide whether Abbey Members Against Flotation (AMAF), which claims more than 1,000 members, should have access to them to put the case against conversion to a public limited company and a Stock Exchange flotation.

"The board has until now ignored our case and our organization," said the AMAF chairman Alec Leaver. "Following this submission, they will be obliged by the rules to individually invite all the society's members to a meeting that will discuss their handling of the flotation issue."

"We are looking forward to a large turnout of ordinary members, who will get a belated chance to air their views."

Members will be asked whether they believe both arguments — for and against — abandoning the society's mutual status and converting to a plc — should be put to members. Then the questions centre on whether the Abbey itself, which is committed to seeking a stock market flotation, could possibly set out the contrary arguments, and whether it should give AMAF the facilities to put the counter-argument.

The meeting will also be asked to express its "concern" that costs have been incurred on the conversion issue before members have had a chance to vote on it. AMAF wants the society to disclose exactly what these costs are so far and

Abbey believes it cannot expand within the confines of the Building Societies Act

to estimate how much flotation will cost altogether.

Colin Maciawain, an AMAF spokesman, estimated the cost of the special general meeting would be in seven figures but would be money well spent.

AMAF had to gather the names of 100 members who have had at least £100 in their accounts continuously for the past two years, and match every name with £50. These

are standard Building Societies Association rules.

AMAF decided to try to gather support for a special general meeting four weeks ago when the Abbey announced it was postponing from the autumn to January its roadshows to bring the conversion message from a mutual building society to a quoted company. The society believes it will be able to answer members' questions more fully in the new year.

"The Abbey board is now in a tricky position," said Mr Leaver. "Unless it endorses our motions — which seems unlikely — it will have to attract the support of members, in person or by proxy, for its stance. Its stance is that only one side of the flotation argument is worthy of hearing. I don't think many members will support that."

The Abbey chairman, Sir Campbell Adamson, has steadfastly refused to acknowledge that AMAF has any role to play in the conversion process. The society itself would be putting the arguments for and against conversion.

John Wrigglesworth, a

building society analyst at brokers Phillips & Drew, said: "This is a David and Goliath story." But he does not support the David of this piece.

"They are like a bunch of steam train enthusiasts crying when the steam trains stopped," he said. "These characters are not just anti-conversion. They are also anti any diversification by building societies."

"They don't like to see unsecured lending, cheque book accounts or anything else that is not traditional."

AMAF members see the issue as a matter of principle. They want building societies to remain mutual organizations owned by their members rather than companies answerable to shareholders.

They believe satisfying the shareholders will inevitably result in a worse deal for savers and borrowers alike, whereas the board believes it cannot expand and develop within the confines of the Building Societies Act, which restricts its activities by, for instance, limiting the amount it can raise on the money markets.



The protesters' steadfast opponent: Sir Campbell Adamson

NEW HIGHER RATES FOR C&G INVESTORS Effective from 1st October 1988

	Interest Paid	Net%	Compounded Annual Rate%	Gross Equivalent CAR%
Cheltenham Gold Account				
\$25,000 or more	Annually	8.65	8.65	11.53
\$5,000-\$24,999	Annually	8.40	8.40	11.20
\$1,000-\$4,999	Annually	7.65	7.65	10.20
Under \$1,000	Annually	5.50	5.50	7.33
Cheltenham Gold Monthly Interest Account and Capital Growth High Interest Account				
\$25,000 or more	Monthly	8.32	8.65	11.53
\$5,000-\$24,999	Monthly	8.09	8.40	11.20
Cheltenham Premier Monthly Income Account				
\$10,000 or more	Monthly	8.40	8.73	11.64
Cheltenham Gold International Account				
\$5,000 or more	Annually		11.15% Gross	
	Interest paid	Net%	Gross Equivalent%	
Savings Builder	Half Yearly	6.50	8.67	
Junior Account	Half Yearly	5.50	7.33	
Ordinary (Investment) Share	Half Yearly	5.50	7.33	
Deposit Account	Annually	5.25	7.00	

The new rates of interest paid on all other existing accounts on which composite rate tax is paid by the Society and limited company and other deposits subject to basic rate tax, are available on request.

Rates may vary. Minimum investment £250,000. *When interest added to account. †Gross equivalent at basic rate of 25%.

C&G Cheltenham & Gloucester Building Society

Chief Office: Cheltenham House, Clarence Street, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire GL50 3JR. Telephone 0242 36161. Member of the Building Societies Association. Assets exceed £4,500 million.

Town & Country rate change

Founded 1853. Assets exceed £1,500 million. Around 250 branches and agencies. Member of the Building Societies Association. Shares and deposits in this Society are Trustee investments.

9-40%	=	12-53%	25% (25% p.a.)
9-15%	=	12-20%	20% (20% p.a.)
8-90%	=	11-87%	15% (15% p.a.)

No penalty withdrawal given 60 days' notice or if balance (after withdrawal) remains above £250,000. Immediate withdrawal with loss of first 60 days' interest. Minimum investment £250 or £1,000 if monthly income. Interest rate of 0.25% less than current rate if interest paid half yearly and 0.5% less if paid monthly.

2 YEAR SUPER TERM SHARE

Guaranteed Extra	3-50%	9-15%	=	12-20%	25% (25% p.a.)
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Above variable ordinary share rate. No penalty withdrawal given 90 days' notice. Immediate withdrawal available with loss of first 90 days' interest. Minimum investment £250 or £1,000 with monthly income. Monthly income available at 0.25% less than current rate.

SUPERSHARES

8-65%	=	11-53%	25% (25% p.a.)
8-15%	=	10-87%	20% (20% p.a.)

Immediate withdrawal with no penalty. Minimum investment £250.

MONEYWISE CHEQUE ACCOUNT

Cheque Book, Cheque Guarantee/Visa Card, LINK Cash Machine Card, Direct Debits, Standing Orders, Pass Book.

8-65%	=	7-65%	25% (25% p.a.)
8-15%	=	5-65%	20% (20% p.a.)

Immediate withdrawal with no penalty. Minimum investment £250.

No UK Resident Gross rate account. 11.9% All other interest rates increased by 0.5%.

*Interest credited or paid annually on 30th June. Subject to conditions.

†Gross equivalent rate to income tax payers at 25%. All rates quoted are variable.

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Please send full information about Town & Country accounts.

Name _____ Address _____

Postcode _____

ST/6/MENU

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❑ Look at our interim figures — an increase in the Net Asset Value of 17.3% to 31st July 1988.

❑ Of course the past is no guide to the future. So what's to come? The land of the rising sun, we reckon, on course for some rapidly rising profits. It's no coincidence we happen to have over 50% of the Trust currently invested there. For the rest, we pick and mix from West Coast America, to Singapore, Hong Kong and Australia. Areas where there's always a buck, or indeed dollar, to be made.

❑ While you should remember that share prices can fall as well as rise, right now serious investors should weigh up the Pacific.

❑ As a matter of gravity.

*Source: Datastream: share price performance.

For a copy of the Interim Report, more information and application forms for the Private Investor Plan, send this coupon to: Karen Barber, Foreign & Colonial Management Limited, 1 Laurence Pountney Hill, London EC4R 0BA. Or telephone (01) 623 4680. *Manager of the F&C Pacific Investment Trust PLC and a member of IMRO.

Surname _____
Mr/Mrs/Miss/Other _____
Address _____
Postcode _____ T1-10

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- ✓ **Quarterly Income** — This is paid gross. UK residents may be liable to income tax on the dividends they receive from their investment. Any liability will be dependent on individual circumstances, and can be subject to change.

- ✓ **Easy Encashment** — Normally within seven days of written instructions.
- ✓ **The Managers** — The Managers are part of the TSB Group, one of Britain's leading financial groups.
- ✓ **Independent Custodian** — The Company's assets are held by an independent custodian — Sun Alliance Trust Company (Jersey) Limited.
- ✓ **Term of Investment** — You can hold your investment for as long as you wish and no period of notice is required when encashing your shares.
- ✓ **Minimum Investment** — The minimum investment is only £500.

If you would like to know more, fill in the coupon and send off for our free prospectus. This contains details of the full terms and conditions and includes an application form. Alternatively, call us on (0264) 346726.

NOTE: The value of your investment and the income from it can fall as well as rise and is not guaranteed. A change in the value will also affect the paid or your investment. Past performance is not a guide for the future. TSB Gilt Fund Limited is a company incorporated in the United Kingdom. Its shares are listed on the Stock Exchange.

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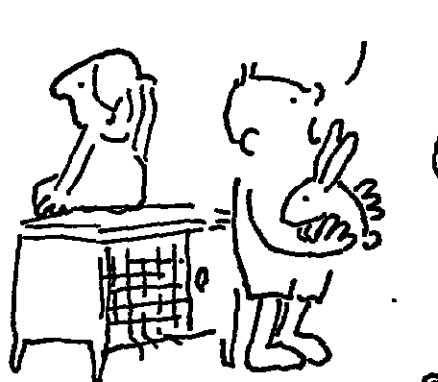
FAMILY MONEY

Big borrowers' crunch day

We can't afford the mortgage!
Do what I did, Mum...



I sold the whole lotter to pay for the hutch!



As mortgage rates go up, more and more people who took on huge loans will be in trouble. Hilary Doling suggests some solutions to those being overburdened by debt

Today the mortgages go up. Most building societies will raise interest to 12.75 per cent. Many home-owners, particularly those who borrowed up to the hilt on low rates, have been dreading today. Some will find it hard, others impossible, to pay.

This year sharers rushed to beat the August deadline and buy while more than one individual could claim mortgage tax relief on a single property, perpetuating a rise in house prices. At the same time those desperate for a mortgage found societies keen to lend as they were flush with funds thanks to heavy investing in their savings accounts.

Many banks and building societies relaxed their limits on the amount they would lend. Some offered mortgages equivalent to four times salary, plus once the salary of secondary borrowers. All this was a far cry from the days when it was difficult to persuade a local manager to lend more than 2.5 times salary.

Last May, when the rate was 9.8 per cent — its lowest for 10 years — John Shepperton took out a mortgage the equivalent to 3.5 times his salary. "I tried to think ahead and calculated that I could afford it if the rate went to 11.5 per cent," says

John. "But stupidly I didn't think beyond that. Now I have a £50,000 mortgage on a London flat and I just don't know how I am going to meet the payments."

The building societies too are having doubts. Although some, such as the Leamington Spa, are still offering four-times-salary mortgages in certain cases, these will probably disappear after the increase. However, the Mortgage Corporation's new Headstart loan, which offers interest at a three-percentage-point discount for three years, will lend up to 3.5 times income because of the low initial payments.

There is now much talk among lenders of "prudence". A Halifax spokesman explains: "A few years ago offering 100 per cent mortgages caused us problems. We found that when there was a rate increase those with these kind of mortgages showed a much greater inability to pay. We feel that mortgages which are a high multiple of salary could present the same problems in the near future and we've never offered them."

"Yet it has to be said in general terms that it is factors like marital break-up and unemployment that most influence people's ability to pay, not a simple rates increase."

The Cheltenham & Gloucester says: "The worst thing anyone can do is to keep quiet and hope the problem will go away. The sooner you contact your building society, the sooner the problem can be tackled."

Unfortunately, people with mortgage problems are usually also having financial problems elsewhere and initially other creditors such as those offering hire purchase or Access and Barclaycard may press harder for payment. Frightened by the threat of court action, many people fail to give proper priority to their debts and may pay off minor outstanding payments first and leave the most important thing, their home, in jeopardy.

A few years ago the C&G was worried by the number of mortgage defaulters. Now it has one of the best mortgage payment records — by allowing managers to solve problems at local level, by stricter lending criteria, but, most effectively, by chasing up defaulters fast. "We only allow two weeks to go by before sending a letter if people are behind with payments," said a spokesperson.

In general, most societies will send out a letter after the first two months. If you do not reply they send someone to see you. How fast they go on to a further stage will depend on the size of your mortgage debt in relation to the value of your property.

But if you do nothing they will eventually get a court

order and repossess your house.

However, according to new figures from the Building Societies Association, although more than 59,000 people were in arrears in the first half of 1988, only just over 9,000 properties were repossessed. "We are in the business of putting roofs over people's heads, not taking them away," says Nationwide Anglia.

If you have a repayment mortgage most banks and building societies will allow you to decrease your payments by paying only interest for several months. In extreme cases you can even increase your term.

Remember, too, that if you are unemployed the DHSS will pay half your interest payments for up to 16 weeks.

Those who found their mortgage through intermediaries should say brokers John Charcol, go back to them. A good broker should help you to explain your problem to your lender. If you have an endowment mortgage, the situation is much more complicated.

With an endowment mortgage you are already paying interest only, and it is the lump sum from your life

THE NEW COST

Loan	Monthly 11.5%	Monthly 12.75%
£30,000	£246.83	£266.21
£60,000	£493.67	£532.42
£100,000	£822.78	£887.37

assurance policy that will pay off your debt at the end of the term. Neither can you increase the term of your mortgage as your life assurance policy, linked to the mortgage, is for only 25 years, so you will not have enough cover. You certainly cannot stop paying your insurance premiums, or the policy will lapse altogether.

All the more reason then to see your lenders as soon as possible because in practice they will often allow you to pay only part of the interest, at least for a few months. However, this could cause you Miras problems because in theory you are entitled to full mortgage tax relief only if you are paying full interest. In reality, however, the Inland Revenue usually takes a lenient view if the situation does not exist for too long.

The rates for fixed monthly interest payments are not due to be altered until January, and actual higher payments are not due until March, so these borrowers will be cushioned from the rise in rates. But societies are saying that if there is another rise before the end of the year these borrowers may have quite a jump in the cost of their mortgage when the change does come.

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1819 was the year that saw the foundation of the Australian Mutual Provident Society.

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Since then, we've grown to be the leader in Australian life assurance, with over £12 billion under management for over 2 million policyholders, and an unmatched record of service and innovation. And our UK operation now spans 20 offices.

1988 sees us looking forward as keenly as ever to new markets, new opportunities and new challenges.

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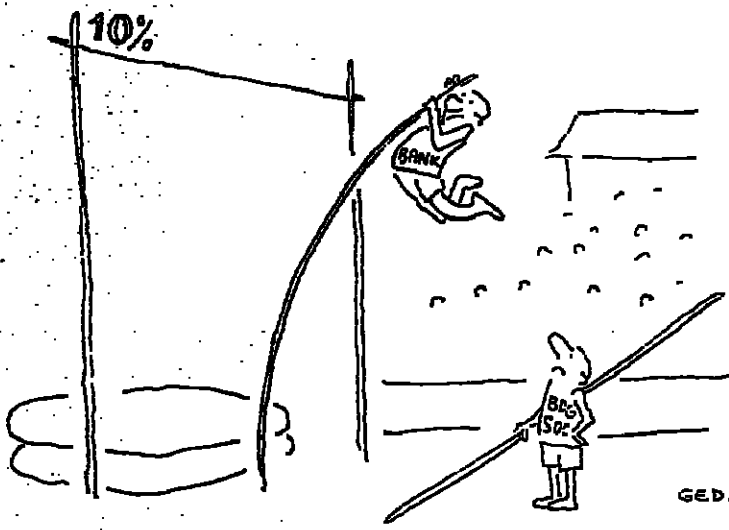
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FAMILY MONEY

The battle over your savings

Maria Scott reports on aggressive competition in the high street as investors' interest rates move up



notice account. But the top rate on its no-penalty Instant Extra account is 8.4 per cent. The Abbey National's top rate is 9.35 per cent on £25,000 in the 90-day Sterling Asset Account. The instant access Five Star account pays between 7.9 per cent and 8.65 per cent.

The Nationwide pays 9 per cent on £5,000 to £10,000 and 9.5 per cent on £25,000 or more on 90-day notice. On instance access it pays 8.65 per cent on sums of more than £25,000 and 7.9 per cent on sums between £2,000 and £5,000. Nationwide's FlexAccount pays 2.75 per cent up to £100, 4.25 per

month's notice is required for withdrawals. The account has attracted a staggering £1.5 billion in deposits since it was launched. Forty thousand accounts have been opened and their average balance is £37,000.

The Midland pays 9 per cent for deposits of £5,000 or more in its 60-day notice Premier Savings account. The minimum withdrawal is £500.

The National Westminster recently revamped its Special Reserve high-interest cheque account. The minimum investment is now only £500 and the top rate of interest is 8 per cent on £10,000 or more. This account comes with a cheque book but not a guarantee card because the minimum sum for cheques is £100.

HFC Bank, formerly known as HFC Trust and Savings, will pay a generous 9 per cent on deposits of between £250 and £1,000 on an account that gives instant access.

The 34th Issue of National Savings Certificates now looks a little tired at 7.5 per cent tax-free over five years. And the deposit and income bonds, both due to go up to 10.75 per cent gross on October 9, do not compare, at a net level, with what is on offer elsewhere in the market. Their advantage is that they pay interest gross but another rise in interest rates will probably bring calls from holders of income and deposit bonds for another increase.

First time in, with a £40m target

Scottish Amicable is launching its first unit trusts, becoming the first life office to enter this market since Royal Life's awkwardly timed debut with the "Royal Event" shortly before the crash last year, writes Maria Scott.

Investors are being wooed by the largest loyalty bonuses seen in the unit trust market. Scottish Amicable aims to attract £40 million.

Graeme Knox, managing director of Scottish Amicable's investment management and unit trust subsidiaries, says: "An investor buying UK equities today is getting 60 per cent more in dividends, 68 per cent more in profits, and 66 per cent more in assets than he would have had he bought in July 1987 at the top of the market."

To its credit, Scottish Amicable sold heavily just before last October. Investors might also consider its formidable record on with-profits life policies. It regularly features in the top 10 performers' lists.

If Scottish Amicable gets its £40 million, this will be the industry's biggest launch since the crash. It is emphasizing the message about "looking to the long term."

The big loyalty bonuses will

be paid out of profits from the trusts. Scottish Amicable says that as a mutual office with lower expenses than many others in the market it can stretch margins. After five years unit-holders get a 5 per cent bonus. There is another 1 per cent for every extra year up to 10. So, someone with an initial £10,000 holding gets £1,000 of units on the 10th anniversary.

There will be three trusts. Scottish Amicable is following the fashion for companies likely to benefit from the creation of a single European market in 1992 by launching a European Opportunities Trust. There are also a UK Smaller Companies Trust and a third one called the Equity Strategy Trust, which will invest throughout the UK market, aiming to sell when others are buying and vice versa. Managers will also move swiftly into gilts when they think it is appropriate.

In addition to bonuses for keeping units for at least five years, there is a 1 per cent launch bonus for clients who invest £5,000 or more by November 15. For investments up to £5,000 the bonus is 0.5 per cent. The offer price is 50p and the offer period is October 26 to November 15.

What's the betting on a price rise?

The local bookmaker is not likely to be much use for a bet on sterling against the US dollar, but there is a specialist financial bookmaker that tracks the form of financial runners. IG Index offers odds on the movement of share indices, currencies and, since last week, on house prices too.

The company, set up in 1974 by Stuart Wheeler, a former merchant banker, has, from humble origins, come to offer a useful hedging instrument for the sophisticated investor. It offers everything from grain and commodity futures to currency and stock market index contracts.

Typical clients will invest £10,000, have substantial holdings in safer investments,

such as building society accounts and unit trusts, but still feel they have sufficient funds to be able to take a higher risk.

The house price index is based on the Halifax Building Society index and allows clients to bet on the movement of prices nationally every quarter. So, for instance, somebody who had sold a property and did not have a stake in the house market could bet on the market moving up to soften the blow when the time came to buy back into the property market.

The FT-SE 100 Share Index contract is one of the more popular bets — not surprisingly because of public awareness of the Footsie itself.

People who want to place a bet with IG open a client account, then decide which contract to select and how much money to wager. A deposit, usually ranging from \$5 to 15 per cent of the amount being bet, will be required.

A potential IG client looks in his newspaper and finds that the Footsie is trading at 1,770 and thinks the market is heading for a rise during the next few months.

He contacts IG and asks for a quote. The expiry date for this contract is either the current month (October) or the last month of the current or next quarter (December and March respectively). The quote given is 1,760 to 1,767.

The difference, or "spread", between the two numbers is important because it will eventually act as a measure of how much money the client makes or loses.

The quote and its accompanying spread will change daily, so the investor could, in theory, call IG in a month's time and be given a quote of, say, 1,780 to 1,787 if the market has gone up.

Any profit made is represented by the higher figure of

the original quote subtracted from the lower figure of the new one, multiplied by the amount of money staked per point.

In the example above, this will mean 1,780 (the lower figure of the new quote) minus 1,767 (the higher figure of the old quote) or 13 points. If the client has staked £300 per point, his profit is £3,900, less the deposit paid when the bet was originally taken out.

There is no betting duty on any winnings. In IG parlance this is known as an up bet.

When a down bet is taken out — the assumption being that the stock market is heading for a fall — the spread on the quote will operate in reverse. Say the market falls after the bet has been taken out at 1,760 to 1,767 and the new quote given one month later is 1,740 to 1,747. The profit in this case is determined by subtracting the higher figure of the new quote from the lower figure of the old quote (1,747 from 1,760), giving 13 points.

Profit again is £360, less deposit, if the bet was taken out at £30 per point.

There are a number of rules that IG operates, all geared to protecting both itself and the investor. Every bet taken out has a specified time limit. Therefore, if the markets have moved against the investor and the bet expires, the investor will have to pay the losses.

If the market moves down sharply, at least a third of the original stake may be theoretically wiped out. When this

happens, IG may close the bet before it is due to expire, if the client has insufficient funds to cover these "theoretical" losses. Of course, if the markets have worked in favour of the individual, the bet may be closed before the expiry date and the profit taken.

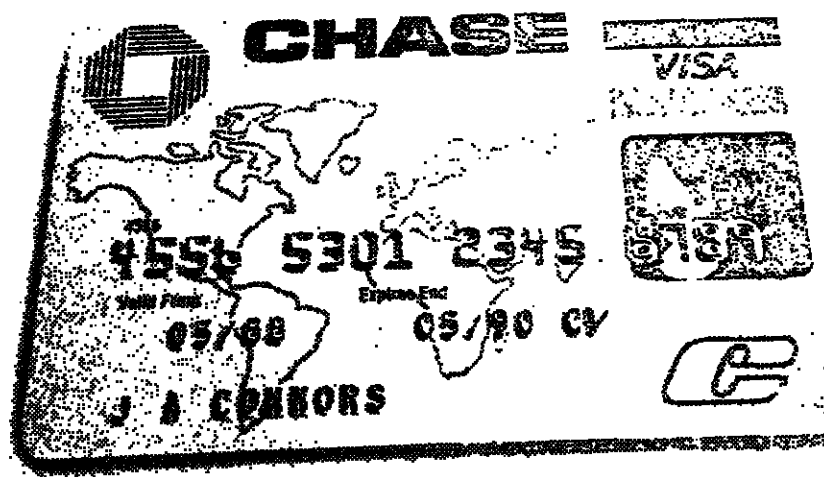
Clients can take out a stop-loss order on most contracts, allowing them to define the maximum amount of money they can lose. Once losses have reached a specified point, the bet is automatically closed. You have to make it clear that a stop-loss order is part of the bet. Failure to incorporate a stop-loss order in a bet could result in unlimited losses and financial heartache.

IG will allow novices a "phantom" bet or dummy run to get to know the system. But, when the bet is for real, as with any type of bookie, never bet more than you know you can afford to lose.

Martin Morris
Details: 01-528 7233

Have you seen the Footsie Index? No but I've got the Tull: Frull video!

GED.



Introducing the new low interest Visa Card from Chase Manhattan

Make the comparison...

The new Chase Manhattan Visa Card gives you everything you expect from a credit card — except high interest charges. It's readily accepted at home and abroad wherever you see the familiar blue, white and gold Visa sign.

You can use it to draw a cash advance from any of the 200,000 bank branches worldwide which accept Visa, as well as the 5,500 in the UK.

Like other credit cards it's issued free of charge.

And, like them, it lets you spread the cost of your spending over several months.

But, when it comes to the interest rate charged for borrowing, we're delighted to be left way behind.

The Chase Manhattan Visa Card has an interest rate significantly lower than the following widely available credit cards.

At 19.9% APR (20.3% APR for cash advances) it's at least 5 percentage points less than Barclaycard Visa at 26.8% APR (27.2% APR for cash advances), National Westminster and Lloyds Access at 25.3% APR, TSB Trustcard also at 25.3% (25.6% APR for cash advances) or Midland Access at 26.8% APR.

How we keep our interest rates low

In the past, credit cards have been very freely available, which means that many people are either late with their payments or don't pay at all.

So, some of the interest you pay on your card actually subsidises bad debtors.

The Chase Manhattan Visa Card, however, is only issued to more creditworthy customers. By cutting out most of the bad payers, we can afford to charge a low rate of interest.

Plus Chase Manhattan extras

You might think that our low rates mean fewer services. In fact, it's just the opposite...

The Chase Manhattan Visa Card offers a range of highly attractive benefits.

For example, we'll credit your account with interest at a variable rate, currently 8% p.a.,

COMPARE THE BENEFITS				
Just compare the new Chase Manhattan Visa Card with the following widely held credit cards and see the difference.				
	CHASE Chase Manhattan	BARCLAY Barclaycard Visa	NAT WEST Nat West Midland Lloyds	TSB TRUST TSB Trustcard
APR*	19.9%	26.8%	25.3%	25.3%
APR* cash advances	20.3%	27.2%	25.6%	25.6%
Interest paid on credit balances	✓	X	X	X
Choice of statement date	✓	X	X	X
Outstanding balance from other cards accepted	✓	X	X	X
Free travel accident insurance**	✓	✓	✓	✓
Access to cash machines	✓	✓	✓	✓

*Interest rates are variable but these APRs are comparable to the APRs of other credit cards. **Interest on cash advances is charged at a rate of 8% p.a. on the balance outstanding on the day after the advance is made. The APR for cash advances is 20.3% (20.6% APR for cash advances) or 25.6% (25.9% APR for cash advances) depending on the card. The APR for cash advances is 25.6% (25.9% APR for cash advances) or 26.8% (27.1% APR for cash advances) depending on the card. The APR for cash advances is 26.8% (27.1% APR for cash advances) or 27.2% (27.5% APR for cash advances) depending on the card.

which is competitive with Building Society rates for each day you have a credit balance of £10 or more on your account.

You have a choice of statement date. So you can choose to settle your account in the week of the month that's most convenient for you.

And when you pay for travel on your card, you'll also get up to £60,000 free travel accident insurance.

You can draw a cash advance from over 23,000 cash machines at home and abroad.

And you can apply to transfer your existing unpaid Access or Visa card balance directly to your Chase Manhattan Visa account — and make worthwhile savings. Of course balance transfer is subject to your Chase credit limit and the Bank's discretion.

An extra interest free period

When you transfer your existing unpaid credit card balance to a new Chase Manhattan Visa account, you won't be liable for a penny in interest charges until 25 days after your Chase statement! That could give you up to 11 weeks' interest free credit on some purchases!

And, of course, after that you'll benefit every month from our low interest charges.

If you are over 21, in regular employment earning over £8,000 p.a. and preferably a home owner, the Chase Manhattan Visa Card can bring you substantial benefits.

Find out more today. Simply complete and return the coupon. No stamp needed. Or call us free on 0800 444 138. The sooner you act, the sooner you can benefit from Chase Manhattan's low interest rates.

...then act!

Please tell me more about your new low interest Visa Card. I'm over 21 years of age, in regular employment and definitely interested in not having to subsidise the bad payers!

Name: _____

Address: _____

Postcode: _____

Address your envelope, WITHOUT A STAMP to:

Chase Manhattan Visa, FREEPOST BS3333, Bristol BS1 4YP

or call our FREE INFORMATION LINE on 0800 444 138 any time.

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